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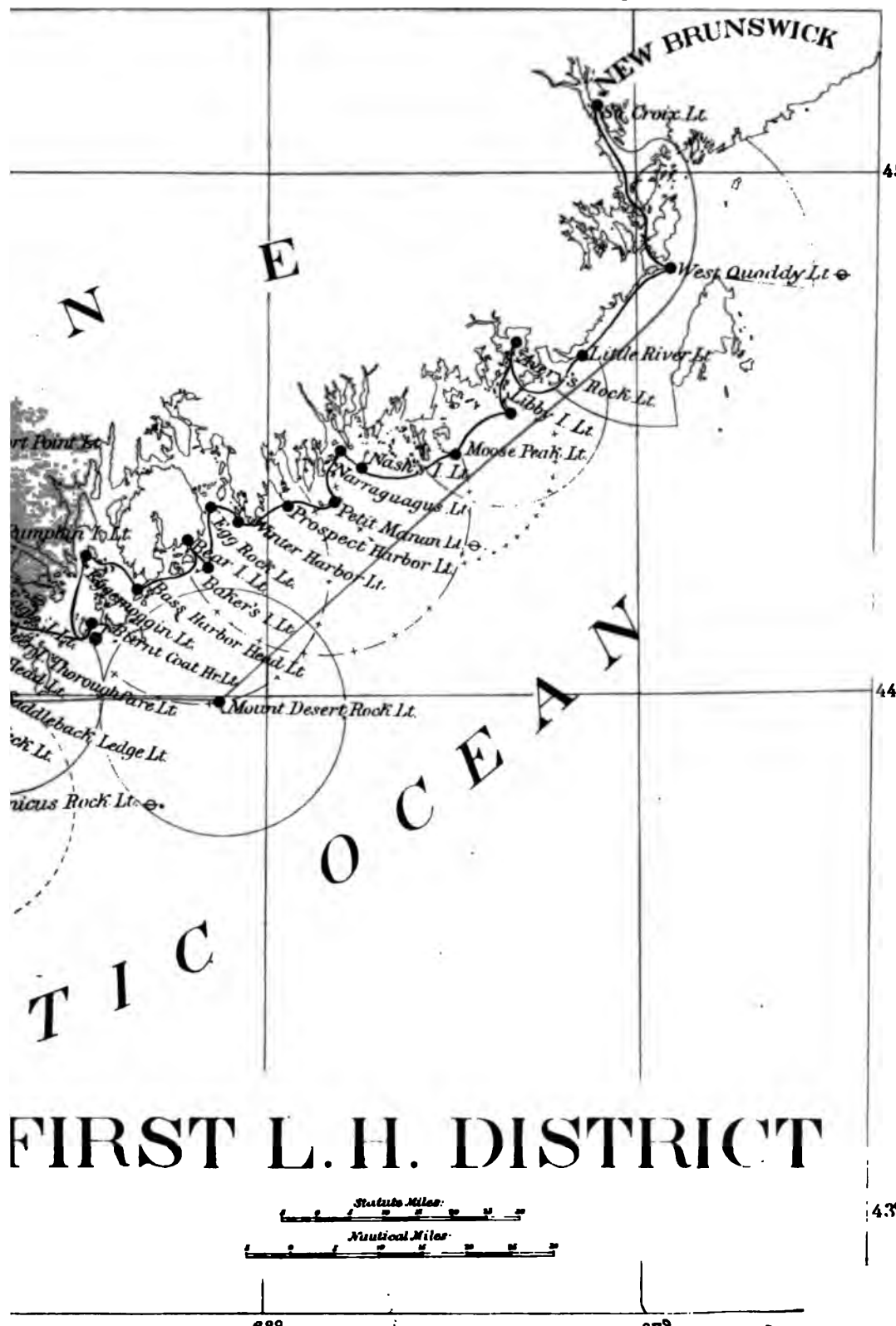
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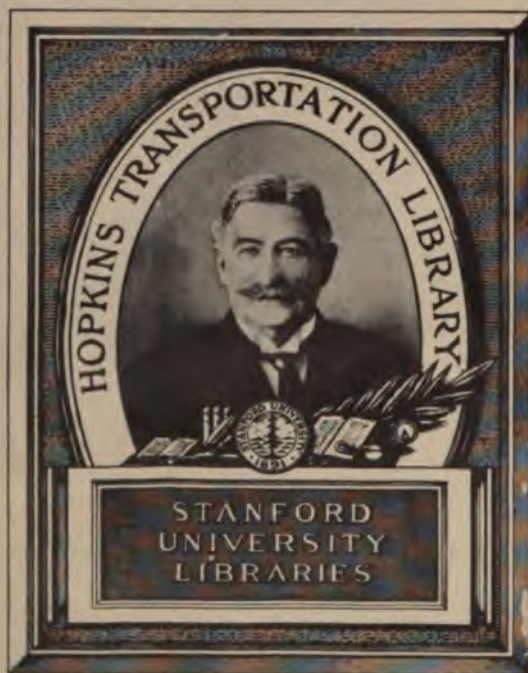
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- ————— Double Lights
- ————— Lights being built, ⊕ Fog Signals operated by steam.

A L

Corrected up to June 30th 1883.







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THE GOLDENROD.

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE

OF

MANY AN ACT OF KINDNESS RECEIVED BY ME DURING MY PLEASANT CRUISES
AMONG THE ISLANDS OF THE COAST OF MAINE,

I Dedicate this Little Book

TO MY FRIENDS,

THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE LIGHTHOUSE TENDER "IRIS."

M. B. C.

THE ANCHORAGE (MOUNT DESERT),
July 30, 1886.

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1

2

*"The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.*

*"Not one alone. From each projecting cape
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.*

*"Steadfast, serene, immovable,—the same
Year after year, through all the silent night,—
Burns on forevermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light!*

*"The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light within,
Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.*

*"The startled waves leap over it; the storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.*

*"‘Sail on,’ it says; ‘sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span:
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!’”*

ALL AMONG THE LIGHTHOUSES.

CHAPTER I.

To go, or not to go, that is the Question. — The Start. — First Experiences on Blue Water.

I DO not see how the child *can* go," said Mrs. Braine, as she looked up from a letter that she was reading, and across the breakfast-table at her husband.

"Go! Go where?" said Judge Braine, as he laid down his newspaper to reply to his wife.

"It is certainly very awkward," continued Mrs. Braine. "My brother Tom asks little John to join himself and Violet on the July inspection tour. This is Friday, and they sail next Wednesday." Mrs. Braine had not noticed the entrance into the room of a slight little fellow, whose beaming face, as she finished her sentence, testified to the fact that he had heard every word.

"What! You don't mean it, mother. Has Uncle Tom asked me to take a cruise in the Goldenrod? Hurrah! I never expected that. What shall I take? Flannel shirts, I s'pose, and sou'westers, and all that sort of thing; but say — Hulloo, mother! what's the matter? You don't mean to say you — don't — want — me — to — go?" And poor John looked all at once as if he had lost every friend in the wide world.

"My dear boy, there is nothing that I would be more glad to have you do than to accept Uncle Tom's invitation; but have you forgotten Cortland Delano?"

John's face fell still further.

"Nonsense!" said Judge Braine; "let Cortland go along."

"That is a very nice plan," rejoined Mrs. Braine; "but Tom may not have room for him, and has not asked him. No, no, we cannot do any thing of that kind. I think that our little John will have to give it up."

Poor John was struggling bravely with his disappointment.

"That's so, mother," he said. "I've asked Cortland to visit me, and I suppose he'll be along here by Monday. No; I don't see how I could go. Of course I couldn't leave him, and you think I couldn't take him."

"Well," persisted Judge Braine, "I really don't see what there is to prevent Cortland's going. To be sure, he would be over the side or down the hatchway, or crushed by a whistling buoy, during his first five minutes on board; and he would be giving the captain lessons in steering, and Tom his views on the process of inspection of lighthouses, during the first day out; but Tom is a pretty good disciplinarian, and I think that a cruise with him would do Cortland more good than any thing in the world. He would know a great deal more in one way, and a great deal less in another, when he left the *Goldenrod* than he does now. You see, Annie, those old maids out there in Indiana have taken all the manliness out of the boy, if he ever had any, and then they revolve round him—all three—like planets round the sun. Oh, yes! it would be a grand thing for Cortland to be on board with Tom for a week or so."

Mrs. Braine sighed, as she replied,—

"Yes; his aunts have been very mistaken in his education, poor boy! I really wonder how they can make up their minds to let him come so far alone."

"Well, mother," said little John, "I suppose I must give it up."

"I am afraid that you must, dear boy," answered Mrs. Braine, sorrowfully; and poor John sat down and made a wretched breakfast. The day, which had seemed so bright when he arose that morning, had grown to him dull and overcast, though the sun was shining overhead, and the birds singing as they had never sung before, — so Judge Braine thought as he drove to the station to take the train for New York on that lovely July morning. "And Johnny shall think so, too, before night, or I will know the reason why," said Judge Braine to himself. As for John, nothing interested him that gloomy day. "I don't care, I won't show it, any way," thought he, as he bravely gulped down the lump in his throat. Off he went to the barn, to the chicken-house, to see the cows, to roll with Prince, his big Newfoundland dog, on the hay; but Prince soon stopped his fun, and looked at John wistfully, as much as to say, "What *has* come over you?" For dogs know if we are really enjoying life, or only pretending to; and Prince was sure that it was all a farce, and no real play, such as they had had only yesterday. At four o'clock John saw Henry starting for the station to meet Judge Braine, and climbed into the carry-all, thinking that he might as well do that as any thing (or rather as nothing), for there seemed to be no interest in life since that dear, delightful, unlucky invitation to the Goldenrod had come.

"Well, Johnny, my boy, how has the day gone?" were his

father's words as he came briskly along the board-walk of the station. "Pretty dull, eh? Here, Henry, just run along and tell those men where to bring some parcels that came down on the train with me. That's right,—one, two, and a bag. Put them in behind, so, under the seat. Heavy? Well, yes, John, they hold a great deal."

"What, Papa?" said John, listlessly. But Judge Braine made no answer, and John asked no more questions.

"What have you been doing to-day, John?" inquired his father, as they turned in at the gateway of Cherry Hill, as Judge Braine's pretty country place was called.

"Nothing much, sir. I played with Prince, and read a little, and helped mamma with the flowers; and,—oh, yes! I wrote to Uncle Tom that I couldn't come. Mamma thought I ought to."

"Oh, she did!" And Judge Braine's smile broadened until he burst out into a merry fit of laughter.

John looked at his father in astonishment. He had always been sympathizing and kind before. What could he mean?

"Get William to help you in with those boxes, Henry," called out the Judge, as he mounted the piazza steps. "Come in here, Johnny,"—as John was passing the library door; "I want you to untie some knots for me. I have had enough of that to do myself to-day."

"What! what are they for, Papa?" asked John, as the papers and strings were torn off, and brought to light—yes, flannel shirts. "Eight flannel shirts, papa,—four large and four small, two rubber coats, two pairs of rubber boots, two skull-caps, two straw hats, two *every thing*. What does it mean, papa? Oh, it can't be! Are we to go really, really?

O Mamma, Mamma!" And John ended incoherently, with his arms round his mother's waist.

"Well, Johnny, do you think these things will about suit a boy of your size, and these Cortland? Here, try these boots — the smallest pair — and this rubber coat, and this little sou'wester. Why, mother, he's a regular little tar! Yes, John, I telegraphed the moment I reached the city to find out if Cortland could find a place on board the Goldenrod, and this answer was sent before I left town. Here it is."

John took the yellow paper, and read, —

"Send Cortland by all means: plenty of room."

John had no words with which to express his delight. He capered and danced; his feet seemed winged; and he had tried on every article of wearing apparel in the boxes — his own and Cortland's too — before a half-hour had passed.

It seemed ages now until Cortland should be here; and John could hardly wait until he could meet his cousin at the station on Monday, and tell him the blissful news. There was nothing but excitement and bustle at Cherry Hill until the boys finally left with Judge Braine for New York, where they were to take the night train at the Grand Central Station for Boston. Cortland had said, indeed, that he hardly knew whether he ought to go without consulting his aunts.

"Very commendable in you, Cortland," said his uncle; "but I will make that all right. It is strange if your guardian and your mother's brother cannot have something to say about you. Now, good-by, Cortland; good-by, Johnny, my boy. I have not burdened you with advice: I know that boys don't like it; but just remember this: you are seekers *after* knowledge, not imparters *of* it. Be modest and polite and kind to

every one, and then perhaps Uncle Tom will like you well enough to ask you again." His eyes were fixed on little John's sweet face, but he hoped that the big boy sitting by John's side would remember his words as well. The striking of the large clock, the slow moving of the sleeper, warned Judge Braine that the train had really started. "Good-by!" "good-by!" a wave of the hand, and they were really off.

The boys arrived in Boston in good time on Wednesday morning; and, after getting a hasty breakfast at Young's Hotel, they proceeded at once to the Eastern station, where they were to take the train for Portland. John, fortunately for both, had been in Boston quite often with his father, and made no mistake in his arrangements; and though, in their haste, the boys arrived at the station a full half-hour ahead of time, they managed to while away the minutes in various ways, and at last stepped on board the Portland car, and were now nearing the completion of their journey.

"I can't see why we have to go to Portland to join the Goldenrod," said Cortland; "it's so far. Why couldn't Uncle Tom come to Boston or Portsmouth, or somewhere else, for us?"

John thought that, considering the circumstances, Cortland ought to be glad to be there at all. However, he said only, —

"Uncle Tom couldn't do that, Cortland. You know that he's the lighthouse inspector of the first district, and he couldn't take his boat out of it. Besides, he isn't going for our pleasure. This is his regular tour of inspection, made every three months; and if he's kind enough to ask me to go, I'm only too delighted to accept. Why, papa went last year, and he said they had the jolliest kind of a time. He went to

Mount Desert, and way down to the St. Croix River, the very tippermost end of the American possessions."

Cortland was quite impressed: his eyes grew very big. John continued,—

"You see, Cort, Uncle Tom has his office in Portland in the custom house, and a jolly office it is; and there he has to be all the time to attend to the business of his district. It takes in all the coast of Maine, way down to Portsmouth, N.H. He has to pay all the keepers, and examine into every thing; and papa says it's no joke. Why, I think papa said there were fifty-four lighthouses."

"Whew!" said Cortland.

"That isn't all of it," continued John. "Why, there are buoys to put down and take up; and, oh! lots of things to do."

Just here the boys were interrupted by the pleasant-faced conductor, who leaned down, and said,—

"The race is coming off now." And, sure enough, as they looked out on the right hand, there was the Boston and Maine train puffing along, running its daily race with the Eastern. The boys watched the contest excitedly.

"We've beaten 'em all holler," shouted the conductor, not thinking it worth while to mention the fact that he had not been on the winning side yesterday. And then the train passed through Saco, and drew into the Portland station just at one o'clock.

Before the boys stepped off the train they caught a glimpse of Uncle Tom and his little daughter Violet, standing among the throng of people which filled the station; and soon greetings were exchanged, and the boys' valises were in an express wagon, and the four walking rapidly down to the wharf.

"Is that the Goldenrod?" asked Cortland, as he pointed to a good-sized side-wheel steamer lying at a dock.

"Mercy, no!" said Violet. "Can't you see she hasn't got any derrick? Besides, the Goldenrod is a screw-steamer."

Cortland had no idea why the 'Goldenrod' should have a derrick, and the other steamer none. Indeed, he was not quite sure what a derrick was, certainly not as applied to a boat; and feeling bewildered at that, as well as at Violet's knowledge of screw-steamers, etc., he wisely held his tongue.

"Here we are," said Uncle Tom, as they turned the corner of a freight house, and came full upon the lighthouse tender, her gang-plank ashore, and the captain "standing by" to help them on board.

Captain Grimes was what is commonly called the *Master* of the tender. Picture to yourself a short, thick-set man, of about fifty years of age, with a kind face, from which smiled two handsome gray eyes. His mouth was not visible, being completely hidden by a heavy gray moustache. Gray side-whiskers, and gray hair, curling in little tight rings all over his close-cropped head, completed the setting to his really handsome, fresh-colored face. The mate of the Goldenrod rejoiced in the name of Antony Guptil. Tall and angular of frame; black-haired, and black-eyed; his whiskers, short and stubby, ringed his chin and cheeks, and met the bush of bristly hair which stood up on top of his head. This, with the flattened nose, the small and piercing eyes, and long upper lip, forced one to believe, almost against his will, in the Darwinian theory. He was an old sailor of fifty-three years' experience. "Been to sea, man and boy, fifty-three years come the tenth of next September," was Mr. Guptil's reply, when inter-

rogated on the length of his sea service. He never said, "Avast there, my hearties!" or "Shiver my timbers!" as no sailors — except those in works of fiction, or on the stage — ever do make use of these or many other like expressions attributed to them. And he never, under any circumstances,

"Gave a hitch to his trousers, which"

is not

"A trick all seamen larn;"

that is, as far as my experience goes. His one idol on the face of the earth — or the waters, more often — was Captain Grimes. He looked up to the captain as his sun, his guiding-star. Whatever Captain Grimes approved was perfectly right and proper in the eyes of Antony Guptil; whatever was disapproved by Captain Grimes was entirely wrong also in his mate's opinion. "Talk about your *good* men," would Mr. Guptil remark, "why, our capting's that *re*-ligious, that, when they're hevin' a prayer-meetin' in any of the villages along the coast, an' they hear the Goldenrod a tootin', all the old ladies jump up an' cry out, 'Brethren, le's wait for Capting Grimes: *he'll* put soul in *to* us.' But, on the other hand," would Mr. Guptil remark, meditatively, "he's a reel mus-*cu*-liar Christian; he's proved it in forty ways." For once when a seaman who had just shipped on board the Goldenrod made some disparaging remark as to the captain's size, and said that he "guessed the crew could 'take charge' of the boat as long as that little feller was captain," Antony Guptil's reply was, "Wall, you jest try it on. He's little, but *O my!*" And when next this same seaman did "try it on," the way in which Captain Grimes lifted him bodily from the deck and tumbled him down into the fore-castle was proof that the captain was quite as "mus-*cu*-liar"

as the mate had asserted, and that Mr. Guptil's admiration and confidence had not been misplaced.

"Is luncheon ready, Elias?" was the first question asked by the inspector of his colored steward as the little party came on board.

"Yessa, d'rectly, sa," answered the shining and ever-ready "'Lias," as he was called by every one on board; and before the boys had made themselves presentable, 'Lias had been to the galley, and had returned, carrying an immense tray, on which, it seemed to the hungry travellers, there was piled every delicacy that had ever been heard of. And now, while they are eating with that best accompaniment of all, the sauce of hunger, we will leave them to make havoc among the broiled halibut, the delicious beefsteaks and potatoes, and dessert, in their courses, and take a view of the tender *Goldenrod* as our young travellers saw it for the first time. The lighthouse tender was a screw-steamer of about three hundred tons' burden. She was one hundred and thirty feet long by thirty feet in width. She had, of course, a large black smoke-stack, and two masts, as well; and on these masts small fore and aft sails could be set when necessary. The foremast also served to support the derrick to which *Violet* had alluded,—the lower end of the derrick pivoted near the foot of the mast, and the upper and outer end, supported by suitable tackles from the head of the foremast, which made the derrick movable in any direction. I describe the derrick, as my readers will soon see that the *Goldenrod* would be practically useless, for many of the purposes for which she was intended, if not for this most important appendage. Directly behind the foremast was a powerful steam hoisting engine, commonly called a steam

ALL AMONG THE LIGHTHOUSES.

winch, and this, in conjunction with the derrick, to replaced spar, and bell, and whistling buoys, and was fifty other ways, all of which you will see with Col ~~and~~ John. The Goldenrod was painted black, with white deck-houses. In getting on board, one end of the gang-plank naturally rested on the wharf: the other end, on this day, rested on the lower deck, for the tide was high, and brought that deck up near to the top of the wharf. From the gangway one could walk forward on either side, passing, in doing so, all the windows in what is called the "house." In the house were the engine-room, fireman's quarters, and galley (or sailor's kitchen); and forward of the galley a winding stair led down a short way to the "forward cabin." Here were the rooms for the mate, the lampist, and the engineers: still below the deck was the fire-room. After passing the forward cabin, the steam winch, and the foremast, one came out upon the broad forward deck, where the supplies were stored for the stations,—for many of the outside lights are supplied by the tender; and it was no uncommon thing to see on this deck bags of coal, barrels of potatoes and flour, parts of stoves, or whole ones, new boats, casks of paint,—almost any thing, in fact, which one could mention in connection with the needs of a lighthouse keeper. These supplies were always landed by the steamer's crew. In the forward part of the deck was the forecastle hatch, leading down to the home of the sailors.

Now we come to the upper deck. It was the roof of the house which I have described. On this deck, in front of every thing, was the pilot-house, with its circular front made of thick, clear glass windows, so that the pilot standing at his wheel could see every speck upon the horizon. Behind

the pilot-house was the captain's room. Behind that, again, were smoke-stack, ventilators, etc., which one must pass to reach the after deck, which was really the roof of the inspector's cabin. This cabin was in the after part, and extended from side to side of the steamer, so that there was no lower deck here,—the house and lower deck terminating, as far as outward use and view are concerned, at the point where our little party got on board.

There were long red and black spar buoys lashed securely alongside of the steamer, the red ones on the starboard side, and the black ones on the port side. These buoys are spars from thirty to sixty feet in length; and Cortland and John hoped very much that a buoy would have to be "set" very soon, as they were anxious to see the process. Perhaps some of the boys who read this book may not live near the water, and in that case they will perhaps not know very much about boats: so I will say just here that the terms *starboard* and *port* refer to different sides of a vessel; and that if one should stand with his face toward the bow of the boat, his right hand would be on the starboard side, and his left hand on the port side.

And now there was a tremendous scuffling and stamping about overhead.

"Elias, just go up and ask the captain if he is almost ready to get under way," said the inspector.

Elias returned in a moment with the answer that the captain was just ready to cast off, and was only waiting for the stores which the inspector had ordered down from Hodges. Then came the rattle of wheels on the wharf; the sound of horses' hoofs; the unloading of boxes, and sounds of passing

them on board; calls from the wharf; answers from the tender; orders from Captain Grimes,—short, stern, and decisive. Uncle Tom looked up from his banana, and caught the eager look of interest and expectation on the faces of both boys.

“Violet,” said he kindly, “you had better take these young men on deck. They will like to see every thing from the start.” The boys each gave Uncle Tom a grateful look, and ran hastily up the companion-way.

“Look out there for that line!” were the first words that greeted their ears as they came on deck; for an enormous rope was being hauled, squeaking and dripping, through the chock, thus severing the last remaining link that bound them to the shore. John skipped nimbly out of the way, following Violet’s lead; but Cortland, being the last to reach the companion-way, was naturally the last on deck, and unfortunately stepped directly upon the rope as it loosened a little, and then as the men who were hauling it on board did not catch sight of the boy in time, they gave it a sudden jerk, and poor Cortland was thrown backward. The fall rather astonished him, but he picked himself up, and pluckily joined the others, though a painful bump on the back of his head reminded him of the experience for a day or two to come. The *Goldenrod* was steaming away now, down Portland Harbor,—a harbor which is inferior to none on the Atlantic coast in depth of water and beauty of scenery. By the wharves and docks they went, passing sail-boats and row-boats, and dories and steamers and sailing vessels, ships at anchor, ships outward bound, scows, mud-diggers, skiffs of every imaginable description, and finally a revenue cutter coming up the harbor, her strange-looking flag flying at the peak, its red and white stripes across

instead of lengthwise, looking, as John said, "as if they had made a mistake." The Goldenrod passed every thing, with the exception of those wonderful little tugs, which literally plough the water, and *they* always left the Goldenrod behind. Our Goldenrod passed the little lighthouse on Portland Break-water, which Uncle Tom had inspected yesterday: she left on the port side Fort Gorges, rising out of the water square and solid from its submerged foundation of natural rock; and farther away behind it the buoy station, which is the home of the tender, and the workshop of the men when not at sea,—leaving also to the left Peak's Island and Cushing's Island, and, on the right, the army station of Fort Preble, where the boys saw, with the aid of the glass, some uniformed officers and men moving about: on the left, again, Fort Scammel,—empty, like Fort Gorges; not to be occupied for defence again, let us hope, for many a year to come.

"And now look back," said Uncle Tom, as they four stood together at the stern of the steamer. And as they turned and surveyed the lovely scene, both Cortland and John declared that they had never seen any thing so beautiful before. The sun, which had been shining brightly but a half hour ago, was now under a cloud just thick enough to give a dullness to its rays, and to protect the eyes from the glare which otherwise would have prevented their seeing clearly: and thus they saw, to perfection, the masses of houses rising, one above the other, on the hills; the magnificent trees, filling all spaces; the spires of the many churches, pointing, as they should, heavenward,—looming up, tier upon tier; art and nature so intermingled as to make the city of Portland one by itself. A sailor lad came up at this moment, touching his cap.

"Cap'n wants to know if you will stop at Portland Head, sir."

"Not this time, Brown: tell him to go direct to Half-way Rock. I will go to Portland Head as I return."

"Why doesn't your father stop at Portland Head, Violet?" said John, as her father walked forward.

"Oh, because," said Violet, gazing down at the curious eddies and foam that were whirling away astern.

"Well, that isn't any reason," urged John.

"Oh, well, it's so near Portland, I s'pose, and the keepers can get their money any time, and papa can drive over there from Portland to inspect if the weather's too bad to land, and, oh! a lot of reasons. I've heard papa say that he must have smooth water to land at Half-way Rock, and to-day the sea's like glass."

"Pretty tumbly sort of glass," said John.

"Oh, this is nothing. Why, I never saw it smother. Just wait till you see the Goldenrod roll," added this little Job's comforter.

"What's that?" asked Cortland, as a low booming sound came across the water.

"Oh, I guess that's the bell buoy off Portland Head,—at least it's off Bangs' Island; but we always call it 'Portland Head bell buoy.' I shouldn't think there was swell enough to make it ring to-day."

"Swell enough!" said Cortland. "I should think there was swell enough for any thing. I don't like it very well, I—I—think I'll go down-stairs a little while and—and—unpack."

"Stick it out, Cortland," called out Uncle Tom from the pilot-house door. "Stay right up here in this fresh air, and

this quiet weather will be your best friend against the day when the tender really does roll, — and she can roll, eh, Violet? All right, Johnny?"

John bravely gulped down a rising sigh as a good-sized swell met their starboard bow, and answered, "Yes, Uncle Tom, so far."

"Now come up into the pilot-house and sit down, and see Portland Head to advantage. Here, 'Lias, bring up a plate of those hard biscuit. There, boys, nibble away on those hard-tack, they will help to keep you straight."

The two boys walked carefully and bunglingly forward, and were soon in the square pilot-house, where they found Captain Grimes himself at the wheel.

"He's the best pilot on the coast," whispered Violet to John, who in turn whispered the information to Cortland, and both boys gazed at Captain Grimes in undisguised and wondering admiration.

"Come right in, boys," said the captain. "You won't disturb me, — not a mite, not a mite. What time do you make it, Mr. Guptil? My clock doesn't seem all right; she's a little out lately. Sit down, boys, there on that sofy. Miss Violet, wouldn't you like your old seat?"

"Sha'n't I disturb you, captain?" returned Violet, looking wistfully at the high stool which stood in front of the wheel, and near one of the many curved windows of thick glass which form the front of the pilot-house.

"Sha'n't see you, nor hear you." (This to Violet.) "Seem to be makin' signals at the 'Head,' Mr. Guptil. No time to lose, — can't stop her now; give 'em a toot, Miss Violet;" and Violet reached up and pulled with all her might at a long wooden handle which hung above her head.

PORTLAND HEAD LIGHT.



"Three and a tiger, Miss Violet: guess that'll do for Bill Stimpson this time," as three long whistles, followed by a short one, rent the air.

The boys were standing by the starboard door, whose upper half was glass, and gazing, "with all their eyes," at the lighthouse on Portland Head.

"What a mass of rock," said John; "and how the sea does tumble in! Isn't it queer that it is so much rougher there than it is here?"

"*Doosn't* seem hardly reasonable, now, *doos* it?" said Captain Grimes. The boys saw a rickety flight of stairs fastened to the jagged precipice, and at the top stood the man who had been so violently waving to them but a moment before. Back of where he stood the lighthouse reared its head, standing there as a beacon by day, and lighting up, at night, that dangerous entrance to the safe harbor beyond; bidding, at all times, defiance to the wind and waves, which surge and dash, sometimes, far over the ragged rocks of Portland Head.

And now with a tightening grasp, and a sudden and powerful turn of the wheel on the part of Captain Grimes, who held the wonderful thing in place with a grip like a vise, the Goldenrod swept with a long broad curve through the water, and Portland Head was left astern. The summer breeze was blowing freshly through the open windows of the pilot-house; the sea gulls were floating, sailing, dipping down to the blue foam-specked water, then soaring again far overhead.

"I wonder why they always fly *bias*?" said Violet.

The land on the left was growing farther away, and islands were appearing ahead and on the starboard bow. A delicious odor was wafted upward from the galley, and both John and

Cortland felt almost inclined to ask the meaning of it, when a broad, round, shining face appeared at the open window of the pilot-house, and a jolly voice said, in very broken English, —

“Miss Wi’ll’t, haf a do’nut?” and then a tempting plate of the delicious hot crisp rings was handed through the opening.

“O Joe, how perfectly splendid!” said Violet, who seemed to have forgotten that not much more than an hour ago she had eaten her luncheon, and a very good one at that. Joe’s beaming face beamed still more, — fairly shone, in fact.

“*Ya like?*” which, being translated, means, “you like” (them)?

“O Joe! there’s nothing better in all the wide world than your doughnuts, hot. Captain — papa — boys — do take some!” and the little girl politely handed the plate across to her father, and soon the boys were, as Uncle Tom said, “spoiling their appetites, and ruining their digestions.”

“Don’t bring any more up, Doctor,” called out Captain Grimes. “We want these young people to live through the first part of the trip, any way.”

“Is that your doctor?” asked the astonished Cortland, calling to mind the elegant gentleman who prescribed for him under his aunt’s roof.

“Wal, he’s *our* doctor,” said Captain Grimes; “and I’ll venture to say that what he gives us has a power o’ sight more to do with our keepin’ well and hearty than all that big box of medicine the ‘Board’ supplies us with.”

“What’s his name?” asked John, timidly. He felt that he was metaphorically, as well as literally, in deep waters, for every thing was so new and strange, and he felt so ignorant.

“His real name, given by his parents and sponsors in law-

ful baptism," answered the captain, "is Juan Anselmo Alvarez Gulielmo José Palate, — at least, that's his name when he's at home; but we don't find it a very useful name here on board the tender, so we call him Joe for short."

"Yes," laughed Violet; "wouldn't it be funny to call down, 'Juan Anselmo Alvarez Gulielmo José Palate, send up dinner!'" They all joined in a laugh at Violet's fun; and then John, not satisfied, asked to know more about Joe.

"He came to us several years ago," explained Captain Grimes, "sailing direct to Portland from his home in the Azores, — St. Michael, I think, — and, of course, when he landed he could speak nothing but Portuguese."

"I don't think he speaks any thing else yet," broke in Violet. "I'm sure I could speak more *St. Michael* if I had been there seven years, as he has here."

They laughed again, and the captain continued, —

"Joe had a wife when he came, but she was left at home to care for the small house, and receive and hoard up the savings which Joe sent her from time to time. The poor fellow only spent eight dollars a year on himself, and expected, when he returned to St. Michael, at the end of five years, to live like a gentleman for the rest of his life. You know, sir, how they grub along in them islands, sir," turning to the inspector. Uncle Tom nodded and smiled. "Poor Joe! he reached home to find that Mrs. Juan Anselmo Alvarez Gulielmo José Palate had not waited to share the fortune with him, but had called in her relatives to help her spend the poor man's hard-earned savings; and there was no money in the house but what Joe brought with him. To our astonishment, Joe returned in the spring; and, having no good cook, we were

glad to get him back. Now he sends home, he says, 'Twenty dol-la year.' He has no idea of finding his hard-earned savings squandered when he next returns to his native land."

Cortland and John were much interested in the captain's long account of Joe, in which I have omitted the little peculiarities of speech so natural to the good man, and promised themselves some amusement in making the further acquaintance of the "doctor." But time had passed rapidly away, and a long "*t-o-o-o-toot*" announced the fact that something was going to happen.

"It's Half-way Rock," Violet informed the boys, rather unnecessarily, as that lighthouse had been a prominent object in the marine view ever since they left Portland Head.

"Run down below, boys, and get your rubber-boots," said Uncle Tom.

"Oh! are *we* to go ashore?" shouted both boys together, with as much delight as if they had been out of sight of land for weeks. They tumbled pell-mell down into the cabin. Up they soon came, ready "for the fray," as Violet said, and added, "I won't go ashore here, papa; I have all our things to unpack and put away, — yours and mine; the boys can do theirs to-night. Besides, I've been here plenty of times."

"Nonsense, child! Elias always attends to my clothes. Come along." But the little girl was determined that no one should put papa's clothes into his lockers but herself; and, as the gig was alongside, off they went without her.

"Give way!" said the inspector, taking the tiller ropes in his hands; and the beautiful long white boat, with its six rowers, shot off toward the rock. (I speak knowingly, for it is nothing but a rock rising up out of the water, and on this

bare contracted surface the lighthouse has been built.) The water was smooth, and grew more so as they approached their destination, — what swell there was lapping the outside of the little barrier, thus preventing the gig from feeling much motion.

“How swiftly we go!” said John.

“Aren’t we getting pretty near those rocks?” anxiously asked Cortland. Uncle Tom smiled, but kept his eye fixed on a point ahead. Two strokes more. “Way enough!” shouted Uncle Tom. The bow oarsman tossed and cleverly boated his oar; then, seizing the painter, dexterously jumped ashore, and, with the assistance of the keepers, who had come down to meet the inspector, hauled the boat well up on to the ways, and held her steady until the party were out of her; and then they all walked up to the lighthouse together, the keepers looking finely in their uniforms. “Such an improvement,” Violet had told the boys, “over the old way, when they wore any thing they happened to have on hand,” — the blue cloth suit with gilt ornaments and buttons giving them a fine and dignified appearance.

“That’s a queer thing,” said the observing John, as they neared the tower; “looks like an Esquimau’s hut.”

“Yes,” answered Uncle Tom. “That was built for a boat-house, — a sort of concrete affair; but you see how little room there is here, and as we had to have another set of boat-ways, it had to be sacrificed.”

“What a splendid place to live in!” said John, who had been gazing entranced at every thing. “Next to being captain of the Goldenrod I should like to be a lighthouse keeper.”

“Guess ye wouldn’t keep in that frame of mind long,

sonny, ef ye tried one week of it," said the head keeper. "Then why does he stay, I wonder?" Cortland whispered to John. "It's mighty tough and lonely sometimes," said the keeper, "but my! *we're* on shore compared to them folks out to Mt. Desert Rock;" and then Uncle Tom and the keeper disappeared inside the building, and the official inspection began. The boys followed Uncle Tom into a circular room at the base of the tower, which seemed to them a sort of store-room, as indeed it was; for there were neat piles of coal and wood, casks of oil, and barrels of provisions; but there was no time to examine it now, for Uncle Tom's sea-boots were vanishing at the top of the narrow circular iron stairway, and John and Cortland quickly followed. The first room entered was the kitchen of the establishment. There, every thing looked in the best possible order, with its neat pantry, finely polished cooking-stove, and shining utensils. The next flight of stairs brought them to another room, the bedroom of the principal keeper; and above this was a second room, with two beds for the assistant keepers. A fourth flight of stairs brought them out into the watch-room, where the keeper on duty remains all night, to see that the light does not go out, and to keep guard generally. In this room there was a stove, a chair, a table, and a small lamp. It contained also the driving clock, commonly called the "flash clock," whose mechanism operates the flash light, for such is the "characteristic," as it is called, of the light at Half-way Rock. All of these rooms were, of course, of the shape of the tower,—round. They had windows, not too high for the boys to get a view from, and Cortland looked out of every one; but John said that he preferred to "see it all at once when he got to the top." So he

hurried after Uncle Tom; and, going up the fifth staircase,—an exact counterpart of all the rest,—he entered what is called the “lantern,” a room on top of the tower, just as the keeper was removing the linen cover from the lens. The boys—for Cortland came up just behind John—looked with astonishment at the wonderful mass of crystal (in shape something like a large barrel), and its many ridges of glittering horizontal prisms, showing their variously colored rays under the influence of the light of the afternoon sun.

The keeper opened a door in the lens. (“A door of glass,” whispered John to Cortland: “it’s a regular fairy tale.”) And the inspector assured himself that the lamp was well cared for, and in good working order,—indeed, he asked the opinion on this point of a young man who had come ashore in the boat with them, and whom the boys had not seen before leaving the steamer. This young man seemed to speak as one having authority, and the boys found that Uncle Tom spoke of him to the keeper as “the lampist,” and to him as Mr. Schafer; and that the lampist, though he spoke English but indifferently, seemed to be at home in all matters pertaining to the lamp.

“Wind that clock, Hank,” called down the keeper to his assistant in the watch-room below. “*Click, click, click, click,*” went the clock. And now a queer frame-work, made of bronze, and set *at intervals* with perpendicular prisms, outside of which were red panes of glass, began to revolve slowly around the lens proper, and even Cortland could understand, that when it so revolved, the light from the lens could only show forth during the *interval*, or when there was no red glass to color the light; but, that whenever the colored pane of glass

passed any given point, from that point a red beam must shine out across the water. If the lens glittered before, what was it now, with all these sparkling diamonds flashing and dancing in the sunlight? Uncle Tom was timing the revolutions by the keeper's watch or "timer," made especially for this purpose, to see whether the interval between the flashes was correct.

"I will explain it all to you to-night, boys," said he, as he handed the timer back to the keeper; "for, after dinner, I can get out some books, and give you a better idea than I can now,—principally because I haven't the time to stop. Now you may amuse yourselves as best you can while I go below to make out the report;" and he disappeared with the keeper down the narrow opening in the floor.

"Don't ye tech it, sonny," said "Hank" (who they found was Mr. Smith, the first assistant), as Cortland was about to draw his finger across one of the ridges of the highly polished surface of the lens. "You have heard of being 'handled with gloves?' Well, that's just the way we have to handle *her*. It's a real solemn fact," said Mr. Smith, "that we never touch as much as a bare finger to her,—oh! but she's a beauty," and Mr. Smith looked lovingly at the lens as, with a piece of chamois skin, he rubbed what he thought might be an infinitesimal speck of dust from the shining surface, and replaced the linen cover. "You ask the inspector, and he'll tell you this is one of the best-kept lights on the coast. But that we're awful, painful modest out here, I should say it was *the very* best."

The boys now descended to the watch-room, and went out on to the balcony which surrounds the tower at this point.

"Jimminy pipe-stems, ar'n't we high up, though!" exclaimed

John. "Look, there's the Goldenrod way down there. Oh! but doesn't she look little; and that tiny red speck, looking like a lady-bug, must be Violet."

"Where?" asked Cortland. "I don't see her. Oh, yes, I do,—walking towards the back of the boat."

"We must say '*stern*,' Cortland," corrected John. "Uncle Tom says it, and so does Violet; and oh! look, *do* look at the ships, and ships, and ships, sailing every which way. How is that, Mr. Smith?" inquired John, determined to follow out his father's injunction given — was it *only last* night, and so much had happened! "I thought that ships could only sail one way, just as the wind would take them; but some are coming right down the coast, and some are sailing directly the other way, and then these others all round here" — with a most comprehensive sweep of the hand — "are just going it, every sort of way."

"Yas," said Mr. Smith, "a 'soldier's breeze' is a mighty convenient thing sometimes, that's a absolute truth."

"A soldier's breeze?" "What's that?" asked the boys at the same time.

"Wal," said Mr. Smith, with a chuckle, "it's a breeze that even a soldier can sail in and he can't go wrong. Don't you see that all these ships have the wind a-beam?"

"Yes," said Cortland. John said nothing, but wondered desperately where Cortland learned so much.

"Wal, you see it's good either way;" and John, at least, as much in the dark as ever, went below, followed by Cortland.

"Say, Cort," whispered John, in the semi-gloom of the descent of the winding stairs, "what *is a-beam*?"

"Oh, I can't explain now!" replied Cortland, in a very supe-

rior manner. "You must keep your ears and eyes open all the time, and find out things for yourself: that's the way I do."

Poor John felt very much crushed, and wondered how he could ever have had a suspicion that Cortland was just a little dull. As they reached the store-room again they saw that a trap-door in the floor was open, and into this hole Cortland thoughtlessly tossed a piece of coal.

"Don't, Cortland," remonstrated John. "That's water, — I heard it splash. Perhaps that's where they keep their drinking water." Cortland burst into a loud, derisive laugh, which angered spunky little John. "What are you laughing at?" said he, angrily.

"At you," said Cortland. "That *would* be a nice place to keep water, — under the floor!" and Cortland laughed again. "Oh, no, they'd never keep it there; besides, don't you suppose I know?"

"No, I don't," returned John. "I don't pretend to know any thing about it, but I can't see where else they can keep their water."

"Well," said Cortland, coarsely, "you just ask the keeper, if you want to get sold."

"Take care, boys: don't fall in there," said the second assistant, coming in at the door. "It's deep enough to give you a wetting, if it isn't dangerous. You see the water-boat has just come out from Portland, and we're just getting the hose ashore. It's where we keep our fresh water, — in fact, it's the only place we've got."

John did not look at Cortland as he walked quickly out of the tower; but he said to himself, as he walked down behind his cousin to the boat-ways, "I think even his back looks just little bit ashamed."

As they rowed back to the Goldenrod, the gig pitched a trifle in the swell, and Cortland, determined to recover, in his own estimation and in John's, his lost dignity, remarked knowingly, "I suppose we get that motion because the wind's a-beam." The rowers nearest the stern tried to repress a smile; and Uncle Tom said, to John's secret delight, "Oh, no, my boy! the wind's dead ahead; can't you see it's directly off shore?" and as Cortland scrambled up by the man-ropes to the gangway, he was saying over and over to himself, —

"What did that fellow mean by the wind being *a-beam*? was he only trying to make fun of me?" and John, generous as his nature was, had almost to bite his tongue to keep from saying to Cortland, "Don't you suppose *I* know?" The Goldenrod was ready to steam away the very moment the party was on board, and off she went as the sailors were hoisting the gig up to the davits.

"Well," said Violet, as she danced up to the gangway, "how did you like it?"

"It was splendid!" said Cortland, for once speaking first.

"We learned a great deal," said John, with a sly look at Cortland, who walked quickly aft, pretending not to see.

"You had better take off those boots, boys," said Uncle Tom. "We land at Seguin Island next, and in such smooth weather, your shoes will be heavy enough. Brown, go and tell Captain Grimes that he can go to Seguin, and then up the river and anchor for the night. We will come out to Pond Island early in the morning. 'Lias, we shall go ashore at Seguin; tell Joe that I want dinner at six o'clock, *sharp*. These young people will be as hungry as hunters."

"And now for Seguin," said Violet, as she skipped to the

gangway, and was the first passenger in the gig. How dexterously the little lady swung herself down! so different from Cortland's bungling tumble, or even John's careful and wary descent.

"Turn round, Corty; come down backwards," called up Violet.

"Oh, no; *this* is the best way. I can do it so much more easily."

Violet said no more; but John took her advice, and found that when his face was turned to the steamer, he could more readily handle the man-ropes which hung from each side of the gangway, and with much less danger of falling.

"Why do you insist on our turning round, Violet?" said Cortland; "it's a dreadfully silly way." Violet was up in arms at once.

"Oh! it is, is it? Then perhaps you know more than every one in the navy, or every sailor who has ever been to sea. Why, it's common-sense, that's all. Don't you suppose that papa knows, and Admiral Brinkerhoff and Lieutenant White, and all the officers?"

"We shall have to add that *n* to your name, little girl, if you are so severe," here put in Uncle Tom's voice. "Cortland is new to our ways, but he will soon learn that the accepted and customary way is usually the best. Here we are,—way enough! Keep her off, Robson; go ahead a little, Graham, now," and the boys scrambled over the seats to the bows, Violet tripping daintily after them, and they were soon following Uncle Tom and the keeper up the road, cut in the rock, which leads to the top of the island.

"I wonder why the landings are all so different?" said Cortland to Violet.



SEQUOIA ISLAND LIGHT.



"Well, they *are* most all of them different, all the way down to Dochet's Island; but" — She stopped, remembering her father's injunction not to give free rein to her tongue; but thought she would like to say, "This is the *second* landing you have made." However, Cortland was her guest: she must remember that.

"Now that one at Half-way Rock was quite different from this one," continued Cortland, critically.

Here John broke in.

"And as that is the only other one we have seen; and as we have only been on board the tender since one o'clock to-day; and as it is only a little after five o'clock now; and as there are fifty-four lights in the whole district, and probably fifty-four landings, I should think we had better wait to compare them until we have seen more than two."

"Look at that," said Violet, ending the discussion by a diplomatic change of subject. "Did you ever see such a view? There, boys, that's the Kennebec River stretching away off there, and we are up awfully high, — about two hundred feet, I should think."

"Just one hundred and fifty, Violet; one hundred and eighty when we reach the top of the tower. Do you see all those schooners, boys? those big fellows with three masts, and all sails set? They are filled with ice for the Southern ports. I wish that I could take you up to see the ice-houses, but that must wait for another time. But come along if you want to see a 'first order' light," said Uncle Tom; and the boys hurried after him to the large round tower. But as this light only differs from that at Half-way Rock in size (being very much larger), and in that it is a "fixed" instead of a "flash" light

(which is explained by saying that it has no revolving panes of glass, or obstructions, to shut off the light at intervals), we will not ascend the tower with the boys, but remain below with Violet, who was employing herself in picking buttercups and daisies, — which cropped up here and there in the grass, — and making a bouquet for the dinner-table. The lampist passed by Violet, and hurried toward the lighthouse just as the boys disappeared.

“You’ve got your can, I see, Mr. Schafer, as usual,” said Violet. “Get plenty; everybody on board depends on it.” Mr. Schafer hurried past, nodding and smiling; and then Violet began to pull the daisy leaves and say, “Rich man, poor man,” to herself. After a while the boys’ voices were heard, and Cortland and John would be down in a moment. Mr. Schafer had by this time inspected the lamp, and was walking rapidly down the path leading to the boat. At the edge of the hill he stopped, — a call from the lighthouse summoned him, — and setting his can down on the place where he turned, he came quickly back. Just then the boys came out of the house.

“Oh, goody, goody! It has come ‘sailor’ three times,” laughed the little girl to John, as he came out of the door.

“What do you mean by — oh, yes; you’ve been doing ‘Rich man, poor man,’ but there isn’t any sailor in it,” returned John.

“Well, I make it so, any way. I guess I’ve got a right to say something about it, and no nice girl could ever marry a thief, you know; so I say, —

“‘Rich man, poor man, chief, or sailor,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant-tailor.’

A beggar-man wouldn't be a pleasant person either, and I think poor man is poor enough. I can't say I like tailors, but you know you can say '*merchant-tailor*;' so, together, that sounds better. Where's Cortland? Oh, there he goes! John, we're going to have a real treat to-night. Mr. Schafer always brings the milk-can ashore, and the keepers fill it with the most *de-licious* milk. See all my daisies. I wish that you and Cortland would help me to pick a few more, — I want a lovely bunch for the table." They hastened after Cortland, who was throwing stones and kicking at obstructions indiscriminately. Unfortunately, as he was thus employed, he had reached the spot where the milk-can stood. "I wonder how far I can kick that thing," said Cortland to himself, as he raised his foot.

"O Cortland, don't, don't!" But Violet's scream was too late; for, as she spoke, the can went flying into the air, the cover rattled down the hill, and a white stream spurted out and poured down over the grass and rocks. Cortland's face was a picture of consternation and fright; but he tried as usual to bluster it out, as Violet came running up with, —

"O Cortland! how could you? That is all the milk they had to spare, and we shall have to go without it. I don't care so much for myself; but after Mr. Schafer took all the trouble! and every one expects it on board just as much as they do Mr. Schafer himself. It's too, too bad!"

"How could any one tell there was milk in it? Besides, how was I to know you got milk at lighthouses? I didn't see any cow; besides, I don't drink milk, any way." This rude and selfish speech exasperated Violet; and, forgetting her father's warning, she burst out, "I thought you always knew every thing, Cortland Delano: but, of course, if *you* don't like

milk, nobody else does. It's a great consolation to Papa and John and me that you don't drink milk. Oh, oh! before I'd be so selfish and so rude, I'd — I'd" —

"Don't, Vi," said John. "Cortland didn't mean any harm, and I know he's awfully sorry. Let's see if we can't get the can, any way, Cortland." And the little fellow began climbing down the steep hill; but a shout from below arrested his footsteps, and he saw one of the men who had been strolling up the road waving the can above his head.

"There! the can's found. Violet, Corty, the men have found the can;" and the little peacemaker beamed with pleasure. "You had better explain to Mr. Schafer, Cort; he'll understand it was an accident, I'm sure." Cortland did make as decent an explanation as the circumstances would allow. The young German smiled.

"Dat it was an accident, of dat I am mos' sure," said Mr. Schafer with what seemed to Cortland an exaggerated belief in his perfect innocence. "I haf only de feel dat Miss Vi'let will haf no milk; for me, I don' care noting,—noting." And so Cortland got off as respected Mr. Schafer; as to his own conscience, who shall say? But the boat's crew did not wear such pleasant faces; and the repeated inquiries from the engineer, mate, and even Captain Grimes, who looked out of the pilot-house with, "Where's your milk-can, Mr. Schafer?" were all additional pricks to Cortland's guilty soul, and he was glad to hurry below to get ready for dinner. Then the anchor was weighed,—for the tender was usually anchored at Seguin during the inspection,—and they were soon steaming up the Kennebec, where they were to lay for the night.

"Violet," said John, in a low tone of voice, "what did your father mean by putting an *n* in your name?"

"Sh — h!" said Violet. "I don't mind telling *you*, John. After the *e*. That's where Papa threatens to put it sometime, — *Violent*; isn't it awful? I know I'm dreadfully hasty. Mercy me! if I have shown my temper to Cortland twice in one afternoon, how shall I ever in the world get through with the next ten days? but pretension and deceit are the two things that make me most furious. I don't mind your knowing, John, but I wouldn't have Cortland hear it for all the world, — I mean about what Papa said, — I should never hear the last of it." She did not ask John not to tell, and John did not promise; but Violet knew that her shameful little secret was as safe with John as with herself. And now dinner was announced by 'Lias, shining in ivory blackness, and gorgeous in his newest uniform, — in which he always arrayed himself when the inspector was on board.

"What a good soup, 'Lias," said Violet. "You tell Joe that I never get such a soup anywhere but on board the Goldenrod."

"You little epicure!" laughed her father. The pretty but substantial dinner was served by seven o'clock, and then Uncle Tom went on deck to smoke a cigar and to "have a look at the weather;" and the boys decided that it would be a very good time to unpack their large valises.

"Now," began Violet, playing the hostess very nicely, "you see how the cabin is arranged, boys. Papa's room is here, and mine here." As she spoke she drew the curtains which hung in the doorways of two pretty rooms on the side of the cabin opposite what the boys called the "*stairs*," and they saw two good-sized, comfortable-looking rooms.

"Almost like a bedroom in a house," said Cortland.

"Our bathroom is between our rooms," continued Violet.

"I am very sorry that there are no more rooms; but Papa said that young fellows liked to 'rough it,' and that he had no doubt that you would rather take the transoms than not."

"Which are the 'transoms'?" asked Cortland.

"Oh, those long sofas running 'fore and aft'. They are quite wide, as you see, and certainly long enough, — seven feet, I think. Now here, you see, at one end, are drawers where you can put your clothes; and at the other end are lockers, which lift up on top, and there you can put your boots and heavy things. 'Lias can help you put your things away there to-night, when he has had his dinner and helped wash the dishes. And there," went on their little guide, pointing to a door at the back of the cabin, "is *your* bathroom. It belongs only to you, boys; so never think that any one else will ever want it. The corresponding door on the other side, as you see, is the pantry door: you know 'Lias served the dinner from there. 'Lias will unpack for you, — at least all the troublesome things. Set your boots out, and he'll black them. 'Lias! what would we do without 'Lias? There is no limit to what 'Lias does: he's a universal genius!" An amused chuckle from Uncle Tom, who had come quietly down the companion-way.

"Quoting are you, Missy? Come now, and we'll get out the drawings I made for you, and explain a little bit about the lenses."

"Yes, Papa; they are just getting their things put away:" and, as the last drawer was shut to, the boys found that Uncle Tom had the red-covered table spread with curious-looking drawings, which he was proceeding to explain when Cortland said, —

"First let me ask you a question, Uncle Tom." He was

no real relation to Cortland; but Cortland was John's cousin, and John was Uncle Tom's nephew, so that it seemed natural enough. "Why did you tell Violet to-day that you would put an *n* into her name?"

Uncle Tom smiled at Cortland.

"*I'll* never tell," said he, looking knowingly at Violet. "By the way, Violet, where was our fish chowder to-night? Why didn't we have it?" Violet returned his look with one full of mischief.

"*I'll* never tell," said she; and thought to herself, "Papa knows that for chowder one must have milk. He must have heard about that milk-can. But it's all lost on Cortland. I don't believe he ever heard of fish chowder in his life."

"Here, boys, you two sit together. Violet, come by me, next to John,—so. Now I can turn the drawing towards you three, and point with this long crochet-needle of Violet's from where I sit," said Uncle Tom.

"In this drawing, Fig. 1, you see a sort of skeleton sketch of the outside of a lens. You see these little points, marked *p*, *p*, *p* (which stand for prism), form a continuous line, and make a shape as a whole something like the outside of a barrel. Imagine a round barrel of glass cut directly down through, from top to bottom, and that you are looking at the half so cut. This gives us what we call *cross sections*, or small triangles of the *prisms*, which are each marked by the letter *p*, and which go to form the whole. Now imagine, if you can, a great many rings of glass laid one on top of the other. The first eight (designated by the letter *z*) are fitted into frames of bronze, and thus are separated a little each one from the next; but the next eight (marked *y*), with the broad band (*x*),

and the eight above the band (*w*), are set close together. Still above the middle part (designated by the letters *y*, *x*, and *w*) are eighteen other rings or prisms, set in, and separated by, bronze frames, as are the first eight. These eighteen are marked *v*. Now, children, look at the cabin lamp. Perhaps you do not know that in looking at it you only see such rays of light as come *directly to the eye*. The other rays go up into the air, or down to the ground, and are lost."

"But how can they be lost, Papa?" asked Violet. "They can't get out, and they must help to light the cabin."

"Very true, little girl; because this is an enclosed space, and the white woodwork, and pictures, and various things, *reflect* those other rays back to us, and so light up the cabin. But if we should take that very lamp out into the dark night, if there was nothing to reflect the rays, it would give very little light, as you would see. Now, our object is to save those rays, which are usually lost, — to *collect them*, and throw them out on to the horizon, in what we call the 'focal plane.' But I do not mean to use any such terms if I can help it: only the simplest ones possible, to make the subject clear to you. And now, to keep these wandering rays from shooting up into the air and down into the water, and to bring all their power together into one compact bar of light, we have to *bend* them."

"Bend rays of light, Papa? You talk as if they were something you could take hold of."

"Well, Pussy, though we cannot actually do that, we can employ other agents; and these agents are our little prisms again. You see at Fig. 4 is the flame, and the lines, or rays of light, diverge in all directions. These rays of light proceed, each on its own course, until they are all caught, — as I shall

show you by the prisms,—and turned from their various directions, and shine out across the water in one broad, brilliant band of light. This band of light, which includes in its composition all those rays which, without the lens, would go wandering off and be lost, is made intensely bright, and more penetrating than it would otherwise be. The flame of the lamp is only about five inches in height; but when its rays—which would be feeble without a reflector—are caught, and thrown out by this wonderful lens, it sends forth a bar of light eight feet in height, which is seen, if the night is clear, for a distance of twenty to twenty-five miles.”

“But why do the rays bend, Uncle Tom?” inquired John. “You say they bend, and I know they must; but I would like very much to know why.”

“That is just what I am coming to, Johnny. ‘You must give a fellow time,’ as Mr. Guptil says. Now it is a fact that when light passes from one transparent medium (such as air, glass, or water) to another, the rays of light are bent from their courses, provided the mediums or substances are of different densities,—or one might use the word *hardness* for density. This is the case when the rays of light pass through the prisms of the lighthouse lens. Glass and air are each, as you know, transparent,—but there is a difference, of course,” said Uncle Tom, looking at Cortland. “Can you tell me what it is?”

“Why, the glass is thicker and harder,” said Cortland.

“It is certainly harder,” said Uncle Tom: “or, we might say, denser; and so the rays are bent from their course. This is shown in Fig. 2. The prisms in this case do something more than *refract*, or bend the rays of light, as I will explain

to you. The ray $a b$, as it enters the prism at p , is first bent, *or refracted*, in the direction $p r$, and strikes the surface $k l$; but the angle of this surface is such that the ray does not pass through it at all (*why*, you will have to be older before you can understand), but is wholly *reflected* in the direction $r s$, where, in passing out into the air again, it is bent, *or refracted*, in the direction $s h$, towards the horizon. As every ray leaves the lamp in a different direction from every other ray, so must the sides of each prism be made at a slightly different slope or angle with the direction of the ray it is intended to intercept or *bend*."

"Isn't it wonderful that any one should have found out so much about reflected and refracted lights, and all about the different slopes of prisms, and just how they ought to be made to catch every spark of light? I wonder who ever thought of such a thing."

"It was a French scientist, Johnny, named Fresnel," replied his uncle; "he was the inventor. It is a most beautiful system, and the greatest credit is due M. Fresnel; for by this means we have been able to wonderfully improve our lamps, and make them much more *powerful* or brilliant."

"I wonder they don't call the lens after him," said Violet. "I should."

"They agreed with you beforehand, my dear. It is one of the few cases where the real inventor gets the credit. I have shown you the simple form of the *Fresnel Lens*, which only concentrates the rays of light in a horizontal circle, shining alike on every point of the horizon, in this way,"—and Uncle Tom drew a little sketch. As Violet and the boys looked at this simple drawing, Uncle Tom began to

FIG. 1.

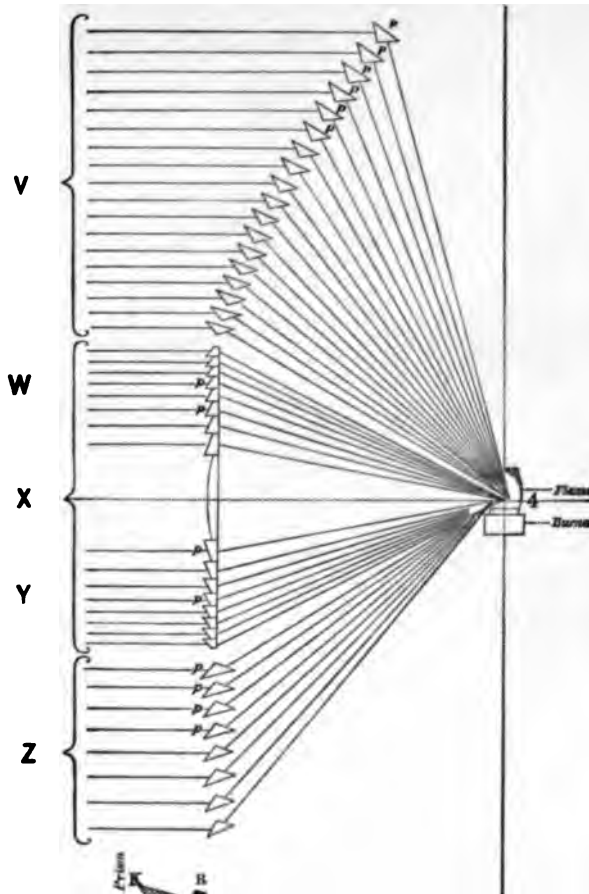
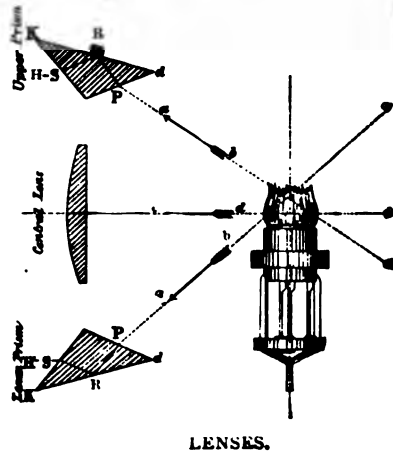


FIG. 2.





gather up his papers, and prepare to put them away. "What's the matter, Johnny? You look as if it were not quite clear to you," said he, as he noticed an unsatisfied look in John's eyes.

"Yes, sir; it's clear enough so far," said John: "but I really should like to know a little more."

"Ah! a regular thirst for knowledge. Well, my boy, what more can I tell you?"

"Well, Uncle Tom," replied John, "I heard Mr. Schafer talking to the engineer to-day about a 'fixed light, varied by red flashes,' and 'flash lights,' and 'fixed red,' and 'fixed white;' and I get so confused, that I would really like to know a little something about what it all means."

"Well, Johnny, I thought that you had heard enough for one evening," said Uncle Tom; "but perhaps it's just as well to tell you a little more, and then you will have a sort of rudimentary knowledge or foundation, which will help you to understand any lamp we may see. You know that I have explained to you simply a 'fixed white' light. Now look at this little drawing, and imagine yourself directly over the middle of the light, and looking down upon it. Suppose that we take our fixed white light, and surround it by a set of perpendicular panels composed of prisms; say three to a light, set apart from each other, so that the fixed light has a chance to shine out through the spaces. Now these *panels* of prisms have the power to collect those rays which have once been bent, and *bend them again*, bringing them together into what might be called a *bundle* of rays, given to any one point of the horizon, on which they may shine, a much more powerful light than the simple light of the lens. In this case, the spaces between the

bundles of rays would show the light given by the ordinary lens, and no more. Now, suppose yourself a sailor coming in from sea, and trying to make your port or harbor. As these outside prisms revolved about the lens proper, you would see first, say, the fixed light. Then, as the panel began to revolve, the first effect (as its edge began to come between your eye and the lens inside) would be, that the light would be darkened. This, however, would soon be followed by a brilliant flash, lasting usually for three or four seconds; then as the other edge of this panel came opposite your eye, the light would apparently go out, only to reappear in a few seconds as a fixed light, and you would say at once, 'That is Petit Menan,' or 'Half-way Rock,' or 'Prospect Harbor,' as the case might be, for all the lights have their own 'characteristics.' This light, which I have tried to explain to you, is commonly known as a revolving light, but we know it as a 'fixed light varied by flashes.' These flashes may be white or red. By arranging the machinery, which causes the flashing prisms to revolve, faster or slower, we produce the flashes at different intervals."

"Why do they talk about 'first-order' and 'second-order' lights?" asked Cortland.

"That means the size of the lens, Cortland, as well as of the lamp. There are six orders: the first is naturally the largest."

"O Papa, don't stop!" said Violet; "it's so *terribly* interesting." But her father had folded up his papers. "No more to-night, Missy. These young men have had a long day, and are tired out. When we get to any other inter-

esting lights, I can explain them to you very easily with this little preparation."

And now 'Lias was busy lighting the lamps in the rooms, which always swing in their hanging brackets, and were a marvel of polished brass; and then with swift dexterity, and almost noiseless movements, he produced from wonderful receptacles made especially for them mattresses, one for each sofa,—broad, wide sofas they were, as wide as a cot bed; blankets, pillows, sweet, dry sheets, came out as they were required; and soon two neat white beds were made, one on each side of the cabin. Then 'Lias brought out some bright flowered curtains, and hung them across the foot and up the side, to the head of the "transoms," fastening them by rings (sewed to their edges) into small brass hooks screwed into the ceiling, or beams overhead. These hooks were so arranged as to leave about two feet of space between the curtain and the bed; and now the boys' apartments were complete.

"Isn't that jolly!" said John excitedly. "I say, Violet, I like my quarters a thousand times better than I do yours," as he gave a critical glance, through the doorway of Violet's room, at the dainty blue ribbons and lace of her dressing-table cover, and the pillow-shams of her pretty bed.

"Yes," said Cortland; "no flummery for us. We want every thing sailor-like and ship-shape."

"Dear me! how nautical we are getting!" returned their little hostess. "Well, boys, I'm really glad. I was afraid that coming from home and shore you wouldn't like being put out here in the cabin; but Papa said he knew you'd like it. And you know, as he has to be up early and late, he really ought to have a comfortable room; and of course it wouldn't do for a girl to sleep out here."

"I'm mighty glad it wouldn't," remarked Cortland; and John added, "I should be dreadfully disappointed if you or Uncle Tom should want to change with me: I hope that I might not be ungracious about it." "Two bells" sounded, struck on the forward deck by one of the sailors.

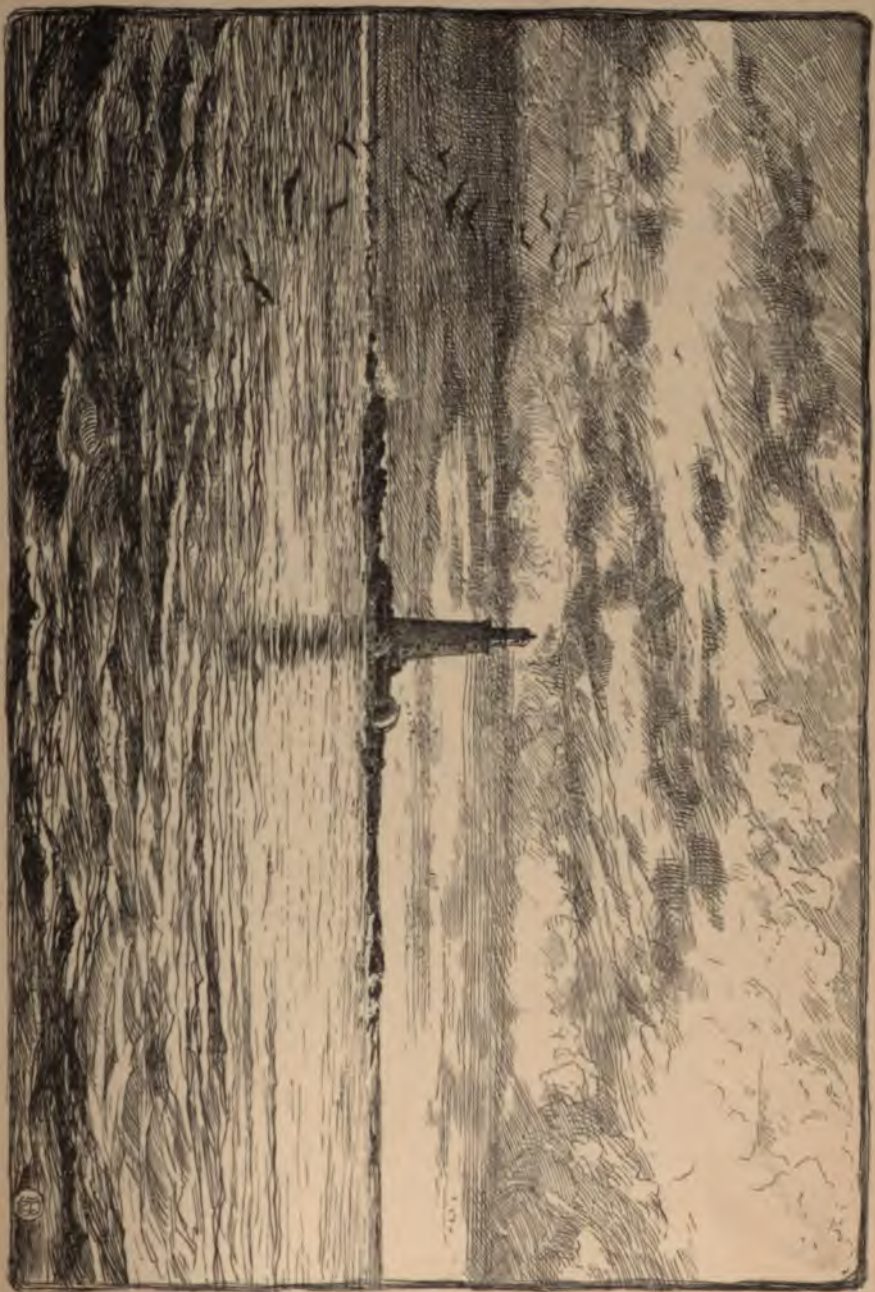
"Nine o'clock, little girl: time to turn in," said Uncle Tom. "Good night, boys; I hope that your first sleep on board the *Goldenrod* will be a sound one." And soon Uncle Tom's and Violet's doors were shut, and the boys were left to retire by the light of the bright cabin lamp, which hung directly over the centre of the table. Later, perhaps, when they were asleep, 'Lias would come down; and instead of turning the lamp down, or putting it out, he would place a dark red glass shade round the white one, and so dull the light pleasantly for a sleeping-room. The words "I say," came in a loud whisper to Cortland across the cabin. "Come over here Cort, and have a look at our bath-room." A white figure came tip-toeing round the table; and together the boys stealthily opened the bath-room door, that they might not disturb Violet and her father. What was Cortland's surprise to find a pretty bath, not very long, but deep, with its one faucet for salt water.

"Only cold water!" was Cortland's remark.

"'Lias says there's a pipe coming into the bath,—there, down by the foot: don't you see it? Well, that connects somehow or other with the boiler; and after the cold water is in the bath, you just turn on the steam, and that warms it through and through. I sha'n't use the steam though. I mean to take a real cold salt-water dash every morning."

Cortland was meanwhile examining the pretty stationary

HALF-WAY ROCK.



wash-stand with all its neat appliances; the rack, with its rows of snowy towels; the thick, heavy Turkish bath towels, hanging by themselves on a rack at the end of the tub; the pretty mirror fastened close against the wall; the brush racks, glass racks,— every thing looking new and bright; their polished black walnut contrasting clearly with the painted white panels of the woodwork.

"Just look at those faucets," said John. "My! don't they clean 'em up though on board ship!" Cortland joined with John in his admiration of every thing; but he was tired with the long day's travel and excitement; and, with a very comprehensive yawn and a slight shiver, said, "It's all perfectly splendid, John, but I shall drop down on the floor if I don't go to bed this very minute;" and soon both boys were in that delightful state which no dreams disturb. How still, how calm, how quiet was it there in the dark Kennebec! The flowing river rushed silently past the little steamer, lapping her black sides with a soft watery murmur,— the only sound that broke the perfect stillness, with the exception of the distant bell on the forward deck, struck every half-hour during the night, giving proof, if such were needed, that some faithful soul was keeping watch and ward over the Goldenrod's weary sleepers.

CHAPTER II.

The Children visit some Lighthouses and hear some Scientific, as well as Historical, Facts from Uncle Tom; and are provided, unintentionally, with Amusement, by one of their New Friends.

JOHN was awakened by the sound of a boat being hoisted up to the davits; and then, for the first time that morning, he heard the propeller turn round. This sound was mingled with that of the scraping and rattling of a chain or rope somewhere overhead; and then the steamer slowly got under way.

"Halloa, Cortland!" shouted John; "are you awake?" But a faint sound of regular breathing was his only answer. John lay still a moment watching the dancing, sparkling sunbeams, as they were reflected from the water upward through his air-port on the white ceiling. Along the deck overhead some one was walking up and down, up and down, forward to the mainmast, then back to the stern. They were walking on the starboard side, just over John's head,—a heavy tread, and a light hippetty-hop keeping a sort of step with it.

"Well, I know one step anyway," thought John. "There's only one person on board this boat who dances all the *live-long* time." John had soon been refreshed with his bath; and, calling Cortland, who had just turned over, to "hurry up," he joined Uncle Tom and Violet on deck.

"Well, young man; we thought we would let you have your sleep out," was Uncle Tom's greeting. Violet was hanging on her father's arm; her feet, even when she was pretending to stand still, keeping up a tit-tat-toeing on the deck. Her eyes, the color of her name, were bright with gayety and sweet temper; her little fluffy curls were flying round her forehead, and her cheeks were glowing with the freshness of the morning. She seemed fairly bubbling over with spirits.

"Are we going to Pond Island now?" asked John, after he had replied to Uncle Tom's and Violet's greeting. Violet laughed merrily.

"It's the early bird, you know, John; and Papa and I have reaped the reward. We have both been ashore at Pond Island, and Papa expects to inspect another light before breakfast,—why, he was ashore at five o'clock." As she danced along the deck, keeping time, as well as she could, to her father's greater deck-stride, she stooped a little toward John, who was on her other side, and whispered, "He's a terrible worker." This was intended for confidence on Violet's part, but a gay laugh from her father showed her that she had been overheard. Then Cortland came on deck, and the four walked together, enjoying the fresh breeze, as they steamed towards Hendrick's Head. Contrary to Violet's expectation, breakfast was on the table before the steamer reached Hendrick's Head. This fact, and the sight of some suddenly appearing clouds, and a few drops of rain on the deck, made Uncle Tom say,—

"Boys, I won't take you ashore here. You will see lighthouses enough before we have finished our trip; and there

is no use in running the risk of getting a wetting by hurrying with your breakfast,—so take it easy. This is the second one I have had,” said Uncle Tom, doing justice, however, to the delicious fried fish, chops, eggs, and other good things with which Joe had supplied them.

“O Papa! you’ve had only a cup of coffee and a roll, and you’ve been up for hours,” remonstrated Violet, who was always taking her father’s part against himself. And now, as the gig pushed off, Uncle Tom called back,—

“Violet, you might get Mr. Guptil to let you have some lines. I never caught any thing just here; but it will amuse the boys, and you may pick up something. Give way!” And away shot Uncle Tom towards the low rocky shore. The boys looked landward, and saw a low square tower standing about thirty feet from the water; but the place looked uninteresting, and they all three decided that fishing would be far pleasanter than exploring the low land of Hendrick’s Head. Mr. Guptil came aft with lines, hooks, and pieces of fresh pork; and soon the “three fishers” were holding their lines over the taffrail.

“Don’t fish there, Cortland,” said Violet. “The stern isn’t a good place at all, especially as we are not at anchor.”

“This is the very best place,” replied Cortland. “Why, out in Indiana,”— But he stopped, and gave a jerk to his line, for he thought he felt a fish nibbling at his hook.

“Oh, but it really isn’t,” continued Violet; “because, when I once fished there”—

“Oh, hush!” returned the boy sharply. “I don’t care for your reasons,—girls are forever talking. Every time I get a bite you call out, and frighten away the fish. Besides, don’t you suppose I know what I’m about?”

Violet looked astonished, and determinately closed her lips. She was a sharp little maiden,—merry and kind and good-natured when others were merry and kind and good-natured in return. But with her sweet disposition there was mingled a little spice of wickedness; and she only turned to John and said, in a low voice,—

“Cortland knows too much. I only hope he won’t blame me when it happens.” “*It*” soon happened, just as Violet had foreseen. Captain Grimes had not anchored: he “just kept her off,” as he said; and as the vessel moved astern a little way, Cortland shouted excitedly,—

“There! I’ve got one. I’ve got one, I tell you. I knew if you would stop talking a minute, Violet, I’d catch him,—the first one too. Oh, gracious goodness me! He’s a big fellow; he’s pulling me right overboard.” John dropped his line, which was tied to the taffrail, and ran to Cortland’s assistance; but they had, together, no more effect on the tightened line than had Cortland alone.

“I think it’s a whale, Cortland,” said Violet, as she drew a hideous gasping little sculpin out of the water, and threw it on the deck. “I suppose you are used to them out in Indiana.” Mr. Guptil had come aft, seeing the excitement among the boys. One pull of the line with his experienced hand, and then he called forward,—

“Brown, take the dinghy and drop her down astern, and try to unfasten this line. Ye’ve caught the propeller, young man. Ye mustn’t jerk so hard next time, ye might break the shaft.” Violet’s eyes sparkled; but Cortland seemed so truly crestfallen, that she felt sorry for him at once.

“Never mind, Corty. I haven’t caught any thing but a

sculpin, and I threw him back." And John, the little comforter, added, "And I didn't even get a nibble."

"It's raining really quite hard," said Violet, as much to relieve Cortland's embarrassment as for any other reason. "I think we had better go below. Here comes Papa, and we shall start for Burnt Island in a few minutes."

"Let's all go below. Come, Cortland," said John. "I promised Mamma I would write just as soon as I could; but we can't mail letters, can we, Violet, here in mid-ocean?" Violet laughed heartily at this.

"Mid-ocean! Why, as the sailors say, you could toss a biscuit ashore,—not that I ever saw any one do it. Why, once when I was going with Papa and Mamma to New Orleans, I remember the captain told me one morning that, in the afternoon, we would be so near land that we could toss a biscuit ashore. I wish you could have seen what a throw it would have been. That afternoon we saw a faint blue streak in the distance, that they said was land, and I made up my mind that sailors exaggerate just as much as other people. But that wasn't in the navy," added Violet, jealous for the reputation of her father's corps. "That was on a passenger vessel, what we call the merchant service. But come, it's really raining. Come down now, and I'll write in my diary, and you can write your letter, John." And soon John was seated at Uncle Tom's secretary, busily engaged in writing the promised letter to his mother.

"It can be mailed at Rockland," said Violet, "for I heard Papa tell Captain Grimes that he should go in there for the mail." The three young people were busy—Cortland with a book which he had found in the pretty little library—when

they heard the gig come alongside; and Uncle Tom's heavy stride on the deck, and his cheery voice as he came down below, caused them to drop diary, book, and letter, as they rushed up to ask him about Hendrick's Head, and where they were going next.

"To Burnt Island," said Uncle Tom; "and if it is not clear by then, you had better stay on board, for it is not a very interesting place. I think, though, that the signs are that we shall have it pleasant in an hour's time; and, even if it is not, I don't want you to miss Ram Island."

"Oh, splendid!" shouted Violet. "It's the new light, boys; they say it's perfectly lovely. I've never seen it."

"I do not believe there is a perfectly lovely lighthouse on the coast, Violet," said her father; "but it is really interesting, and I am sure you will all enjoy it."

The boys looked up, much interested, Cortland particularly so at the idea of seeing something which Violet herself had not seen. It still rained when they reached Burnt Island, a low, uninviting-looking shore, and our young people were not attracted sufficiently by its appearance to brave the rain; but, according to Commander Gordon's instructions, they took the time while he was ashore to prepare for the visit to Ram Island, and even Violet encased her feet in rubber boots, and wore a waterproof over her red cloak. Then they all three went up to the pilot-house, and there Captain Grimes entertained them with stories until the inspector came back. And now, through streaks of sunshine, and occasional splashes of rain, they steamed through a most picturesque channel, all among pretty islands of various shapes and sizes, and "slowed up," as Captain Grimes said,

off Ram Island in a violent shower of rain. "It won't last long," said Mr. Guptil; "it's a clearin'-up shower." And it was; for, though they braved it, and started in what Violet called a "drenching pour," the sun burst out as they neared the land, and they gladly threw off their heavy outer wraps, for Uncle Tom said that the sun had "come out to stay." As they approached the shore, the boys saw a strange and pretty picture.

The keeper's house was near the top of the island. The lighthouse was some distance away, its heavy granite foundation on a level with the water, and washed constantly by the swell as it rolled in round the island, from the sea,—for this lighthouse is not built upon the outer side of the island, but on the inner side, looking toward the shore, and is intended to light the entrance to Boothbay. As the keeper's house is some little distance above the shore, the connection between it and the lighthouse is made by a bridge, which joins the lighthouse about half-way up. The bridge is built of wood, resting on iron pillars securely mortised into the solid rock below, and gives a very easy mode of access to the lighthouse tower.

After the inspector had called out, "Way enough!"—to which the boys were becoming accustomed,—and the boat had been properly brought to shore, he greeted a man, in keeper's uniform, with,—

"How goes it, Bob?"

"Very well, sir," replied the keeper, to whom we will give the name of Mr. Carlin.

"That man has a history," said Uncle Tom, in a low voice, to the boys. "I will tell it to you when we get on board ship.

Sailors suffer for the good of their country, as well as soldiers, and the lighthouse service can show as brave hearts, I know, as any other." The boys saw that Mr. Carlin seemed to be lame; and, in fact, they found that one of his legs was a wooden one, with which, however, he seemed to get about quite easily. The party scrambled out of the boat, and on to the slip, and were soon inspecting the pretty new house and its appliances for housekeeping, and then they followed Uncle Tom down to the bridge, and out to the light. Violet was fascinated with all she saw.

"What a lovely bridge!" she exclaimed. "What a splendid place! I should like to live here forever."

"Very likely, little woman, on a bright July day; but how would you like to cross that bridge in a snow storm, with the thermometer fifteen or twenty below zero? Ah! that puts a different face upon the matter, doesn't it? Besides, what would Mamma and little Tom do?" Violet looked grave at this.

"Is there any thing under this floor, Uncle Tom?" asked John, as they entered the tower from the bridge.

"No: only a little cellar, I believe. Below that, it is all 'foundation,' and the breakers roll in there pretty lively, sometimes, if it is an inside light, don't they, Bob?" But come, boys, don't stand here: I want you to see this light, particularly," and Uncle Tom went up into the lantern, followed by the boys and Violet. They had a rather tight squeeze to get in, for Mr. Schafer was there to examine the lamp; and there is not much room in the lantern of a fourth-order light.

"Why, it looks just like any other light," said Cortland, who was not very observing.

"Yes," said Uncle Tom; "but don't you see any thing different about this place?" John looked up.

"Well, Cortland," he remarked, "the lens is smaller, and tapers more at the bottom than those other lights: besides, the prisms are larger."

"Look all round. Nothing else?" asked Uncle Tom.

"I do," and Violet clapped her hand. "I do. I see a narrow red pane; yes, two panes of glass,—one on this side of the room, and one on the other side. They're just like those panes we have in that end window in the library at home, only high and narrow."

"Are we in the lantern?" inquired Cortland.

"Yes, this room on top of the tower is called the lantern; and these panes of glass all round us are the windows of the room, as you see, through which the light shines. When it shines through the white panes, it throws forth a white ray; and, of course, when it shines through the red panes, it sends out a red ray. When we get back on board the *Goldenrod*, I will show you a small sketch which will explain, better than I can, how the red '*sector*' does its duty and lights the *channel*, avoiding the dangers on each side of it."

The children then came down below and amused themselves on the bridge for a while, admiring its pretty and strong workmanship, dropping small pebbles down to the rocks underneath, and in watching the little foamy waves as they washed and circled round the base of the tower.

"I shouldn't like to come across this bridge on a dark night," said Cortland. "It makes me shiver to think of it. How the wind must blow, and the water dash round there



EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

below us." "And then," added John, "think of the feeling of getting into a tower and being afraid that it might fall, with you in it." Violet laughed at this.

"They never do fall," said she.

"Oh, yes, they do!" replied John; "for I learned a piece of poetry to speak at school, and it tells about the fall of a lighthouse, and the man who built it was in it when it fell. Wasn't that horrible?"

"Where was it?" said Cortland and Violet together.

"Not here! Not in Maine!"

"No," said John. "I think it was on the coast of England. Wasn't it, Uncle Tom?" as his uncle came out of the tower, and on to the bridge. "The Eddystone Lighthouse," added he, in explanation.

"Yes," answered Uncle Tom. "The Eddystone is the highest summit of a reef of rocks near Plymouth Harbor, about fourteen miles to the southwest."

"Is it a new one?" asked Cortland.

"Well, not very new, my boy. There have been three Eddystone lighthouses: this last one was completed in 1759. The first one was begun in 1696, I think, by a Mr. Winstanley. But I have no time to stop here talking, children. Let me pass, for I have my report to make out." When her father had gone towards the keeper's house, Violet turned to John, and said,—

"Now repeat your piece." And as they sat on the bridge, looking at the water rolling in below, John repeated these lines:—

WINSTANLEY.

Winstanley's deed, you kindly folk,
With it I fill my lay,
And a nobler man ne'er walked the world,
Let his name be what it may.

The good ship "Snowdrop" tarried long,
Up at the vane looked he;
"Belike," he said, for the wind had dropped,
"She lieth becalmed at sea."

The lovely ladies flocked within,
And still would each one say,
"Good mercer, be the ships come up?"
But still he answered "Nay."

Then stepped ~~two~~ mariners down the street,
With looks of grief and fear:
"Now, if Winstanley be your name,
We bring you evil cheer.

"For the good ship 'Snowdrop' struck, — she struck
On the rock, — the Eddystone,
And down she went, with threescore men,
We two being left alone.

"Down in the deep, with freight and crew,
Past any help she lies,
And never a bale has come to shore
Of all thy merchandise."

"For cloth o' gold and comely frieze,"
Winstanley said and sighed,
"For velvet coif, or costly coat,
They fathoms deep may bide.

"O thou brave skipper, blithe and kind!
O mariners, bold and true!
Sorry at heart, right sorry am I,
A-thinking of yours and you.

"Many long days Winstanley's breast
Shall feel a weight within,
For a waft of wind he shall be 'feared,
And trading count but sin.

"To him no more it shall be joy
To pace the cheerful town,
And see the lovely ladies gay
Step on in velvet gown."

The "Snowdrop" sank at Lammas tide,
All under the yeasty spray;
On Christmas Eve the brig "Content"
Was also cast away.

He little thought o' New Year's night,
So jolly as he sat then,
While drank the toast and praised the roast
The round-faced aldermen, —

While serving lads ran to and fro,
Pouring the ruby wine,
And jellies trembled on the board,
And towering pasties fine, —

While wild buzzas ran up the roof
Till the lamps did rock o'erhead,
And holly-boughs, from rafters hung,
Dropped down their berries red, —

He little thought on Plymouth Hoe,
With every rising tide,

How the wave washed in his sailor lads,
And laid them side by side.

There stepped a stranger to the board:

“Now, stranger, who be ye?”

He looked to right, he looked to left,
And “Rest you merry,” quoth he;

“For you did not see the brig go down,
Or ever a storm had blown;
For you did not see the white wave rear
At the rock,—the Eddystone.

“She drave at the rock with sternsails set;
Crash went the masts in twain;
She staggered back with her mortal blow,
Then leaped at it again.

“There rose a great cry, bitter and strong,
The misty moon looked out:
And the water swarmed with seamen’s heads,
And the wreck was strewed about.

“I saw her mainsail lash the sea
As I clung to the rock alone;
Then she heeled over, and down she went,
And sank like any stone.

“She was a fair ship, but all’s one:
For naught could bide the shock.”
“I will take horse,” Winstanley said,
“And see this deadly rock.

“For never again shall bark o’ mine
Sail over the windy sea,
Unless, by the blessing of God, for this
Be found a remedy.”



WINSTANLEY'S LIGHTHOUSE AT THE EDDYSTONE.

Winstanley rode to Plymouth town
All in the sleet and the snow,
And he looked around on shore and sound
As he stood on Plymouth Hoe.

Till a pillar of spray rose far away,
And shot up its stately head,
Reared and fell over, and reared again:
" 'Tis the rock! the rock!" he said.

Straight to the Mayor he took his way,
"Good Master Mayor," quoth he,
"I am a mercer of London town,
And owner of vessels three,—

"But for your rock of dark renown,
I had five to track the main."
"You are one of many," the old Mayor said,
"That on the rock complain.

"An ill rock, mercer: your words ring right,
Well with my thoughts they chime,
For my two sons to the world to come
It sent before their time."

"Lend me a lighter, good Master Mayor,
And a score of shipwrights free,
For I think to raise a lantern tower
On this rock o' destiny."

The old mayor laughed, but sighed also;
"Ah, youth," quoth he, "is rash;
Sooner, young man, thou'lt root it out
From the sea that doth it lash.

"Who sails too near its jagged teeth,
He shall have evil lot;
For the calmest seas that tumble there
Froth like a boiling pot.

"And the heavier seas few look on nigh,
But straight they lay him dead;
A seventy-gun ship, sir, — they'll shoot
Higher than her masthead.

"Oh! beacons sighted in the dark,
They are right welcome things,
And pitchpots flaming on the shore
Show fair as angel wings.

"Hast gold in hand? then light the land,
It 'longs to thee and me;
But let alone the deadly rock
In God Almighty's sea."

Yet said he, "Nay, — I must away,
On the rock to set my feet;
My debts are paid, my will I made,
Or ever I did thee greet.

"If I must die, then let me die
By the rock and not elsewhere;
If I may live, oh! let me live
To mount my lighthouse stair."

The old Mayor looked him in the face,
And answered, "Have thy way;
Thy heart is stout, as if round about
It was braced with an iron stay:

"Have thy will, mercer: choose thy men,
Put off from the storm-rid shore;

God with thee be, or I shall see
Thy face and theirs no more."

Heavily plunged the breaking wave,
And foam flew up the lea,
Morning and even the drifted snow
Fell into the dark gray sea.

Winstanley chose him men and gear;
He said, "My time I waste,"
For the seas ran seething up the shore,
And the wrack drave on in haste.

But twenty days he waited and more,
Pacing the strand alone,
Or ever he sat his manly foot
On the rock,—the Eddystone.

Then he and the sea began their strife,
And worked with power and might:
Whatever the man reared up by day
The sea broke down by night.

He wrought at ebb with bar and beam,
He sailed to shore at flow;
And at his side, by that same tide,
Came bar and beam also.

"Give in, give in," the old Mayor cried,
"Or thou wilt rue the day."
"Yonder he goes," the townsfolk sighed,
"But the rock will have its way.

"For all his looks that are so stout,
And his speeches brave and fair,
He may wait on the wind, wait on the wave,
But he'll build no lighthouse there."

ALL AMONG THE LIGHTHOUSES.

In fine weather and foul weather
The rock his arts did flout,
Through the long days and the short days,
Till all that year ran out.

With fine weather and foul weather
Another year came in;
"To take his wage," the workmen said,
"We almost count a sin."

Now March was gone, came April in,
And a sea-fog settled down,
And forth sailed he, on a glassy sea,
He sailed from Plymouth town.

With men and stores he put to sea,
As he was wont to do;
They showed in the fog like ghosts full faint,—
A ghostly craft and crew.

And the sea-fog lay and waxed away,
For a long eight days and more;
"God help our men," quoth our women then;
"For they bide long from shore."

They paced the Hoe in doubt and dread:
"Where may our mariners be?"
But the brooding fog lay soft as down
Over the quiet sea.

A Scottish schooner made the port,
The thirteenth day at e'en;
"As I am a man," the captain cried,
"A strange sight I have seen:

"And a strange sound heard, my masters all,
At sea, in the fog and the rain,

Like shipwrights' hammers tapping low,
Then loud, then low again.

"And a stately house one instant showed,
Through a rift, on the vessel's lee;
What manner of creatures may be those
That build upon the sea?"

Then sighed the folk, "The Lord be praised!"
And they flocked to the shore amain;
All over the Hoe that livelong night,
Many stood out in the rain.

It ceased, and the red sun reared his head,
And the rolling fog did flee;
And, lo! in the offing faint and far
Winstanley's house at sea!

In fair weather with mirth and cheer
The stately tower uprose;
In foul weather, with hunger and cold,
They were content to close;

Till up the stair Winstanley went,
To fire the wick afar;
And Plymouth in the silent night
Looked out and saw her star.

Winstanley set his foot ashore;
Said he, "My work is done;
I hold it strong to last as long
As aught beneath the sun.

"But if it fail, as fail it may,
Borne down with ruin and rout,
Another than I shall rear it high,
And brace the girders stout.

ALL AMONG THE LIGHTHOUSES.

"A better than I shall rear it high,
For now the way is plain,
And though I were dead," Winstanley said,
"The light would shine again.

"Yet, were I fain still to remain,
Watch in my tower to keep,
And tend my light in the stormiest night
That ever did move the deep;

"And if it stood, why then 'twere good,
Amid their tremulous stirs,
To count each stroke when the mad waves broke,
For cheers of mariners.

"But if it fell, then this were well,
That I should with it fall;
Since, for my part, I have built my heart
In the courses of its wall.

"Ay! I were fain, long to remain,
Watch in my tower to keep,
And tend my light in the stormiest night
That ever did move the deep."

With that Winstanley went his way,
And left the rock renowned,
And summer and winter his pilot star
Hung bright o'er Plymouth Sound.

But it fell out, fell out at last,
That he would put to sea.
To scan once more his lighthouse tower
On the rock o' destiny.

And the winds woke, and the storm broke,
And wrecks came plunging in;
None in the town that night lay down
Or sleep or rest to win.

The great mad waves were rolling graves,
And each flung up its dead;
The seething flow was white below,
And black the sky o'erhead.

And when the dawn, the dull, gray dawn,—
Broke on the trembling town,
And men looked south to the harbor mouth,
The lighthouse tower was down.

Down in the deep where he doth sleep,
Who made it shine afar,
And then in the night that drowned its light,
Set, with his pilot star.

*Many fair tombs in the glorious glooms
At Westminster they show;
The brave and the great lie there in state:
Winstanley lieth low.*

—JEAN INGELOW.

"Winstanley lieth low," repeated Violet; and again,
"Winstanley lieth low. Isn't it sad? I mean to ask Papa
more about him when we get back on board ship."

Violet could hardly wait until they were out of the gig
before she began with her questioning.

"Why did Winstanley build that tower, Papa?"

"Well, Violet, he was a queer, eccentric sort of man. He
obtained a strange reputation by the remarkable way in which
he applied his scientific knowledge to the mystification of

his friends, and his practical jokes were more wonderful than pleasant to the victims."

"How do you mean, Papa? What sort of things did he do?"

"Why, for instance, a friend, who was visiting at his house, went out into the garden one day, and, going into a pretty arbor, sat down on one particular seat. In a moment, without any warning, he found himself afloat in the neighboring canal. I suppose that, by whatever means he was transferred, the seat, and perhaps part of the arbor, were transformed into a boat of some kind, so that he was in no danger of getting even a wetting."

"Not very pleasant," remarked Cortland. And John asked, "What else did he do, Uncle Tom?"

"Well, Johnny, I have also read of a young lady who was his guest (which, I should think, would have made her exempt from his practical jokes), who, on entering one of the rooms of his house, and feeling tired, flung herself into a particular chair,—she might have chosen any other; but, as luck would have it, she chose that one,—when suddenly she felt two arms start out from the sides of the chair, and clasp her in a terrible embrace. You may imagine that she was nearly dead with fright, and avoided that particular chair in the future."

"I should have left the house at once," said Violet.

"Perhaps this other guest did. He was walking through his bedroom, and simply pushed aside a table, when a ghost started up from the floor, and confronted him."

"Oh, oh! What a horrible place to stay in," and Violet shuddered. "I don't know that I feel so sorry for him as I did."



BURNT ISLAND LIGHT, MAINE.

"He was a very wonderful man," said her father, "full of perseverance and endurance. He had the greatest faith in his own powers, and was perfectly determined that he could erect a lighthouse on the Eddystone Rock. Every thing seemed to go against him; but, in 1698,—in November, I think it was,—the light at last streamed forth from the Eddystone Tower. The tower was a most fantastic and curious affair, and is said to have resembled a Chinese pagoda; and its strange projections and balconies made it all the more dangerous in such an exposed place."

"But what made him stay there, Papa, in that awful storm which John's piece describes?"

"Why, Violet, he had the greatest faith in himself, and his own work, and was certain that nothing could ever shake the foundation of his wonderful tower. He was, naturally, very proud of having succeeded, in the face of so many obstacles, and the laughter of his friends; and he often said that he hoped he should be there in his own lighthouse during the strongest wind that ever blew. He had his wish, for there is no record of a greater storm than that which swept the English coast on the night of November 26, 1698. The storm raged with great fury during the entire night. In the early morning the people on shore looked anxiously seaward, but the adventurous Winstanley and his lighthouse had vanished from their sight forever."

"Oh, don't stop, Papa!" implored Violet, as her father started toward the pilot-house. "Tell us some more."

"I have some matters to talk over with Captain Grimes, my dear. What is it that you want to know?"

"Oh, about those other Eddystone lights!"

"Well, I will tell you more, any evening. The second one, built by a man named Rudyer, was burned; and the third, built by John Smeaton, is the one that stands to-day. It was begun in 1756, and finished in 1759; and so, you see, has lasted for more than one hundred and twenty years. I always have had the feeling that Smeaton's religious character had great influence in making his work enduring, he went at his labor with such a steady purpose to act for the best in all things. The very last work in all the great building was the engraving of the words *Laus Deo*, which mean, 'Praise be to God.' These words were carved on the last stone, placed over the lantern."

"O Papa, don't go,—*don't!* Tell us about that keeper, and his accident, and the red 'sector' and all the rest of it."

"You insatiable little person! No, no; evening is the time for stories and descriptions, and you have kept me too long already." And Uncle Tom vanished into the wheel-house.

"Where are we going now, Violet, do you know?" asked Cortland, as they were left sitting on the cabin-hatch.

"No, I really don't. Monhegan, I think. No, it isn't. Well, really, I don't know." And she rose from her seat, and ran forward to the companion-way, leading down to the engine-room.

"Mr. Barnes," she called down. "Mr. Barnes, where do we go next?"

"To Pemaquid, Miss Violet."

"And then to Monhegan, Mr. Barnes?"

"No: then Franklin Island, and Marshall's Point."

"And *then* to Monhegan?"

"Yes, then to Monhegan. You seem very h anxious to 'ave us get to Mon'egan." And Mr. Barnes, a stout, burly, red-faced Englishman, who was born within the sound of Bow Bells, looked out of the engine-room door.

"Well, yes; I *am* anxious to get there," returned Violet. "I think it's the most wonderful place in the world."

"'Ow would you all like to come down in the hengine-room," said Mr. Barnes, "and sit a while?"

"Oh! may we?" said Violet. "That will be lovely. I was hoping that you'd ask us, Mr. Barnes. Papa never lets me go anywhere but in the cabin, unless I'm particularly invited," she explained to the boys, as they followed her down the companion-way. "Can't we get Mr. Schafer to come in here, Mr. Barnes, and bring his zither and sing us some of those pretty German songs? Or perhaps he will draw us some pictures, or carve us something out of wood."

"Can he do all those things?" asked Cortland, as he and John followed Violet.

"Yes; there isn't any thing Mr. Schafer can't do," answered she.

"Something like 'Lias," said John slyly. "I suppose he's a *universal genius* too."

"Well," said Violet, blushing a little, and laughing, "he is, really. In fact, boys, you may as well know, first as last, that nearly everybody on board this boat *is* a genius of some kind. Now we all know what Papa is," continued Violet, with pride; for her faith in her father was unbounded. "There isn't any thing Papa doesn't know." And Violet stopped conclusively. "Then there's 'Lias. You are begin-

ning to find out a little what he can do. I won't say what I think of Mr. Barnes to his face,"—for they had entered the engine-room by this time,—“but Mr. Schafer I have told you about; and perhaps when you hear him sing and play, and see all the pretty things he is always making, you will agree with me. And then there's Joe,—you know very well what he can do in the way of cooking.” This remark appealed to Cortland, to whom the pleasures of the table were not the least in life.

“Don't we, though!” said he. “Those doughnuts were the jolliest things: almost as good as those we have out in Indiana. I wish he would make some more.”

“Out in Indiana!” said Violet, rather contemptuously; and then, seeing a gathering cloud in Cortland's face, she hurriedly continued, “and then there's Captain Grimes; he is *the—very—most—wonderful—man*—to be found *anywhere*, excepting Papa,” she added loyally. “O Mr. Guptil!” as he was passing the door. “I just want you to come in here, and tell my cousin how much Captain Grimes knows.” And Violet sat down on the engine-room sofa, quite satisfied that she had secured the services of a most able defender.

“Well, Missy,” said Mr. Guptil, leaning with his arms on the lower half of the engine-room door, whose upper half swung outward, and filling up the space with his brawny shoulders and shaggy beard and hair, “it's a real *literary* fact that I haven't got the time. To be sure, I don't take the wheel till we leave Franklin Island; but I don't think that one hour—no, nor two; no, nor a whole day—would be long enough to begin to tell ye what Captain Grimes knows. It would be a powerful sight shorter work to tell ye what he *doosn't* know.”

"I suppose he knows all the ports and harbors on this coast," said Cortland.

Mr. Guptil smiled broadly. "Any loon kin learn them," he said, "in one trip. Ye may know 'em yourself, sonny, when ye've finished this little cruise. Know every port? *Sam'l John Whittaker's barn!* Why, he knows every rock, and every tree, and every stump, and every bush, that grows or stands on every bit of mainland, and on every island. He knows, 'tain't only every house on the shore landward, or seaward, but when they was built, and who built 'em, and how long they lived there, and who their grandmothers was, and the names of all the children, and who they married, and how many babies they've got. Bless your soul!" continued Mr. Guptil, growing enthusiastic, "he knows the depth of water off every stretch of shore, and jest whar there's a channel, and jest whar it begins to shoal up. He knows every buoy as if they was his own children, and when they was painted, and when they was sot, and ef the chains is wore, and whether they's anchored to a one- or a four- ton sinker. He knows every old seal and young one, and every old shag and coot that hovers or flies or *sets*, between Portland Head and St. Andrews. He knows every schooner and dory—yes, and old St. John's wood-boat—that ploughs the ocean's brine," said Mr. Guptil, waxing poetical, "and where they hail from, and who sails 'em, and what they carry, and what their owners' names is. Ef you's to bring him a piece of seaweed, thet ye found floatin' on the water, he'd tell ye whar it grew. He sees the bottom of this here ocean jest as ef he was a lookin' through glass; in fact, it's as plain to him as the pilot-house floor. He don't say much, don't

Captain Grimes. He ain't one to blow his own horn ; but if ye're long enough aboard this here little steamer, ye'll have a chance to prove my words correct, or my name isn't Antony Solomon Guptil."

"Why! what a lot of geniuses you've got all on board one boat," said Cortland, in what he intended for a sarcastic tone.

"Young man," said Mr. Guptil, looking at him sternly, "do you mean to *implicate* my word?" Cortland looked abashed. He was not quite sure whether Mr. Guptil had made a mistake or not; he would have been very glad to be sure.

"Well, I say," remarked John, as Mr. Guptil walked forward, "he has a genius for admiration, anyway."

"It's every word true, isn't it, Mr. Barnes?" appealed Violet. "Did Mr. Guptil say any too much about Captain Grimes?"

"Well, Missy, h'I don't think there's h'any one h'aboard h'as will gainsay Mr. Gh'uptil. H'it's my h'opinion that h'if Captain Grimes was to peg h'out this 'ere light'ouse service h'in the fust district would go to pot."

"There!" and Violet turned triumphantly to the boys. "You hear what Mr. Barnes says, and nobody knows any better than Mr. Barnes does. But where's Mr. Schafer, Mr. Barnes? I wonder if he won't come here and sing some of those pretty songs?" The engineer put his head through the upper open half of the door.

"Robson," he called forward, "just ask Mr. Schafer to step 'ere." Presently some one came walking slowly aft from the forward deck, and stumbled as he entered the engine room, for both hands were busily engaged, and his eyes and attention were so earnestly fixed upon what he was making, that he paid no heed to the sill of the door. The tall slight young man

smiled as he saw Violet, and removed his hat, and then with a "If I may be allowed," he seated himself on the furthest arm of the engine room sofa, and returned to his work.

"Did you vant anyt'ing vid me?" asked Mr. Schafer, looking at the engineer.

"'Twas Missy, there. Ye know whatever Missy cries for she must 'ave; so I sent for ye, Mr. Schafer."

"Oh! it wasn't anything — at least it *was* something — a great deal, Mr. Schafer," floundered Violet, "but I won't ask you now; some other time will do just as well, if we may see what you are making." From Mr. Schafer's thin, delicate fingers there hung a long chain of light wood; on the lower end of this was fastened what looked like a miniature buoy, and at the other, in Mr. Schafer's hands, was a hook, connected to the chain by a swivel, which was as well fashioned, and turned as smoothly round, as ever did one made of gold.

"Vat I make? I make one small chain and buoy for you, Fräulein; I get 'im finish to-day."

"For me! really for me?" said Violet, in delight. "How good — how very good of you, Mr. Schafer! Isn't it perfectly lovely, boys? Just look at all these dear little links. How in the world did you ever get them together! I don't see any slit or cut;" and Violet examined the workmanship with a most critical manner.

"Dere ain't no slit," replied Mr. Schafer, "dere ain't no cut; dey're joost ain't put togedder at all; dey're joost made out o' one piece."

"What, one piece of wood! all those little *teenty-tawnty* links made out of one piece, do you mean cut out of a solid piece?" Mr. Schafer nodded his head. "Why, there are two,

five, ten, fifteen, eighteen links, all carved out of one straight solid piece of wood," repeated Violet, unconscious that she had said the same thing several times. Boys, do look at it! and this dear, *cunning* little buoy, and this lovely hook. And, see! it turns round just like any hook on a watch chain. When will it be finished, Mr. Schafer, do you think?"

"Dis afternoon, I t'ink," said Mr. Schafer, who was polishing the hook with sandpaper. "Ach! dat mean me," as a long *t-o-o-o-looot* from the whistle showed that they were approaching Pemaquid. The boys rushed to the port side of the steamer, and saw that they were nearing a point of the mainland jutting far out into the water. A short distance back from the ragged rocks stood the Lighthouse, an old stone tower which looked, Violet said, as if it were the first one ever built on the Coast of Maine.

"What sort of a light is it, Mr. Barnes?" asked she of the engineer.

"Fh'ixed white, Missy," said Mr. Barnes, as if he had that moment been violently attacked with hiccough.

"Oh! well, we don't care for that. No, Papa," in answer to a question from her Father, "I don't care to go ashore here; it's only a 'fixed white:' I'll wait for dear, delightful Monhegan." So while the Inspector went ashore with Mr. Schafer, the three young people walked along forward to the galley or kitchen. The doors each side were open, and a gentle breeze was blowing through the galley, and Joe's face, shining with heat and good-nature, beamed upon them from the vicinity of the stove, where he seemed to be cooking enough for a regiment of hungry men.

"Got any doughnuts, Joe?" asked Cortland.

"No, no: got no to-day;" and Joe put a pinch of salt in one sauce-pan, a dash of pepper into another, stirred a steaming kettle violently with an immense spoon, and, after opening the oven door and taking a look at a smoking roast, rushed to a table and began whirling an egg-beater desperately, through a deep bowl containing the whites of many eggs.

"When will you have any, Joe?" continued Cortland.

"No tell, no tell: af'noon, perhaps. Shentlemens, good shentlemens, go 'way now; Joe haf do'nuts s'af'noon."

"Well, I'm not going away now," persisted Cortland, as he crowded into the small galley and surveyed the cooking-stove that almost filled the room, and its many and variously-patterned utensils. "I'm not going away at all; I'm just coming right in to see how you cook so many dinners all at once;" and Jo'n, I am sorry to say, owing to Cortland's bad example, followed after.

Violet called, "Boys, come away; come up to the pilot-house," as she ran to the forward ladder. But Cortland paid no attention, and John did not hear; perhaps he did not want to: John was not perfect, by any means.

"Shentlemens, go 'way now; be good shentlemens: Joe make do'nuts bum-bye," and poor José Palate dropped the egg-beater and grasped with his fat hands the few frizzled locks that stood out on each side of his bald head, and looked the very picture of comical despair. "De kitch' small, de kitch' *leetle*, shentlemens; no room in kitch' for big young shentlemens: go 'way, go 'way!"

"Come away, boys," called Violet from above; "you had better not offend Joe, or we shall all suffer."

"Oh! you lis'n, Miss Wi'let; *he* talk right, *he* do right; go

'way, shentlemens, go 'way; get out o' de kitch', shentlemens; shentlemens, *git out o' de kitch!*" and the boys yielding to Joe's gesture (for he held the frothy egg-beater high in air), and to Violet's persuasions, ran out of the galley convulsed with laughter, and up the forward companion-way, and joined Violet at the wheel-house door.

Our young voyagers amused themselves on deck as the steamer sailed toward Franklin Island. They decided not to go ashore here either, as Captain Grimes told them that he considered it "a very uninteresting, in fact, *the* most uninteresting place on the Coast. The light," he said, "was small — a fourth-order light, fixed, varied by white flashes; and that he thought the Goldenrod's pilot-house a much pleasanter place than such a landing as Franklin Island." This kind invitation to remain in the wheel-house, was too pleasant to be resisted, and our three young people sat down, prepared to get all the entertainment out of Captain Grimes that they possibly could.

"How do you ever find your way through these places, Captain Grimes?" asked John, as they twisted and turned, now steaming apparently for the bank of an island on the starboard bow, then turning suddenly to the left and cutting across to some land on the port bow; "it looks pretty difficult sometimes."

"Why, we just blaze our way," answered the Captain. "This channel is marked out as well as the lower part of Boston. Just as people there look at the signs on the street-lamps and houses to see where to go, so we look at our different landmarks and buoys. Ye surely know what the buoys are for, don't you, sonny?"

"Yes," answered John; "I know that they are put there to mark the channel in some way, but I don't see how you know which side of them to go."

"Well, we *put* 'em so 's to know. We put those long black fellows on the starboard, or right hand side of the channel going East, and the red ones on the port side, so going that way we steam between 'em, leavin' the black ones on the right hand, and the red ones on the left; or, starboard and port, as we say. Coming back it's just the *re-verse*, of course. Now, going into harbors we leave the black buoy on the port hand; but it's pretty kinder complicated," and the Captain looked serious. "In some cases we have a thoroughfare buoyed out like the entrance to a bay. Now there's Mussel Ridge Channel, we shall go through there to-morrow; that's one of 'em. Ye see the steamboat people, and the outside people, and the shore people all wants it different, and we can't please 'em all. There's been gre't complaint, gre't complaint; but we can't please 'em all. Some wants one thing, and some wants another," and the Captain gave a vigorous sweep to the wheel, as if to give emphasis to his words.

"I think they should hardly complain," said Violet, "when the Government does so much to make the sailing easy."

"Well, it doosn't seem hardly reasonable now, doos it?" appealed the Captain; "but so 'tis, so 'tis: folks *is* ungrateful. Why, there was a man down to Eggemoggin Reach, he lost his boat, and we found her driftin' bottom upward off Schoodic. He was a poor man, and it was all the boat he had (ye see I know'd the boat, and I *thought* I know'd the man), and we was a comin' this way, and 'twan't no gre't sight of trouble, so we just hooked on to her and brought her back and giv'

her to the man. Well, we was putty crowded, putty crowded, what with a bell-buoy that we had found driftin' way off to the eastward, and Keeper Hayward's furniture that he was a-mov-ing — 'twas when he changed lights when old Mr. Abramson died," said the Captain, with perfect confidence that such an important event had been heard of almost everywhere — "and then there was Keeper Joneses stove, that was too big for that kitchen o' his, and never would burn out there anyway, — and so ye see, as I told ye, we was putty well crowded. We got it putty fresh after we left Schoodic, and as I had to call in to Egg Rock, it had a chance to freshen the nip before we crossed Frenchman's Bay. Things got to rollin' some. The Golden-rod's one to roll when she gits started on it," said Captain Grimes tenderly, as if rolling were a heaven-born attribute; "and that bell-buoy *did* shift *jest* a *leetle mite*; and I won't say she didn't jam that boat a trifle on the quarter, but not so's to hurt her any. Bless your soul! that man could ha' fixed her up in half a day: and what do you suppose that man said when we took him back his boat that he'd lost for good an' all, and never expected to see again? Why, he said " (and the Captain gazed round at them all three, with a look in his handsome gray eyes, that said plainly, It's gospel truth, though you won't believe it!) "he claimed that the Government owed him damages, and he swore he'd *sue*. I said, *Sue*, and be — Any signs of the Inspector, Mr. Guptil?" the Captain broke off (for Captain Grimes had been an irreligious man, and whenever he found himself in danger he assumed the most commonplace tone, and asked a most commonplace question), and then added, "Oh! there's mean folks everywhere."

"That's a real literary fact," was Mr. Guptil's endorsement

as he entered the door and took the wheel; "and ef these young folks" (Mr. Guptil pronounced it *fawkes*) "stay long enough aboard this here lettles craft, I reckon they'll have experience along of one or two of 'em."

"Oh! but there's enough good ones to leaven 'em," put in the Captain. "They *is* good folks, *even on shore*," and Captain Grimes winked slyly at the boys.

"Way enough!" came from astern. The boys ran out. The gig was coming swiftly alongside. Uncle Tom came up on to the quarter-deck, tired and heated. The breeze had gone down, the water was glassy, and the slight bit of air in motion felt almost warm to the cheek.

"Captain Grimes," called out Uncle Tom, "can't you get the awning spread here on the after-deck? it's getting pretty warm."

"Poor Papa! how tired you look." And Violet, full of sympathy, began to fan her Father vigorously. A jingle, jingle, clink, clink, and up the cabin companion-way came 'Lias with a salver that held four tall glasses of iced lemonade.

"Didn't I tell you?" said Violet, in a low tone to John; "he's always ready." The boys were willing to concede anything regarding Elias; for the lemonade was most inviting, and went, as Cortland said, "just to the right spot." The men had appeared like magic, and were busily spreading the awning over the heads of our little party, the immense canvas cover stretching like a roof from the mainmast to the stern of the vessel, and curtains of the same lacing together, round from one side to the other, and shutting them in, except at the forward end of the deck. The boys and Violet were everywhere: pretending to help, and only hindering the men, who

laughed good-naturedly at their mistakes; now stepping on a rope, now under the canvas, now being wound up in a cord, but the awning was finally spread to the Captain's satisfaction, and then the ever-ready 'Lias appeared with rugs, and shawls, and cushions, and our young people seated themselves in luxurious attitudes, and prepared for the beautiful sail to Monhegan.

"Isn't it just like a lovely little house!" exclaimed Violet, looking around excitedly on the white canvas walls. "Now, Papa, we have a good two hours, and there isn't really any way out of it — you must tell us something interesting to pass away the time."

"What do you want more interesting than that?" said her Father, waving his hand toward the bluest of blue oceans, its dark surface specked here and there with white sails, the sea-gulls soaring over head, and flecking the azure above. "Like ships in the sky," Violet said.

"We don't want to *see* anything prettier, Papa, — it is just too perfectly beautiful; but we can *look* and *listen*, too." Uncle Tom stretched himself lazily out on his red bench with a martyr-like air.

"Well, what will you have?" said he.

"Why, you said, Papa, that there were lots of stories about the Indians all along this Coast, and that they were carried off for slaves."

"Slaves!" remarked Cortland, with his "Don't-you-suppose-I-know?" air. "*I* never heard of Indian slaves."

"Then of course there couldn't have been any if Cortland hasn't heard of them!"

"Hush, Violet," said her Father; and John added to Cortland's wise remark:

"And then, the Pilgrim Fathers wouldn't have let them have any slaves."

"This was long before the Pilgrims came over, Johnny," said Uncle Tom; "besides, they were way down at Cape Cod, miles and miles away from this coast."

"Well, they wouldn't have allowed it if they *had* been here," said Violet, who was very proud of her descent from that great, good man, the first Governor of Plymouth Colony; and who would never allow that he, or one of his little band, possessed any of the faults common to ordinary mortals.

"I am sorry, Violet," said her Father, smiling at her enthusiasm, "that they did not live in earlier days, or that the men who come to these shores were not like them. Good men did come, such as Captain Popham, afterwards Governor Popham; and Captain Gilbert and Sir Ferdinand Gorges; but bad men came here before they did, and taught the Indians to distrust and hate the sight of an English face. In what year did the Pilgrims come to America, Violet?"

"Sixteen hundred and twenty," replied Violet, as promptly as if she had been asked her age, and had replied, "Fourteen, the twenty-seventh of next October."

"Well, my child, thirteen years before the Pilgrims landed on Cape Cod, the Plymouth *Company* — a company formed in England by good and religious men, for the purposes of Christianizing and civilizing the natives of this Western shore — the Plymouth Company sent two ships to Monhegan, — the very Island toward which we are sailing to-day. That was in 1607. Why, as early as the year 1000, the Norsemen cruised along this coast, and they also may have touched at Monhegan. They thought then that the Coast of Maine (or Vineland, as

they called all this Western shore) was a continuation of Norway and Sweden; and they gave the name of Markland to the Northern portion of the Coast of Maine. Nearly five hundred years after this the Cabots, John and Sebastian, rediscovered the Coast of Maine. Then came a Spaniard, named Gaspar Cortereal."

"But what about the slaves, Papa?" asked Violet.

"I was just coming to that, Pussy. This very man, Cortereal, enticed fifty-seven of the Indians on board of his ship, and sailed away with them, intending to sell them as slaves in his own country. But the guilty are sometimes punished without delay, by a just and avenging God; and, though, the innocent suffered with the guilty, it seems but right that neither Cortereal, nor any of his sailors, ever saw their native land again."

"What do you suppose happened, Uncle Tom,—a storm, or what?"

"Perhaps a terrible gale; perhaps the enslaved Indians freed themselves, and killed their masters; and then, ignorant as they were of the simplest laws of navigation, they were wrecked. You may imagine that the next explorer, Verrazano, who came in 1524, was not very well received. Then came Estevan Gomez—sent by Charles the Fifth of Spain; he named this coast the "Country of Gomez." He also took all the Indians whom he could capture by treachery, and sold them as slaves in Cuba. So you may see that what the Indians called 'pale faces,' were not very welcome, and that the sight of an Englishman struck terror to the hearts of this gentle, simple people; for every white man was an Englishman to the Indian."

"But the Indians were fierce and warlike, I thought," said Cortland, "and fought the white people."

"Not until they had been taught to do so by the white people themselves," said Uncle Tom. "A man named Weymouth was, I think, responsible for very much of the early trouble and violence that occurred in these regions. He sailed from England in 1605, and anchored just where we will to-day. He went ashore on an island, and planted the Cross as the sign of the Christian religion, and called the island St. George. This is the very Island of Monhegan, Violet, of which you are so fond. He went to other islands, and to the mainland, and lured Indians on board his ship by giving or exchanging beads and hatchets for furs and skins; and finally, getting five of the poor frightened creatures into the cabin, he locked them in and took them away to England. The friends of the kidnapped Indians came to beg their release. But tears and prayers were of no avail, and some of the poor creatures never saw the face of friend or kindred again."

"What a horrible man that Captain Weymouth must have been!" said Violet.

"Yes; and the worst of it all was, that, wherever he landed, he planted the Cross of Christ as the symbol of the Christian religion. *His* religion. It is no wonder that many of the poor, untaught creatures looked upon it as a notice of the renewal of hostilities, as a sign of hatred and malice and wickedness. Much of this happened just about here. Weymouth cruised all through these waters, anchoring at Pemaquid and near Ram Island; and two of the Indians were kidnapped probably just at the cliff of Fisherman's Island, that island that you saw to-day just near the Ram Island Lighthouse."

"Doesn't it seem strange," said John, "that so long ago these very places were known, and to people who had to sail so far to see them?"

"What did they do with the Indians they took to England?" asked Cortland. "They hadn't any slaves there, I suppose."

"Some were taken into gentlemen's families, and treated very kindly; but one or two were shown to the public as we show wild beasts now in a menagerie."

"Wasn't that terrible!" Violet said. "And did people ever come again to St. George or Monhegan from England, Papa?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, Monhegan became at one time the most flourishing port on the coast of Maine."

All that Violet's father told them that afternoon I cannot set down here: for this is not a history of Maine, but the story of a little cruise along its beautiful coast; and, if I were to tell you all of interest that Violet and the boys saw and heard, I should never get this little tale completed. Indeed, I shall not mention every lighthouse,—some are not interesting; some are usually inspected before the time that our young people are up and about; it rains sometimes, and then they cannot go ashore and run the risk of a wetting, of which, however, no one is afraid when there is enough of interest to repay them,—but I shall try to remember the interesting, pleasant, and amusing incidents of the trip, and I hope that you will all enjoy the cruise as much as possible without actually having been participants of its pleasures.

And now the hazy land which was indistinct when our little party sailed from Franklin Island grew plainer and plainer, and gradually they began to see the forms of trees, rocks, and houses. There seemed to be a depression in the island on one

side; and from this low cut, or dip, the hills rose quite high,—particularly abrupt on the right. To the left, on the very crown and summit of the hill, the lighthouse stands. It is a low granite tower, not needing height in itself, for the island is high and bold, and thus the Lighthouse Service has been saved some trouble and expense. Now our young people began to see a man or two walking here or there, and movement about the dwellings of the keepers, of which there are two, each being connected by a covered way with the tower: small plain white houses they are, like thousands of others on the coast of Maine. And now, as the steamer drew nearer, the depression seemed to become more deep and distinct, and finally grew into a perfect dividing line.

"There," said Violet, "that's Monhegan on the left, where the lighthouse is; the one on the right is Mananas. That has a fog-signal, but we can't see it from here."

The boys were looking with all the power of their young eyes. They saw these two bold islands rising up before them; but in front of the cut or depression there seemed to be an impenetrable barrier of rocks rising to bar their further progress.

"But where do we anchor?" asked John anxiously. "Out here in the sea all night? There isn't any harbor."

"Isn't there?" said Violet, clapping her hands, and dancing along on the points of her toes. "Isn't there? Just come up in the pilot-house and see. There's the very loveliest, dearest, safest little harbor in the world."

"Lots of rocks," said Cortland as they all walked forward, "but no way to get over them. Just see how those swells are curling in round those jagged points there. It looks awfully unsafe. Are you sure he won't run us aground?" and Cortla

looked anxiously from Violet to Mr. Guptil as they entered the pilot-house. Violet laughed outright, and looked trustfully at the captain.

"I'll take her in here, Mr. Guptil," and Captain Grimes laid his powerful grasp on the spokes of the wheel. "Not but what Mr. Guptil's *as* capable, I won't say he isn't *more* capable, than I am," smilingly spoke the captain; "but, if there's any smashin' up to be done, I claim the right to do it myself." Evidently, however, there was no "smashin' up" to be done. Captain Grimes avoided a point here, a rock there, shaved close by a mass of stone which stood high above the tender, and with still that pleasant smile on his face, and his eye fixed on some well-known landmark ahead, rounded smoothly the mighty obstruction, and, steaming through a narrow channel, entered a perfectly quiet and almost land-locked harbor.

"Let go, Mr. Guptil," from the captain. A splash and dash, the foam shooting high above the bows, a rattle and rush of chain, and the Goldenrod swung to anchor, securely held in three fathoms of the clearest water that any mariner ever tried to penetrate with mortal eye. The boys saw on their left a high rise of ground, on the top of which was the gray lighthouse tower. On their right rose precipitous rocks, to aid in mounting which the Lighthouse Service has placed a long, steep staircase; for on this island of Mananas is the fog-signal, and the keeper of that has access to the harbor by these stairs. The boys gazed up at the steep and ragged rocks. An occasional bit of green showed in the hollows here and there, enticing numberless venturesome sheep, which came to the edge of the rocks, and put their noses over in an inquiring way, as much as to say, "Haven't we seen you before?"

Directly ahead of the bows of the steamer, which at present pointed out to sea, the boys saw a narrow channel, where the islands seemed almost to meet again. Through this opening the swell rolled rather roughly, but seemed to settle calmly down as it entered the harbor of Monhegan; but John said that he thought, that, when the wind was just right for it, the swell must be pretty disagreeable, even in this safe little harbor. And now gradually the steamer swung with the tide, and, slowly edging round, finally brought her stern towards the sea, and her bow pointing to the mainland.

"What queer old boats!" said Cortland; for the little harbor was filled with crafts of all kinds, from a small rowboat to a good-sized sloop. "And what queer old houses in there close to the shore!"

"Those are fish-houses," said Mr. Guptil. "Some folks object to 'em: they don't like the scent of dryin' fish as it comes on the wind. But I always tell 'em that it's a good, healthy smell, and don't hurt no one;" which statement, made thus early from so reliable an authority as the mate of the Goldenrod, put a stop at once and forever to any complaint of such a nature on the part of the boys: and even Violet tried from that moment to imagine that it really wasn't so bad when you were on the "*other* side," which meant "to windward."

"There's some pretty fine old houses up there too; shows that folks thought one time that 'twas wuth while livin' here, though I don't think any one hankers after it now."

"I do, Mr. Guptil!" exclaimed Violet: "it's the most perfectly delightful place I ever saw."

"There is said to be a Runic stone on one of these islands,"

said her father, joining the young people; "we will look for it if we have time."

"What is a Runic stone, Papa?" asked Violet. "I never heard the word except in 'The Bells,' where it goes, —

" ' Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme ;'

but I never knew what it meant."

"It means only an inscription placed there by the Norsemen," replied her father. "A rune is simply a letter of the Norse alphabet. The word 'rûn' means a magical letter, a mystery. But come, we'll talk about it when we find it. Who goes ashore with me here?"

"We all do," was the prompt response; and soon they were over the side, and rowing swiftly toward the landing. Up the steep path they scrambled; and, after they reached the top of the precipitous bank, there was a long, sloping hill to ascend before reaching the lighthouse. It seemed quite tiresome to the boys at first, for they were not accustomed to so much exertion, or such rough walking as they found on the coast of Maine: but the higher they ascended, the more beautiful became the view; and, as they reached at last the "lantern" of the tower, they felt repaid tenfold for their climb, by the grand sight that burst upon their gaze. Here they were, as it seemed, almost in mid-ocean. Way off there to the north spread out the woods and forests of Maine, miles and miles each way, as far as the eye could penetrate; and out there to the west, the south, the east, stretched that limitless blue expanse, heaving, rolling, sparkling, dotted with its flaky signs of enterprise and commerce, which dipped and bowed to the heaving sea, some close,



MONHEGAN LIGHT.

some far away, others showing a dim outline on the distant streak which limits the boundary of our vision. Violet's busy tongue for once was silent. She only gazed and gazed. Indeed, the wonder and beauty of the scene impressed them all. At last a long, deep sigh from Violet broke the spell. The boys found their tongues, and were loud in their admiration and praise; but their silence had been more eloquent than any words, and Violet shrugged her shoulders impatiently as their ready adjectives poured forth.

"Why, Vi," said John, "I haven't heard you say 'perfectly splendid' or 'perfectly lovely' since we came up here."

"You can say that about most things; but about this," and she waved her little hand round from one side to the other, "there *isn't* any thing to say. *I* haven't got words. I wonder if any one could describe it."

"This is one of the links in our chain of outside lights." Uncle Tom had joined the children on the balcony. "They begin in this district with the Isle of Shoals and Boone Island. I did not take you there, boys, because I had inspected what we call the western lights before you joined us. After Boone Island comes Half-way Rock, which, though far nearer the mainland than this, is still an outside light; and after that, Monhegan, where we are now. To the eastward of this is Matinicus, then Mount Desert Rock, and then Petit Menan. There are others, like Saddleback and Moose Peak and Baker's Island, which are some distance from the mainland; but some one of this chain of grand high lights is the sailor's first token at night that land is near."

"Uncle Tom," and the inquiring John drew near, "why don't you use electric light in lighthouses?"

"Why, yes," added Cortland, "it would be a thousand times better." Uncle Tom smiled at Cortland's decided tone.

"Many persons have asked that same question, boys. The expense is the original objection. Electric light requires an expensive 'plant,' as machinists say. That means the machinery. An electric light also requires skilled workmen to operate it, and such men will not leave the shore, and come to these lonely islands, without excellent inducements. But we have found, through the elaborate experiments conducted in England of late, that electric lights possess few advantages over the oil burners: they throw the light so very little farther, that the extra expense does not seem warranted. — No, we can't stay, thank you," said Uncle Tom, looking at his watch, as the keeper politely pressed them to come into his house and sit down. "I have the fog-signal yet to visit, and it is half-past five now. — Come, children," and, with pleasant farewells to the keepers and their families, the party hurried down to the beach. From here they were rowed directly across the harbor, shooting under the stern of the *Goldenrod*, and landing on the opposite, or *Mananas*, shore. Here the signal-keeper was awaiting the inspector, and they started to climb the steep flight of steps which rises from the beach to the top of the rocks. The keeper led the way, the boys scrambled after, then Violet, and her father behind, to make sure that she had some safeguard if she should make a misstep on this steep incline. The ascent of the *Monhegan* hill was as nothing compared to this; but when the boys heard that often the crew of the *Goldenrod* carried tons of coal up these steep steps, in bags weighing from ninety to a hundred pounds each, they felt little inclined to complain. Arrived at the top, they came out upon a rugged hill. Their old friends the sheep were

grazing near, and drew up slowly, with curiosity expressed on their long, queerly shaped faces; but, when Violet started to walk towards them, their leader turned and ran swiftly away, followed by the others, bounding over rocks and hollows, as only sheep can, as easily as if it were a smooth and level road.

"Aren't they dears!" exclaimed Violet. "Do see that dear dirty little fellow, with his shaggy fleece stuck full of burrs; see how he jumps and kicks up his little heels."

"It is a pretty sight enough," returned her father, "at this time of year; but how do you think they enjoy it when the cold ice and snow of winter come, — such winters, too, as they have down here?"

"Why," said John, "I suppose they go into their houses, as other sheep do."

"Suppose they haven't any houses," said his uncle. "You will hardly believe it, boys; but on these islands and on the mainland, there are thousands of these poor animals left out in the cold and wet and blinding snow, with no shelter, and no food but that which they can find for themselves."

"Oh, poor creatures!" said Violet pityingly. "What can they find to eat?"

"Well, sometimes they find seaweed on the rocks down by the shore; but I am afraid that the poor things must spend a great many hungry days."

"Oh, oh, how terribly cruel!" said Violet. "Isn't there any way to compel their owners to take care of the poor sheep?"

"There ought to be," said her father. "One of the greatest blots, it seems to me, upon the State of Maine, is, that a law is not enforced by which the people must care for these poor animals. There may be such a law: if there is, it should be at once

carried out; if there is no law which covers this ground, those who have control should see that one is made and rigidly enforced. Once," he continued, "the Lighthouse Service ordered a tripod erected upon one of these islands, and one of our most trusted officers was sent ashore to attend to its erection. The landing was not very satisfactory, for the sea was rough, and he became thoroughly drenched with salt water; the wind was blowing fresh, and he was chilled and shivering. Suddenly he spied some sheep huddling together under the 'lee side' of a rock; and, as a precaution against cold, he began to chase them from their shelter, and up the hill and over the island. Thus he told me that he thought he saved himself a cold, perhaps a serious illness, for his clothes dried in the wind; and he had no compunction on account of the sheep, as he said they needed 'stirring up.' This was before the snow came; what those wretched creatures did after it began to fall and drift and blow over their little island, I cannot imagine."

"Oh, the poor, pretty darlings!" said Violet, almost crying with sympathy. "John," she whispered, "remind me to write that down in my 'Memory's Helper.'"

"What's your 'Memory's Helper,' Vi?"

"Oh, just a little yellow book in which I write down all these things that I want to remember; only I'm sure I never, never could forget this. I mean to write a letter to the governor the very minute I get home."

John laughed heartily.

"Laugh as much as you please, John, I really shall. I don't believe that anybody has ever told him a word about these poor sheep; you know all such things are kept from great men. They just have *sycophants* round them,—at least, that's what my

history says about kings, and I suppose governors are the same,— and they never hear of things that other people see every day."

"All right, Vi, I'll remind you; and, when they change the laws, you tell me."

"Well, I know it sounds absurd, John, but perhaps he never has heard of it, truly; and they say he's such a good man, that I'm sure he'll do something right away."

"Some o' them folks has been pretty well paid for it," here remarked a young man who had been walking on the outskirts of the party; "for some on 'em was stolen and some on 'em died."

"I wish they could all die," burst in Violet: "it would be better for the poor sheep, and repay their owners well for their cruelty."

By this time they had come to the signal-keeper's dwelling, which, however, they passed by, and entered with him another building close to his house, and connected with it by a door.

"Oh, what a mass of machinery!" exclaimed John.

"Just look at those wheels and cranks, and those curious big pipes," said Cortland. "What are those for, Uncle Tom?"

"Those are tanks, Cortland; they hold the compressed air necessary to operate the air-trumpet or fog-signal. You see, there are two sets of machinery,—one set to which *this* crank and *this* wheel belong, and another set to which *this* crank and *this* wheel belong. They are quite independent each set of the other; and, if one gets out of order, the other can be used."

"But where is the trumpet, Uncle Tom?"

"That is outside. It goes through the roof, and turns seaward, where it blows its warning blast into the outer air."

"Does it go by steam?" asked John.

"No, Johnny: heat takes the place of steam in this invention. The engine is called Ericsson's caloric engine. The trumpet is called the Daball trumpet. It was invented by a Mr. Daball, as you probably have guessed."

"But why don't they use steam-whistles, Papa, as they do at Cape Elizabeth and Whitehead, and lots of places?"

"For one reason, Violet, we cannot readily get water everywhere; and, as you know, steam cannot be made without water. The beauty of this trumpet is, I think, its economy in fuel. Where for the fog-whistles we use fifty or sixty tons of coal a year, for this trumpet we require only fifteen."

"Won't you try it, Papa, and let the boys hear how it sounds?"

"No, pussy: we never like to get up pressure unless it is necessary. If you should visit this island in a fog or snow-storm, you would be deafened by the blasts."

"I think that this is one of the most interesting things we have seen," John said. "Won't you explain it a little more, Uncle Tom?"

"Even if I should try, I am afraid that you would find it difficult to understand, Johnny. The machinery is very complicated, and you will have to study mechanics before you can appreciate this wonderful invention; however, I will do my best to make it plain to you. The main points are these: You see this large tank, what Cortland calls a big pipe. It is a cylinder of iron four feet in diameter, and, I should think, eight or nine feet high. Now, this tank has an air-pump underneath which is connected with the engine; and this engine is, when working, constantly operating the pump, which forces air into the tank. The air is crowded in there just as you would force cotton-wool

into a bag, and it is only too glad to find a vent or escape-hole. You see this pipe at the top of the tank: it connects with the trumpet and also with the tank, but is shut off from the tank by a valve. Now, this valve is connected with a lever, which, when raised, opens the valve, and so allows the air to escape through the pipe into the trumpet. But we only want the trumpet to sound at certain times, say forty seconds or a minute apart, as the case may be: consequently, we only want the valve opened at just these times. Now, just here on top of the engine is a wheel, as you see, apparently about two feet in diameter. On the rim of this wheel rests the end of the lever, whose other end connects with the valve. As the wheel slowly revolves, the end of the lever presses close against it, keeping an exact position; but see this knob, or *cam*, rising up on the rim of the wheel. As this cam revolves, you see that the lever is pushed upward by the projection; and, as it is pressed upward, the effect is to open the valve which it controls inside of the air-pipe. Thus, as the valve opens, the compressed air, struggling to make its escape, rushes wildly through the opening, and forcing itself upward through the pipe, and so outward, past a piece of metal called a reed (which so vibrates and causes a sound), bursts forth into the air in one long, sonorous, warning blast. By making the cams larger or smaller, or having two instead of one, we get a longer or shorter blast, or get it at greater or lesser intervals."

"Do they ever start it at night, Uncle Tom?" inquired John.

"Oh, yes! always in any fog or snow-storm."

"But they have the light on Monhegan," said Cortland.

"Yes; but any sailor will tell you that he prefers a fog-whistle or a trumpet, to a light in the fog, for the sound seems to

penetrate much farther than the light is capable of doing: and yet one cannot be perfectly sure of these signals; sometimes you hear them more plainly to windward than to leeward." The boys looked puzzled. "That is, when you are on the side from which the wind is blowing, the sound comes to you *against* the wind. If you are to leeward, the wind is blowing *toward* you. This very signal we lose the sound of to the westward, after sailing a mile or two; and after a few miles more, when it has been apparently silent, its sound booms out again over the waters."

"What is the cause of that, sir?" asked the keeper. "Folks have complained of that to me sometimes. I can only tell 'em that I do my duty, and keep the thing a-goin'. I can't give 'em a hearin' apparatus."

"That question has puzzled wiser heads than mine," said the inspector. "Some very learned men have given it up. Perhaps some day the question will be solved. — But come, young people, do you know what time it is? Half-past six, I declare! Just run ahead, and I will join you at the steps, as I have a short report to make out. It is long past our dinner-hour; but duty, you know, before pleasure."

"O Papa! *duty*! Why, it has been pleasure, every moment of it!" On the forward deck of the *Goldenrod* the men were fishing for cunners. "How clear the water is!" said John. "Only look at those fish: you can see them all, big and little, actually chasing the hook!" It amused them all very much to see one of the men draw his hook away from a quantity of smaller fry, and dangle it enticingly before the nose of a big fellow, who sometimes was proof against temptation, but more often seized it at once, and was drawn, gasping and gurgling, up over the rail.

And now we are in the cabin again. Dinner is over; the lamps are shining brightly; the table is covered with the red cloth; and 'Lias, after having arranged every thing to his satisfaction until such time as he shall descend again to prepare the boys' beds for the night, has withdrawn for the present. Uncle Tom's cigar and promenade on deck are finished; and, as he joins them in the cabin, he sees a look of expectancy on the three young faces. Indeed, Violet has no mercy. "And now, Papa, the time has come for the stories. The 'keeper' first, and then the 'red sector,'" is the remark which greets his entrance among them.

"As to the keeper," began Uncle Tom, drawing his little daughter down upon his knee, "he was once one of the crew of the Goldenrod, and a faithful, good fellow he was. Once they were getting a whistling buoy overboard. You haven't seen a whistling buoy yet, boys; well, then, not until you see one near by, can you form any idea of its size and weight. I will explain to you later the method of lowering these monsters overboard. It is done with the aid of the derrick and the steam-winch. Well, this great thing was being lowered, but was swinging still in mid-air, when something caught and held it. Bob went at once to 'clear' it; and the ungrateful thing swung round, and its long heavy iron pipe struck him with tremendous power, hurling him along the deck, and breaking his leg. The leg was so terribly mangled that it had to be taken off. Fortunately the tender was near Portland; and the captain at once steamed up Casco Bay, and took Bob to the Marine Hospital. There he lay many weeks helpless: and I imagine that he had many bitter thoughts, for what can a man do with only one leg; and naturally his occupation as a sailor, or as one of the crew

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ernment taking care of the soldiers: I am glad to know something about their caring for the poor sailors as well."

"For 'government,' say 'Lighthouse Board;' but it amounts to the same thing," was her father's reply.

"Now about the red sector, Papa."

"Not satisfied yet? Well, hand me that little drawing from the secretary drawer, — top, left-hand side; *left* hand, my dear: yes, that is it." The boys drew nearer as the transparent paper was laid on the table.

"Now, here you see a little tracing of the coast. Here are the places where we have been to-day. You see that this broad red ray is coming from the lighthouse on Ram Island. Those red panes of glass which you noticed are the cause of it, for the light of the lamp shines red only through them, and the light is white everywhere else. These panes of glass, as you remember, are tall and narrow. It was not chance that made them so, for they were measured with the greatest care and accuracy, so that the light must shine exactly down a broad, safe channel, such as there happens to be two of at this place, and avoid all rocks and dangers. Now, imagine a vessel coming in from sea at night, trying to make her port, which is Booth Bay, and looking anxiously for a signal of some kind. She is sailing toward the shore along the course marked *A*. Imagine our vessel to have the wind abeam, as we say, — blowing from the south-west. Suddenly, at the point marked *B*, she sails into the broad red ray, which is something like the faint after-glow of the sunset, and looks, Violet, like the red fires which you have seen used at illuminations, only paler. The moment the vessel gets into the red ray, the captain knows that he is in a safe channel. His wind, which will be a head wind if he would make for the

lighthouse, makes it necessary for him to tack across and back, for he must get up close to the tower of Ram Island, to be able to run clear for Burnt-Island light, which is his objective point. So when he has crossed the ray, and finds himself getting out of the color, he comes about, and sails at once back to the side he has left, following the zigzag line *in* the color, for that describes to you the tacking of a vessel. (A steamer, of course, would make directly for the island.) Just off the island the water is deep, and vessels are safe even quite close in shore; and, when our captain reaches Ram Island, Burnt-Island light shines out bright and plain, and he steers at once for that, clear of all dangers."

'Lias had come quietly down the companion-way, and had stood silently during the last part of the inspector's explanation. He waited respectfully until Violet and the boys had finished with their exclamations of delight at the pretty tracing of the islands and the red sector; and then, to the inspector's "What is it, 'Lias?" the information came, —

"Cap'n Gordon, seh, Missa Guptil send me down to tell Miss Vi'let and de young gen'l'mens dat dey's a-fishin' for squibs."

"*Squids*, I suppose you mean, 'Lias."

"Oh, yesseh, yesseh: squibs."

"*Squids*, 'Lias. S-q-u-i-d, *squid*."

"Yesseh, dey's sompun dat *goes off*, anyway."

And 'Lias went quietly up the companion-way, from the top of which there came one or two subdued chuckles at his own wonderful joke, — a joke which the children learned to appreciate later.

"What fun!" said Violet. "What are squids, Papa?" as they hurried on deck, the boys snatching up the wrong hats, and Violet tying a veil over her head as she ran.

"They are cuttle-fish," answered her father; "sometimes called devil-fish. I don't know but they *are* small devil-fish: we will look it up by and by."

When they reached the narrow deck which rounds out beyond the pilot-house, and looked down upon the forward deck, a curious scene was before them. The forward deck was dark except for the light of the steamer, and a lantern or two which made a light spot here and there. There was no moon visible, but the stars shed a faint light; and the children could see the dark figures of men moving about, baiting hooks, and throwing lines overboard: then would come a quick, vigorous jerk; and as something floundered over the bulwarks, with it came a rushing, spurting sound, as of water flying with force in a stream against the sides, masts, and deck of the vessel.

"Let us get nearer," said Violet: "I can't see here."

"I wouldn't advise ye to, Missy," sounded Mr. Guptil's voice out of the gloom, "not 'nless ye want to spile that putty frock o' yourn: they'll paint ye black as tar'n less'n no time."

"Paint me — how?" asked Violet.

"Wal, you jest come round here over the galley-door; there, stand where the light shines out, so. — Here, Tim, move yer line this way. — There, Missy, now you watch."

A jerk, a swift hauling-in from Tim, and a large squid came flying over the side, sending forth as he came — his only protection against an enemy — a jet of inky fluid, which, striking the white woodwork of the galley, poured down in a black stream to the deck beneath. Mr. Guptil took up the thread of conversation.

"They're the cur'usest critters: not but what they has a just and perfect right to *deify* their enemies," — using a word of

quite contrary meaning to the one intended, — "but 'tain't no use, 'tain't any sort o' use; when they get one o' them *ubikitus* hooks in their feelers, it's all up with 'em."

"What do the men catch them for?" asked John.

"Wal, sonny, only for bait; jest to *en-tice* other critters more weak in the brain than they is themselves. The men jest ketch 'em, and lay 'em there forrad in little *temperate* piles ready for use."

"Prohibition, even out here, Mr. Guptil?" asked the inspector. Mr. Guptil looked somewhat dazed.

"When they have finished, Mr. Guptil," said he, "I would like these young people to see a squid-hook."

"Have one up right away, sir. — Bring a squid-hook here, Jim; look sharp."

"Yes, sir," replied Jim, without moving; "every one in use, sir."

"I — told — you — *pre-emptorally* to have some extry hooks," said Mr. Guptil. "Your ears, Jim, is without tinpanems, or drums, or somethin'; for it's a literary fact, you don't seem to hear what's said to you more'n a quarter of the time."

"Yes, sir," replied the abashed Jim, who tied his line to the rail, and hurried away to "find a hook," as he said.

"Now, it's a literary fact, that that Jim has got more cheek than a highwayman's horse. He knows there ain't another hook in the whole outfit, yet he's a-pretendin' to sarch for one. Cheek, I should think so; more'n a mule could haul down hill." And so the sequel proved, for Jim returned, very bright and cheerful, to say that he couldn't find "that there extry hook: somebody must ha' gone and took it."

"Just hand that flounderin' critter up here, Robson, when he's quiet. We don't care for no ink: the Board, or somebody, furnishes all we can use."

The slimy, curiously shaped fish was soon passed from Robson's hand to that of Mr. Guptil, who stretched over with all his lank angularity, and reached his Darwinian arms out to take the slippery thing. The boys, as well as Violet, were very much surprised at the shape and formation of the squid; its sharp-pointed nose, with the mass of long feelers, covered on the under side with curious suckers, protruding in a circle all together, ready to grasp and draw the life out of any thing with which they might come in contact; its strange-looking black eyes, and translucent mottled body, opening to the young voyagers a fresh field of wonder. Captain Grimes now appeared on the scene.

"Here," he said, "is a large glass jar with a big mouth: you can slide him in there without any trouble.— Here, Jim, wash this clean, and bring it up full of salt water." And soon the squid was in its prison, its strange features showing plainly through the clear glass. Then Captain Grimes brought a magnifying glass; and "still the wonder grew," each of our little friends taking a look in turn.

"Oh, what colors!" said John.

"Colors!" repeated Violet with superior feminine knowledge. "Shades, you mean; tints the most delicate, the most lovely. Did you ever see any thing so transparent, so beautiful? It looks like mother-of-pearl."

"Or soap-bubbles," broke in Cortland. They all laughed, but admitted, even to Violet, that the deep purple and blue and golden lights, with their oily glaze, did indeed resemble very

much the colors one often sees in a richly shaded soap-bubble. A loud shout and laugh from the men below on the forward deck drew our party hastily to the front of the pilot-house: and there they saw that an unfortunate sailor named Crane, who was always getting into trouble, had pulled up the largest squid of the evening, about two feet in length, and that, as it came over the side, it had turned on its enemy, and with great precision had shot its black stream into both of Crane's eyes; and his face and clothing were deluged with the inky liquid. Roars of laughter went up from the crowd as poor Crane, in trying to wipe off the horrid stuff, only smeared himself more hopelessly.

"Enough fun for one day," said Uncle Tom as he took Violet's hand in his. "Come, boys, come down to the cabin; the longest day must have an end."

They stood for a moment to watch Monhegan light flash out over the dark upland and the star-reflecting sea, and with three long-drawn sighs slowly descended the companion-way.

"To bed, to bed, youngsters."

"O Papa! tell us something about the squids."

"No, no, no more to-night. Perhaps I may be able to find you a picture of one to-morrow, and then I will tell you all that I know about them. Good-night."

"Good-night;" and soon four bells struck, and silence reigned through the little steamer.

CHAPTER III.

Our Voyagers make the Acquaintance of an Edition, in Miniature, of one of the Pilgrim Fathers, and during the Day get Mr. Guptil's Idea of the Meanest Man on Record.

JOHN awoke the next morning with an uncomfortable sensation. Yes, the vessel was certainly rolling; and he could hear the thump, thump, of the screw, and the swish-swash of water along the side of the steamer. A groan from his opposite neighbor.

"Oh, dear!" moaned Cortland, "o-o-oh, dear! Why did I ever come to sea!"

"What's the matter, Corty?"

"Matter? O-oh, dear! o-o-o-oh, dear!" was all the answer vouchsafed by Cortland. And John lay there, feeling rather dizzy and forlorn, and wondering whether he should "make a try at it" or not. Ah! there was that dancing step overhead, skipping along in accompaniment to the strong, decided one of Uncle Tom.

"I won't be beaten by a girl," said John to himself; and then aloud, "Come on, Cort, tumble out. Father says it's the first step which costs." But only a snarling "Let me alone" from Cortland replied to him as he opened his bath-room door, and turned on the sparkling sea-water. John jumped resolutely into his cold bath; and although his feet slipped about on the polished metal, and he tumbled from one side to the other, still the exertion was of benefit, and he felt wonderfully refreshed, though still somewhat headachy: and when he at last tied his necktie,

and was ready to go on deck, a sudden whiff of coffee made him feel a little faint for a moment, as 'Lias came noiselessly into the cabin with a tray on which were all the appliances for coffee-making. The hot milk and pretty pint jug filled with cream, the freshest of country butter, some of Joe's hot rolls, stale bread, toast, and sea-biscuit, gave John an appetite almost in spite of himself; but he hurried on deck, longing for the fresh air of the morning, and really afraid to remain below any longer.

"O-o-oh, take that away!" roared Cortland. "I shall die, I know I shall."

"Not while you have such good lungs, old fellow," sounded in Uncle Tom's hearty tones through the cabin. "Cheer up. I came down to see if you feel the motion. You were both asleep when Violet and I went on deck. Come, my boy, don't give up. — 'Lias, open my room door. — Here, turn in here, old man. Yes, the sheets are cold," as Cortland shivered. "'Lias turned them back an hour ago. — Here, 'Lias, shut this port. It's pretty fresh in here. — There, my boy, lie still; and when you want 'Lias, just touch this button: he will hear. We shall not be more than an hour and a half now getting over to Marshall's Point, and from there down we shall be sheltered very much from this 'brave west wind.'"

"O-o-oh, dear!"

"It will be better if you can persuade yourself to eat something," and Uncle Tom went out and closed the door softly. It was as softly opened in a moment, and 'Lias's yellow face was thrust inside.

"Masser Cortland, better try eat somepun: it's de bes' thing, de very bes'. Jes' try a little coffee and one o' dese brown rolls."

"No-o-o!" roared Cortland, "go out! go away! Don't mention eating to me again. Shut the door, and keep out that confounded smell! O-oh, I shall certainly die! O-o-oh, dear! o-o-o-oh, dear!" and Cortland relapsed into his doleful moan again as the door closed. John meanwhile had joined Violet, and together they nibbled away at some hard-tack which Uncle Tom sent to them by 'Lias.

"*I* don't feel very steady," said Violet, "but it won't do to give up now. Poor Cortland! If he had only been on deck when we got under way, he would have had a better chance to get used to it. There's nothing like fresh air." So John thought, for he felt better with every passing moment; and when 'Lias appeared on deck with his neat little tray containing two cups of coffee, made for them by Uncle Tom, sweet and hot and not over-strong, the children seized eagerly upon the smoking beverage, and then demanded more, and more hot toast and buttered rolls, until they had each made a very hearty meal.

"Now for a run!" said Uncle Tom as he came up from below; "here, over on this side, away from Cortland's ears. I pity the poor boy, because I have suffered the pangs of seasickness myself; and only those who have, can sympathize with one in that condition. However, it won't be long before we are in smoother water. That was a good one!" exclaimed he, as the little vessel lurched, and threw John against the hatchway, and sent Violet flying to the rail. "You must get your sea-legs on, young people. Here, let us walk the deck so, three abreast." And taking the middle place, and steadying the cousins, by taking the arm of each through one of his, they walked pretty steadily back and forth for nearly an hour.

And now, as they were nearing Marshall's Point Lighthouse, Uncle Tom sent 'Lias to ask Master Delano if he would not get up. "Tell him that we will soon be in smooth water."

"I'se a'mos' afraid, Cap'n Gordon, seh. Massa Cortland jes' hustle me out las' time I done ast him a quesshun. But I'se willin' to try. Do a'mos' any thing fer you, Cap'n Gordon, seh."

"I don't think Master Cortland will eat you," laughed the inspector. And then 'Lias descended the stairs, and knocked gently on the door, opening it almost immediately.

"Cap'n Gordon say, won't you get up, please, Massa Cortland?"

"No-o-o-o!" roared Cortland. "I shall never get up until this boat gets back to Portland harbor." But as soon as they reached Marshall's Point, and during the quiet stay there, and the trip to Tenant's Harbor, with its smoother water, Cortland began to feel rather more like bestirring himself. "If I were only up and dressed, and in the fresh air," thought he to himself, "I might feel better." And then he rang the bell, a little ashamed to summon 'Lias, but feeling rather helpless without him. The ever-ready 'Lias appeared with a jug of hot water in one hand, and fresh towels over his arm, Cortland's nicely brushed clothes over the other arm, and his polished shoes in the remaining hand; and when Cortland, with the assistance of 'Lias, was dressed and ready to go on deck, he did really feel ten times better than he had before. He crawled slowly and stumbly up the companion-way, and shamefacedly joined the others. If any one of them had been ill instead of Cortland, I am afraid that he would have been the first one to make amusement for himself at their expense; but now that things

were not in accordance with such a programme, and he was the only one who had given up and been really ill, he felt not only ashamed, but vexed and angry. But there never was such a man as Uncle Tom for putting people in good humor with themselves and the world.

"That's right, old man; come along here. — 'Lias, get some oranges; and then, when we have prepared the way a little, Master Delano will have a beefsteak and some coffee. — Now, my young friend, begin on that, and I'll be willing to wager the lighthouse, if it *is* Uncle Sam's property, that you will be asking for more in an hour's time." And Cortland, thus cheered and encouraged, did manage to swallow some coffee and part of a roll; and gradually things began to look brighter. But he was very humble now, and no bluster or swagger was apparent for a day or two; and Violet and John both thought, "Oh, if Cortland could only always be as nice as this!" And now they were passing a high island, where a lighthouse stood up tall and straight above them.

"Do we land here?" asked John.

"Why, of course: that's Whitehead," replied Violet. "See, we are rounding in; always going to the left, and more to the left, we go nearly round the island, and come in at the back, where there is a wharf and a quiet landing."

"Isn't this a pretty harbor!" exclaimed John. "Only see, Cortland, you wouldn't know there was any swell outside;" which unfortunate allusion Cortland greeted with a disgusted expression of countenance. And now the *Goldenrod* was alongside the wharf, and the gang-plank was out for the first time since leaving Portland; and our party passed over it, and up the pretty path and road to the keeper's dwelling, near the

lighthouse tower, which stands on the outer edge of the island, "looking seaward." This light is, like many others, simply a fixed white light: so we will not follow the boys up into the tower, but join them when they go to inspect the fog-whistle, which is in a building close at hand.

"Is this like the signal on Mananas?" inquired John.

"Oh, no! I'm sure it isn't; is it, Papa? That is a trumpet, but this is a whistle. Isn't that the difference?"

"Yes, Violet; only you may add one or two other differences to that. You remember what it is that makes the Mananas trumpet sound?"

"Heat, Papa?"

"Yes, acting on compressed air. Now, this goes by steam. Here, you see, we have the wheel and the cam, just as in the other; but, when the lever is raised, the steam, escaping from the boiler, acts directly on the whistle, and, escaping through it into the air, makes the long, deep sound." The children wandered about the place, and were invited into the keeper's house by his wife. They were charmed with the neat and pretty dwelling, and were much surprised to see a really fine piano in the parlor, so far from the mainland. As they all walked down to the boats together, Uncle Tom told them that Mr. Grant was one of the best keepers on the coast; that his light was always well cared for, and his fog-whistle was never out of order. And now, with a farewell *toot* of the Goldenrod's whistle, answered by Mrs. Grant through the lighthouse bell, their course was pointed away from Whitehead, and up towards the Musselridge Channel. The children were all gathered in the pilot-house, listening to the captain's tales and Mr. Guptil's interpolations. As they sailed through what seems like a small sound of water, so enclosed is

it by land on each side, they with one accord admired the beauty of the scene, — the land on the left, or mainland, with its pretty little harbors and various indentations, showing here and there a white farmhouse among its open spaces and thickly wooded hills; while the islands on the right, or out towards the sea, seemed for the most part uninhabited, with the exception of one place, which the captain called Dix Island. In answer to Violet's question, why people lived so far out, away from the mainland, Mr. Guptil answered, —

"Them's *querries*. They quarry out the granite, and carry it way off to all the big cities. They do tell me," said Mr. Guptil, "that some big politician down Washington way had his house made o' that same granite. I don't know how true 'tis, but so they tell me. They's *quart* in that rock, too," continued Mr. Guptil, as if he thought "quartz" must be plural, "and them geologers say that the ain't hardly any thin' in their line but what you'll find it right along on this coast of Maine."

"I see something ahead there, Mr. Guptil," said Violet from her high perch on the stool close to the front window. "What is that? It looks like masts."

"Wal, so 'tis, so 'tis. You be good at sightin' fur objects now, Missy, and that's a literary fact. Ye heard yer pa tell about the City of Portland, that steamer what was sunk through runnin' foul of a *laidge*. Wal, those is her masts; and there she lies in twenty-five feet of water."

"But what made her run aground?" inquired John. (Cortland, being for once too miserable to ask his usual share of the questions, sat doubled up in one corner of the long cushioned bench which ran across the back of the pilot-house; taking,

however, a languid interest in what the others were talking about.)

"Wal, sonny, that's a disputed p'int," and Mr. Guptil looked at John with a smile both benign and secretive in character; "some calls it one thing, and some calls it another. In my opinion, no one hain't got no call to testify for them as knows best; but I should say it's what we're all liable to, a simple error of jedgment." As they drew near the melancholy wreck, the captain hailed some men in a schooner near it, who seemed to be there by authority, for they had hawsers stretched from the masts of the steamer to their own vessel, and were evidently there for the purpose of saving what they could.

"We came by here," said Mr. Guptil, "a day or two after she struck; and of all the mass o' stuff that came a-floatin' out of her, I never did see the beat. It's a literary fact that mattresses and bar'ls and cheers came a-sailin' round till ye couldn't rest."

"Were the people all saved, Mr. Guptil?"

"Oh, yes! every one on 'em: pretty much frightened, and quakin' with cold; but they're all livin' on dry land now, if none on 'em's gone to sea, and none on 'em's shuffled off their mortal coils." When Mr. Guptil mutilated Shakspeare, Uncle Tom generally left the pilot-house in a choking-fit, which was the case just here. "Too-toot," as "Owl's Head" looms up above them; and great is the scramble and rush of the young people to see who will be ashore, and out of the gig, and first to mount the high, steep steps, and on top of the bold, rocky headland which rises so precipitously from the waters which form the junction of Penobscot Bay and Rockland harbor.

"How fresh the pines smell!" and Violet sniffed with her little pointed nose in fifty wrinkles. "Isn't it delicious? And

OWL'S HEAD LIGHT.



such air! It seems as if we must be in a different world." And in truth it did seem to them that they had emerged into such an atmosphere as they had not as yet breathed.

"I'm just glad to be alive!" said Violet as she threw herself down on the root of an old tree, and began to gather such buds and leaves as grew on this height. "Just look there, boys;" and she pointed northward to where a deep blue line of very high land curved and undulated in the grace and beauty of outline and light and shade. "Those are the Camden Hills. There's only one more beautiful sight on the coast, and that's my dear, beloved Mount Desert."

"You small enthusiast!" for her father had stopped a moment with them. "I am certain that no native of the grand old Pine-tree State appreciates its beauties any more thoroughly than my little girl."

"What are those clusters of houses down there close to the water, Papa? I always forget."

"That is Rockport, pussy. I don't think you can see the town of Camden from here. And over there, back of us, is the town of Rockland. It looks quite near, doesn't it? In reality, it is three miles or more from where we are." The light inspected, the report made out, the keeper's salary paid him, which is one of the inspector's duties, our party descended another flight of stairs on the east side of the headland, to see the fog-bell, which Uncle Tom thought might interest them. They were told that it goes by clockwork, which they could see on entering the house containing the machinery. The keeper wound an immense crank, which raised a heavy weight, which in its turn operated the machinery; and then they waited for the sound of the bell, the first clanging tone of which nearly

deafened them, and drove them from the spot. It struck at intervals of about seven seconds, first one blow, and then two; and they heard its loud, brazen tone ringing on the air after they had mounted these steps, descended the others, and were back on board the steamer. And now away to Rockland. It seemed quite exciting to be approaching a town once more, and our little friends could hardly believe it possible that they had left the city of Portland only two days ago.

"Come, get your letter, young man," Uncle Tom addressed John; "I mean to send up to the post-office here. Perhaps you boys would like to walk up with Brown when he goes for the mail." John and Cortland joined Brown with pleasure, and soon were on the high wharf, which, it being low tide, loomed up far above the deck of the tender, so that the gang-plank sloped in a steep incline, and was, as Mr. Guptil remarked, "pretty kinder tickleish." I am afraid that the boys did not enjoy their walk up to the town of Rockland very much; for pretty as some of the houses are, and fine as the beautiful granite post-office building is,—well worth, indeed, any one's admiration,—the way was long and disagreeable, for the road was thick with mud, and the ruts and bog-holes were terrible, and the crossings something beyond description. But John mailed his letter, and was repaid for his unpleasant walk by finding one from his mother at the office. Cortland had none, for his aunts could not possibly have had time to hear of his intended trip, and write a reply; but Violet had a letter from her mother, and Uncle Tom a handful of all sorts, and several yellow telegraph envelopes also fell to his share. These, with papers, and some letters for the officers and crew, made quite a budget for Brown to carry.

"And now," said Violet, after she had read her letter, and

the others had opened what mail fell to their lot, "I want to see a squid-hook." This hook, as you will see by the picture, is not a very complicated affair. The bar is of lead, filled at the bottom with pins. Some grease is put at the top of the bar; and the squid, coming to get what the sailors have discovered is a delicacy to the fish, opens its feelers all round the bar, and, reaching up to the top, draws them together round that end of the bar to get the bait; and, as he draws these long fingers down and back, they are necessarily pierced with some of these many pins, which stand for hooks in this instance.

What a sail that was, over to Indian Island! What a further delight the trip to Negro Island! The going ashore, the scramble through the woods up the hillside, the flower-picking, the extra milking of old "Short Horn" for Mr. Schafer's ever-ready and all-devouring can, the petting of the pretty calf, and the watching of a brood of ducklings which an old hen, (who had ignorantly hatched them out as her own,) drove nearly frantic by her efforts to keep from the water. And here Violet found the first few stems of goldenrod, that were growing in a sheltered, sunny spot. These she gathered delightedly, and took them proudly on board the steamer, to add to her daily bouquet for the dinner-table. That was, indeed, a red-letter day; for in here, near the western



SQUID-HOOK.

shore, the wind had little power, and the sea was like a lake just rippled by the breeze, so that even Cortland was comfortable and contented.

And then away to Blanby's Island. Do not look for it on the map. You will not find it, for perhaps Mr. Weathersbee and his small nephew would not care to figure in my story, for the amusement of my little readers; and I hope, that, if you ever see them, you will not tell them that I gave their island a fictitious name.

As the tender steamed up to the little wharf, which was placed on the very edge of the rocks, the captain said, "Ah! there's 'Governor Brewster;' I thought he'd be down." The three young people gazed shoreward expectantly. Violet, with the Plymouth elder's aged and respected form in her mind's eye, saw no such sight as filled her mental vision. The only living creature, apparently, on the island was a very small child, standing on the wharf, anxiously watching their arrival. In fact, he looked more like a gnome than a boy. So small was he, and so strangely dressed, that his whole appearance seemed a deformity. He looked about five years of age. His little red face was freckled so thickly that its original redness was almost concealed. He wore on his head an old straw hat, whose top was broken open, its straws standing raggedly up, and mingling with a shock of red hair, whose stubby and brilliant appearance gave his head the effect of being in flames.

"When I first saw that young one," was Mr. Guptil's remark, "I came powerful near tellin' Brown there to turn the hose on him to put him out, fer he does look fer all the world as if he was afire." The child's immense ears had been pushed down and turned forwards by the constant wearing of hats much



"GOVERNOR BREWSTER."

too large for his small head; and as they (his ears) were no smaller than a man's, they stood out like two fans on each side of his diminutive face. He had on an old green-flannel shirt, very little of which was visible, because of an enormous pair of boots which reached to his hips, and seemed nearly to swallow him up. Governor Brewster stood there with all the dignity of a monarch receiving his guests, and delivered his orders to the captain and mate as if the wharf and the island were his own especial property.

"That's right, so; back her up a little. You, Brown, run forward with that line, so; steady, steady, not too sudden, so. There she is, all right," and so on, which convulsed the children, and even caused Uncle Tom to smile broadly.

"I can't think who you can mean by Governor Brewster," said Violet, turning to Mr. Guptil. "I see nobody but that queer little boy on the wharf."

"Well, that's him; that's the Governor. Don't he bear out the sem-i-ly?"

"What is his real name, Mr. Guptil?"

"Silas Weathersbee Brewster; but the captain here gave him the name of the Governor, and he certainly do act as if he owned the island and all belongin' to it."

"Where is the keeper?" asked Uncle Tom. Just then a man in keeper's uniform came hurrying breathlessly down the path leading to the wharf; and Violet noticed, that, mingled with his apologies for being late, he shook his fist at the small Governor, and scowled fiercely at him more than once. But the child skipped nimbly aside, notwithstanding his large and clumsy boots, and kept at a respectful distance until the keeper had vanished, with the inspector, up the path to the lighthouse; and

then he came forward, seeming to feel that it was incumbent upon him to entertain these new visitors to Blanby's Island. His first performance was to bend as nearly double as his immense boots would allow, and peal after peal of the most derisive laughter rang out from between his little lips. He stopped as suddenly as he had begun, and began the entertainment with interrogations and remarks of an instructive character intermingled.

"W'at d'ye think?" began this elf-like child, looking round from one of the company to the other until he completed the circle. "My powers, ain't Uncle Si mad! You jest should ha' seen him scoot round, and pike those thin old legs o' his'n into his *undi*-form britches, when he heard the buoy-tender a tootin'. I jest lay back, I did, and larfed, — all inside, mind ye: ef I hadn't, he'd a took the gimp out o' me. But, oh, my! w'en he come for to look for his galluses, and they was nowhere to be found, — oh, my! *oh, my!*" and the small child doubled up again in a paroxysm of internal chuckling. "'They was here this blessed minit,' says Uncle Si. 'Wal, they isn't here now, is they, Uncle Si?' says I. 'They's warm *yit*,' says Uncle Si: 'I haven't had 'em off two minits;' and they *was* warm, for I felt 'em under me on the bench.' It was fun to see the old man wrastle round like he had a fit, or somethin'; and then there came another pretty sharp toot from the tender, jest as if the 'spector was a-sayin', 'You there, Silas Wilkins Weathersbee? Jest hurry up, will ye?' An' I lit out; and I s'pose Uncle Si found 'em, for he got down to the landin' most as soon as me. But, oh, my! he's a-bilin'. I hope the 'spector'll stay a good bit of a while, so's to give Uncle Si time to kinder forgit. I'd a-sat longer on them galluses," added the queer mite, "but ef the

old gentleman lost his place, I couldn't come here summers, and it's a boss place for fishin', d'ye see? And then I was mighty glad to see the tender a-comin' in; 'tain't very gay over here to Blanby's Island." Our little party laughed. It seemed as if Blanby's Island must be at the height of dulness, even now.

"No socials nor nothin', it *doos* grow pretty tejus."

"Where do you live when you are at home?" asked John.

"Oh, up to Pease's Plantation; it's quite gay there. My sister come over to see me last week, and w'at d'ye think?" Our party looked perplexed but expectant. "W'at d'ye think, now? w'at d'ye think she brought me? I've been over here with Uncle Si, le's see,"—and the gnome-like head was cocked on one side, and the lids of one eye screwed together like a button-hole,—"it'll be seven weeks come the 10th of August." The children were quite impressed with such a mode of reckoning, as it was not yet the 10th of July. "And w'at d'ye think she brought me?"

"Well, what did she bring you?" finally demanded John.

"Not a dog-gone'd thing!" said the small Governor, stretching out his rough little hands to the widest extent, and then letting them drop against his sides, as if disgusted with the world. "Not a blessed dog-gone'd thing! Not s' much 's a stick o' candy, or a three-cent glass o' peanuts, or a gibraltar from Hes'ky Pease's store. She's the most penuriosest critter"—with a tone of sad conviction, and a mild and pitying smile for human frailty—"in the State of Maine, and," continued the Governor, meditatively, "I don't know but in all the Rooshies." What the Russias had to do with the Pine-tree State, his auditors were at a loss to discover.

"You must be a great reader, Governor," remarked John.

"Wal, yes, I *be*," said the small child in a tone that a student might have used who had thousands of volumes at command; and then, returning inconsequently to his first subject, he began again, —

"You jest should ha' seen Uncle Si larrupin' round. 'Where's my galluses,' says Uncle Si," and again the comical little fellow bent double with his convulsed chuckles. The stay at Blanby's Island was not very long; and but for Governor Brewster the children would have found the waiting tiresome, as the place was not, without him, particularly interesting. The last our party saw of that strange child, as the gang-plank was hauled on board, and he had given all the orders he thought necessary for their safe departure, he was standing on the wharf, the straps of his boots sticking well up under his arms, his shock of hair shooting up from the top of his head, and glowing like fire in the sunlight, his arms gesticulating to suit his flood of words, which, as long as our party could distinguish them above the sound of the propeller, ran: "Not a dog-gone'd thing! Not a blessed dog-gone'd thing! She *is the pen-u-ri-ost* critter"—

"Well, well, that's a queer mite!" and Captain Grimes laughed until the tears came to his eyes.

"Where did he come from?" asked John.

"Well, he lives over to Pease's Plantation; I reckon no one don't look out for him much. He's a little sort o' Melchizedek child," answered Mr. Guptil for the captain, who was busy getting out of the tortuous channel. "No father, no mother, nor no real sister."

"I wish I knew if his sister is good to him," said Violet.

"I wish I knew."

"Wal, I guess as good as she knows how to be," responded Mr. Guptil. "She's a poor girl, workin' for her own livin', and I kinder guess it's a help to her to put the Governor out to grass for a while, summers."

"How old do you think he is, Mr. Guptil?"

"Wal, older'n he looks, older'n he looks. What age should ye take him to be, now?"

"Not more than five years old, certainly, Mr. Guptil."

"Oh, bless ye, he's older than that; but he's mighty sma't. That boy might be a actooal governor some day ef he had the right kind o' schoolin' and bringin' up." Later, Violet's father found her with her yellow book on her knee, in which she seemed to be most busily writing a memorandum.

"What is it, pussy?"

"A recipe, Papa."

"For what, little woman?"

"How to make a governor," answered Violet, laughing at her own small joke. We will look over her father's shoulder as he reads, for we are privileged persons, you and I, and there are no secrets from any of us on this cruise of the Golden-rod. This is what Commander Gordon read in Violet's little yellow book:—

"Not to forget to remember to get up a sewing society the very minute I get home, to get ready for a fair, to make money enough to send to Pease's Plantation, to send a boy to school, to help to make a governor."

"And now where to, Papa?"

"Now to Gilkie's Harbor, my dear."

"But I thought Mr. Guptil said something about our going to Grindell's Point."

"Well, it's all the same thing, Violet. Grindell's Point Lighthouse is at the entrance to Gilkie's Harbor." Arrived at Gilkie's Harbor, Captain Grimes pointed out to Violet on the chart that he could go through a channel which would lead them by a short cut into East Penobscot Bay. "But your Pa wants to go to Fort Point and Dice's Head, and we'll anchor for the night up somewhere in that region." After leaving Gilkie's Harbor, they steamed away for Fort Point. And now Captain Grimes joined them as they were sitting on the after-deck, and addressed himself to the inspector, —

"We're just about where that laidge was reported, sir; and it seems to me, that, if you have no objection, it's a good chance to locate it."

"Well, why not, Captain Grimes?" was the reply. "We shall get to Castine in good time, and had better anchor there to-night, I suppose. I should think that you could not have chosen a better time; there's a little fog rolling in, but it may not reach us." Whereupon Captain Grimes altered his course a trifle, intending to get to the locality of the ledge, and then search for it.

"How do you know there's a ledge in the channel, Mr. Guptil?" asked Violet; for she had gone up to the pilot-house determined to hear all there was to hear, and to discover, if possible, how they proceeded to find a rock under water.

"Wal, Missy, the folks round here says they is, an' I s'pose they know. They's always wantin' somethin': they'll want a lighthouse on it next. Why, if they had their way, they'd have this coast lit up like Broadway, New York."

"Did they write to you about it?" inquired John, who had joined them. Mr. Guptil laughed. "To *me*? Law bless ye,

sonny, no. But they writ, and writ, and reported, and petitioned to the inspector, the whole caboodle on 'em ; they precious near worritted the life out of him : an' I guess he thinks, now he's here, he'll jest try an' find that thar laidge." A hail from the after-deck brought Violet running out of the pilot-house, and she saw that Captain Grimes was shading his eyes with his hand, and apparently trying to converse with a man in a dory, who was doing his best to keep up with the steamer. Mr. Guptil's head now protruded from the pilot-house, and, taking in the situation at once, he rang one bell to "slow down," and then again to stop the steamer.

"Hello there!" for the second time shouted Captain Grimes.

"Hello!" answered the man, rowing vigorously meanwhile, to keep up with the tender, which was going ahead now only through its own momentum, the engine having been stopped.

"We've heard tell of a laidge somewheres round here," said the captain.

"Who told ye?" returned the man, still trying by violent efforts to keep alongside the steamer.

"What?" roared the captain, for the propeller was being reversed, and nothing could be heard but the dash and roll of the foaming swell astern.

"Who told ye?" again called out the man in the dory.

"Wal, I don't rightly know who ; some o' the folks round here sent in a petition. They say they want a buoy on that there Jones's Laidge, and we've come to mark the spot."

"'S that so?" returned the man, resting on his oars.

"Yes," returned the captain, "that *is* so. Do ye happen to know where that laidge lies?"

"Wal, p'raps I do, ef ye make it wuth my while," was the answer.

"Make it wuth your while! What do you mean? I take it you're one of the folks to be benefited; so, if you don't mind hurryin' a little in your speech, I'd like to find out jest where that laidge is."

"Ef ye mean Jones's Laidge, I do know jest whar it lies," was the answer.

"Wal, come, speak out, man; we can't wait here all day."

"What'll ye give?" asked the man, looking up with greed and avarice written on every feature.

"Give? Give who, for what?"

"Give *me* for tellin' ye whar that ar laidge lies."

Mr. Guptil's head protruded from the door of the wheel-house.

"Tell him ye'll make him a present of the tender, cap'n, an' all that's in her, and put a fust-order light on his old reef;" and the excited mate half emerged from the pilot-house to throw a scornful gaze on the bargaining boatman.

"Quiet, Mr. Guptil, quiet!" said Captain Grimes, as if he were soothing a petulant child. "This is my business, Mr. Guptil, this is my business." And then to the man in the dory, —

"Ye surely don't want to be paid for tellin' the Lighthouse Service," and he waved his hand toward the inspector as its representative, "how it can aid ye, and make yer channel safe for your own navigation."

"I suppose, now," here interposed the irrepressible Mr. Guptil, stretching his long neck out of the pilot-house, and looking witheringly at the boatman (though he kept one hand on the wheel, as a safeguard), "I s'pose, now, cap'n, that when this gen-

tleman's young 'uns is sick, the doctor pays him liberal for lookin' at the pretty dears, and givin' his opinion whether they has the whoopin'-cough or the measles."

"Never you mind," wrathfully returned the man, shaking his fist at the mate: "I ain't a-talkin' with no subordinates."

"I swow, I'd turn the hose on him, cap'n, ef I had my way," sputtered the irate Mr. Guptil.

"Quiet, Mr. Guptil, quiet!—Now, my man, we are here to locate your laidge, and put down a buoy; it's for your benefit as well as for the other folks along here. Will ye tell me where it is, or not?" The man smiled cunningly, as much as to say, "You have *got* to put it down, and I'm the man to profit by my knowledge." He looked up again at Captain Grimes.

"Can't we dicker a little on that?"

"Go ahead, Mr. Guptil," roared the captain, now thoroughly disgusted and angry. "Go ahead, and let 'em see how they like puttin' down their own buoys." Mr. Guptil rang the bell; the propeller turned over, once, twice.

"Hold on!" shouted the man. "I'd sell it cheap,—five dollars; three." But only the thump, thump, of the screw answered him, and drowned his words, as he was left behind.

"I swow, cap'n," remarked Mr. Guptil, "I really thought you was a-goin' to ask that feller aboard to take a trip with us, you're so uncommon polite."

"Give me the wheel, Mr. Guptil; now you just take the launch," said Captain Grimes, ignoring his mate's attempt at raillery, "and three or four of the men, and go out and sound for that laidge. I'll get ahead of that fellow, if I have to stay here all day; and I'm a little shy of takin' the tender round on the aidges of this channel." As the immense black boat was

lowered from the davits, Cortland and John begged Uncle Tom to let them go too.

"Well, yes," he answered, "if you won't bother Mr. Guptil."

The mate smiled a pleasant assent to their joining the sound-ing-party, and away they went.

"Don't kinder like the fog loomin' up over there," said the captain presently: "kinder shets things in, some."

"Isn't it queer that it should come up so suddenly?" said Violet; and then, —

"Why did that man refuse to tell you about the ledge, cap-tain? I suppose he needs the buoy as much as any one."

"Doosn't seem hardly reasonable, now, doos it, Missy. But ye know I told ye t'other day there's mean folks everywheres. Not but what there's a powerful sight more o' good ones than bad ones," added the charitable captain, who always saw the silver lining to every cloud.

"Why, where's the launch?" said Violet. "I can't see her anywhere."

"Oh, yes, I see her still," and the captain pointed to a dim object just abeam. "No, I declare for't, but she's gone. Wal, we'll jest anchor, and keep the bell goin'. Perhaps we'll get a scale bymeby. Crane, let go the anchor, and tell Tim to keep the bell strikin' pretty often and pretty reg'lar. We jest like to give those steamers fair notice, ye know, Miss Violet, that we're here."

Violet's eyes could penetrate very little way from the sides of the vessel; but she had been with Captain Grimes before in just such fogs, and felt not the slightest symptom of fear.

Meanwhile John and Cortland were enjoying their new ex-perience. The immense boat in which they had taken their

places seemed to be large enough for the whole steamer's crew.

"She's daubed with paint from clew to earin'," apologized Mr. Guptil, "but 'twon't come off, not a mite, not a mite." And, indeed, the boat, being used, as Mr. Guptil said, for "all the dirty work of the coast," such as landing coal and stores, taking the men out to paint buoys, etc., was spotted and splashed with red and black paint from stem to stern. On they rowed, the bow of the launch running apparently into misty clouds, which after a while enveloped the boat on all sides.

"Why," said Cortland, looking up, "where's the Golden-rod?" John raised his eyes also. The steamer was not to be seen; only that thick wall of fog which shut in round the boat, and hid the land and every other object from view.

"I declare!" said Mr. Guptil, "'t seems sca'cely wuth while to be huntin' round in this fog. It did come up sudden-like, didn't it, now? But I guess we're mighty near the place. I should hate to go back and give up, beat."

All this time Brown was sounding with a lead line in the usual way; and his unintelligible reports to Mr. Guptil were as Greek to our young friends, as he called out, in the sing-song tone peculiar to persons sounding, —

"By the mark five!" A hauling-in of the line with its colored rags, and another swing and splash.

"By the deep six!" Overhand came the line into the boat, and out went the lead again. "Quarter less seven!"

"Hold water port, give way starboard!" And Mr. Guptil, with a full, round sweep of the steering oar, sent the bow of the boat in another direction.

"Gettin' too deep for us," he explained to the boys. "Want it to shoal up."

"By the deep four! Quarter less four! By the mark three!"

"Here we come," remarked Mr. Guptil.

"Quarter less three!" came from Brown. "Half two!"

"Guess we've fetched her this time," was Mr. Guptil's pleased comment. There came a sound to their ears, — *thud, thud, thud*.

"What's that?" asked John.

"Guess't must be the Bangor steamer," said Mr. Guptil, — "the Katahdin, or Penobscot more likely: she's due 'long 'bout now."

"And a half four!" from Brown.

"Give way starboard, give way port! Gettin' deeper, Brown; how's that?"

Thud, thud, thud; burr-r, burr-r. It is coming with a rush.

"Aren't we pretty near that steamer?" asked Cortland anxiously.

"Wal, sonny, I don't see no signs on her yit," answered the mate unconcernedly. "Who could," thinks John, "in this wall of mist."

"By the mark three! Quarter less three! And a half three!" from Brown. *Thud, thud, thud.*

"She's pretty near," said Cortland anxiously. "Is she very big?"

"Wal, she *is* bigger than a piece o' chalk!" smiled Mr. Guptil serenely, "but she's a gret sight smaller'n Green Mountain." A prolonged, shrill whistle, a *thud* and *burr, rumblety-boom, s-s-swis-s-sh s-s-swas-s-sh, rumblety-bo-oom, s-s-swis-s-sh s-s-swas-s-sh*, and with a mighty swoop and onward rush the great steamer loomed up out of the fog. Exactly toward their little craft she seemed to point, directly over them she seemed

to tower. How lofty her three decks, raised high one above another! How powerful and all-devouring the plunging sweep of her rattling, dripping paddles! Ah! she would grind them into splinters, with no jar to her own great hulk. How relentless the steady motion of her ever-moving walking-beam! How hopelessly lost any object which should chance to meet her ploughing stem. And as the enormous swells billowed up round them, and the swirling, froth-specked eddies caught and twisted the launch as if she had been the veriest cockle-shell, John turned pale, and Cortland jumped in terror to Mr. Guptil's side.

"We are lost!" he gasped. The mate, holding firmly to his steering oar with one brawny hand, laid the other with a gentle touch upon the shoulder of the terrified boy, whose eyes were hidden in his hands in preparation for the crash.

"Cheer up, sonny: no harm done," shouted Mr. Guptil in his ear, for the mighty rush of waters almost deafened them. And then, with a loud "Hurrah!" from the launch, in answer to a shout of greeting and the friendly wave of some caps over the after-guard, the great white, shaking, thundering mass vanished into the fog, leaving only a seething, foaming, tossing swell behind. Cortland breathed again. John's cheek regained its lost color.

"The little one's the plucky one," said Mr. Guptil to himself. "He jest sat a-starin' with all his eyes: t'other one couldn't face it, nohow."

"Wasn't there a good deal of danger?" inquired Cortland bashfully, as soon as he could find his tongue.

"No danger in life, sonny; but it's a literary fact, ef I'd ha' known this fog was a-comin' in so sudden, I wouldn't ha' staid

out here huntin' for that there laidge: not but that I think we've found it, though."

And now the faint sound of a striking bell is brought to them. It sounds to leeward, and so it is,—one of those unexplainable facts of the mystery of sound which has yet to find its discoverer.

"By the mark two!" sing-songs Brown.

"There, just heave that watch-buoy overboard, Robson. I reckon we've found Jones's Laidge without any help from our secret friend in that dory. I *guess* we're about right, but I'd like to varify it by landmarks in clear weather." The buoy is placed; the men take up their oars; Mr. Guptil gives a sweep of the steering oar, and on they go, apparently from nowhere, toward nothing. *Ting-tang* goes the bell; *ting-tang*, now near, now farther away, now nearer again.

"There she lies," says Mr. Guptil. John and Cortland strain their unaccustomed eyes, but can see nothing. "Right over the port bow, boys. Give way, there!" and the launch flies ahead. "In bow; way enough!" and out they shoot from the wall of fog, alongside the black hull of the steamer.

And now away to Fort Point, which stands up high and bold on the right bank of the Penobscot River, and just at its mouth. They do get what Captain Grimes calls a *scale*, for the thick mist breaks away a little; and the nearer the mainland they get, the clearer shines the sun, until at last, Fort Point reached, they sail out into sunlit waters under a blue sky, though the white veil hangs still low on the bay. Violet was glad to join the boys and her father, and go ashore and climb the hill. The view up the river is a lovely one from this place, and also seaward, over the bay filled with its many islands, when the day is clear. The

children rambled over the fort, built in the old French days, and also, as if they had not had exercise enough, climbed to the very top of the fine hotel to get the view from the "observatory," or cupola. There were brightly dressed children playing about in the grounds of the hotel, and summer visitors wandering about the wild paths, or walking over by the lighthouse bank, for the hotel and the lighthouse are very near each other.

"It's the prettiest place I ever saw," said Cortland decidedly.

"Pretty enough," answered Violet. "But just wait until you see Mount Desert."

"Oh! it's always 'Mount Desert' with you," returned Cortland. "What part of Mount Desert do you mean?"

"Every nook and corner; every path, and road, and field, and rock, and tree; every stream, and lake, and pond. And the mountains, oh, the mountains! I don't believe there is any thing like them anywhere."

"They aren't very high," said Cortland. "I read last evening, in that book of Uncle Tom's, that the highest isn't sixteen hundred feet. I don't call that very high."

"It isn't their height," said Violet. "I can't explain what it is, but I think you'll know when you get there. When you get up on one of them, you feel as if you were just ready to soar straight up to heaven. I can't describe it: it is only the *feel* that will tell you."

When the cousins were on board the tender again, Uncle Tom told them that it would have given him great pleasure had he had the time to take them up the river to see Fort Knox. "It is really a very fine and picturesque old fort," said Commander Gordon, "built since Revolutionary days, and named

after General Knox, who was a famous general in Washington's army, and afterwards Secretary of War. I believe that he came from Boston, and after his duties at the Capitol were finished, he retired to his old homestead up the St. George's, and there passed the remainder of his days." The sail to Dice's Head was through fog and sunshine, bits of one following the other in rapid succession. Now would the steamer run out into a bright burst of sunlight, then pierce a thin streak of fog, which would break away again in a moment, so that points of land, a rock, or some trees, would appear here and there, like isolated parts of *terra firma*, which seemed floating in this fleecy whiteness, as if they, too, were making a cruise through these mysterious waters. At last, in some unknown way, Captain Grimes perceived that they were approaching Dice's Head, and so the whistle blew its two prolonged blasts; and to it came in answer the sound of a bell, struck seemingly from the clouds, and sounding overhead. "Land must be very near," said Violet. And then she saw the outline of the shore, and then a strong and solid wharf became visible through the mist; and soon they were alongside of it, and again climbing a steep bank, the most slippery and difficult of ascent which they had yet attempted.

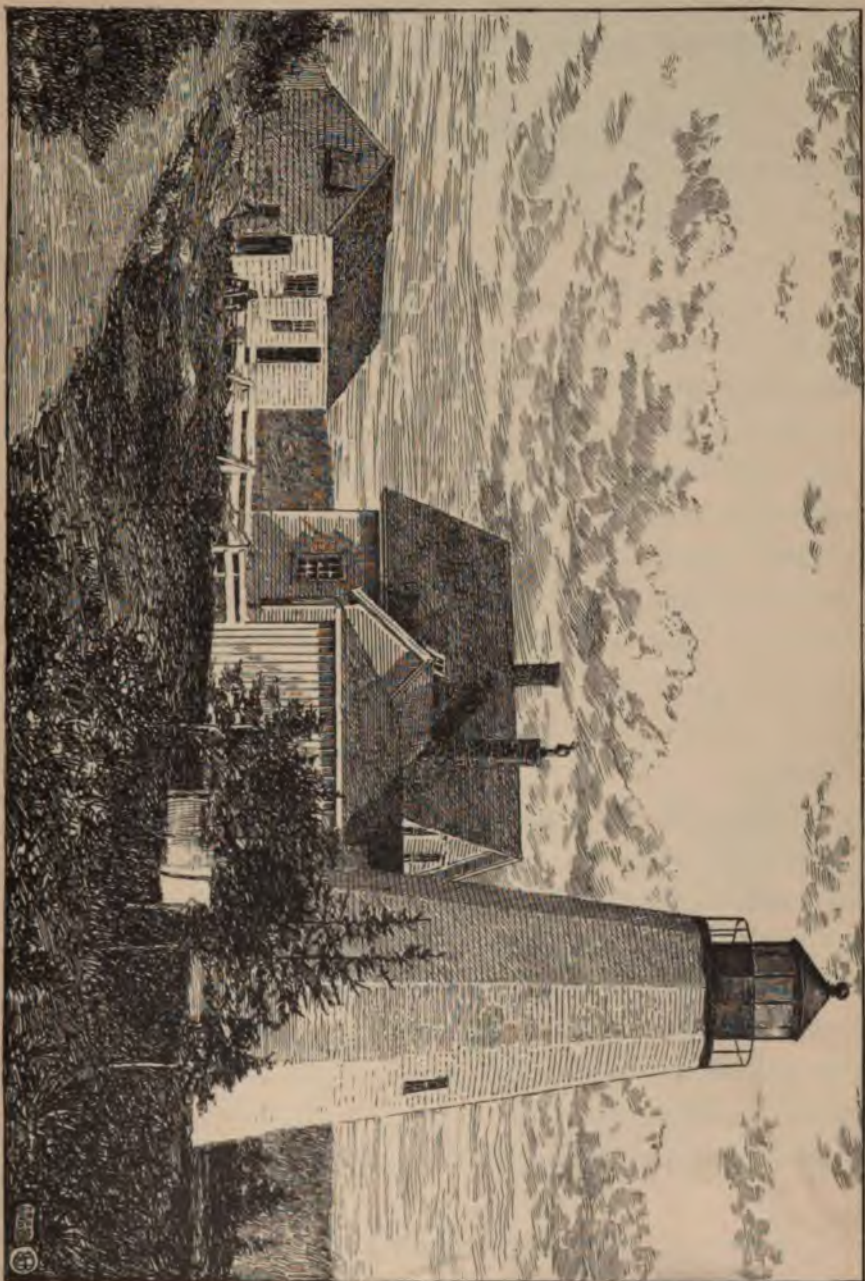
"What queer little houses!" said John as they came near the top of the hill, "like the pictures I have seen in a book called 'Homes of the Swiss.'"

"Yes," replied Uncle Tom, "they do look something like Swiss *châlets*, which, I think — Mr. Ruskin to the contrary, notwithstanding — are extremely picturesque."

"What does Mr. Ruskin say about them, Papa?"

"He calls them 'blots upon the landscape,' I think, or some-

DICE'S HEAD LIGHT, CASTINE, ME.



thing of the kind. But even Ruskin changes his views. Perhaps he will in this instance."

"What were these little houses put up for, Papa?"

"I think, my dear, that they are used for the accommodation of summer visitors. They certainly will have to go far to find a lovelier spot than this."

"It must be, when there is any view," said John.

"You can't see any thing distinctly when it's packed in cotton-wool," returned Violet, defending the scenery from John's imputation. "I remember that once, when I was a little girl, I tried to make a winter scene with some German toys that I had. The trees were of wood. I placed them in a box, and pressed cotton-wool, which I begged from mamma, down all round and between them, leaving only the tree-tops sticking up; and it looked, on a small scale, exactly like this," and Violet waved her hand towards East Penobscot Bay, "only that nothing can give any idea of this lovely fleecy fog.—What are you laughing at, Cortland?"

"Oh, nothing, Vi! Well, then, only your little airs of importance. '*When I was a little girl.*' Oh, my!"

"Well, I was surely very much smaller than I am now," said Violet, blushing. "Not more than six or seven." They had by this time arrived at the lighthouse; and, leaving Uncle Tom and Mr. Schafer to enter with the keeper, they rambled off towards the gate of the enclosure. Here a road stretched away round the hill, and down this road they saw a woman coming. As she drew near, she stopped, and asked if they were going to Castine.

"We *are* going to Castine," replied Violet politely, "but not this way. Have you come from Castine?" The woman

replied yes, that she had walked over to spend the afternoon at the lighthouse.

"Isn't there a ruin of an old fort between here and Castine somewhere?" asked John.

"Wal, yes," said the woman, "nearer Castine than here, I reckon: I hear tell of one."

"You don't mean to say you haven't seen it!" exclaimed Violet in surprise.

"Wal, I haven't," returned the woman. "Ye see, it don't lie quite in my road."

"Perhaps you are a stranger in Castine," said Violet.

"Who? *Me?* A stranger in Castine? Born there, raised there, lived there all my days." A man who was following her now slouchingly joined the group.

"Not quite all yer life, Marthy. Ye've ben away to furrin parts, ye know. Tell 'em whar ye've ben. — She's ben a gret traveller," explained the man. "Ye'd know that to jest look at her." An unconscious dignity was added to the woman's presence: she drew herself up with an air.

"She's ben," continued the man, "'s fur's Belfawst; an' from thar she did kinder scoot daown to Rockland, didn't ye, Marthy? But that was before we was married: she hain't done much travellin' sence. Ye enjoyed it now, didn't ye, Marthy?"

"That I did, Malachi. 'Twas a grand outin'." Cortland laughed rudely. John smiled faintly, but checked it at once as he looked at Violet, who was as politely attentive as if the woman had said, "I have been to Agra" or "to the source of the Nile." "I reckon ye come from Bangor now, *or* vicinity," said the man with a guide-book air and tone.

"No, we are from Portland now," answered Violet.

"Portland!" gasped their new acquaintance.

"My cousin here," pointing to John, "is from New York."

"New York!" gasped Marthy. And Cortland, glad of a little cheap notoriety, added, —

"And *I* am from Indiana." A double gasp, and Marthy looked at Cortland searchingly; and then, turning her eyes on Malachi, and solemnly and slowly shaking her head, she said, in a tone full of deep wonder, —

"Wal, that *doos* beat all! How kin folks live *so fur off*!"

Afterwards, when the children told all this to Uncle Tom on board the steamer, he laughed, and said that there was nothing for narrowing people's ideas like living always in one small place or circle. He said also, that the woman's reply about the fort being out of her way, and her great interest in purely local things, reminded him of a story which he had often heard his grandmother tell regarding her early days in Western New York.

"She was married," said Uncle Tom, "in the city of New York, and moved to a Western town *now* situated in Central New York; and she and my grandfather, having heard of the wonders of the great Falls of Niagara from such adventurous travelers as had penetrated those Western wilds, determined to go and see it for themselves. So they started, with a competent man servant and a trusted guide, to ride through what were then almost impenetrable forests. My grandmother was an accomplished horsewoman; and, though born and bred in New York (I will show you her father's old house some day, Violet, for it still stands with its rounding front on the Battery Park), she did not hesitate to take her night's rest in a log hut, or by a camp-fire if necessary. They had proceeded on their difficult

and tiresome journey for some days, until, one bright afternoon, a faint and very distant roaring sound fell upon their ears. As they proceeded, it grew more distinct; and their guide then remarked, 'I think that it must be the sound of the great Falls.' A sharp, clear click was the next sound they heard: and soon they came to a little clearing, where there was one very poor cabin; and just at the edge of a wood they saw a frontiersman, busily engaged in cutting down a tree. As the party approached, the man rested on his axe, and gazed on them with astonishment. The party drew up by the side of the rough, uneven road. They had taken a wrong turning, and the guide had become confused.

"My friend," said my grandfather, "can you tell me if we are drawing near to the great Falls of Niagara?"

"Wal, ye be," responded the man.

"How much farther is it?" asked my grandfather.

"Wal, I reckon about tew mile," answered the man, surveying in amazement the fine horses and general appearance of the party.

"What do we see first?" inquired my grandfather. "Do we come out on the river above or below the Falls?"

"Ding'd ef I know," said the man, tipping his hat over one eye, and scratching the back of his head; "but I reckon ye come out about even."

"Do you mean to say," said my grandmother, joining in the conversation from sheer astonishment, "that you have never been there?"

"Wal, ye see," said the man bashfully, shifting his axe-handle from the left to the right side, and leaning upon it awkwardly, "ye see, it's a fact I hev'n't, and I've lived round here

most ever since the country was opened; but fact is, I've never had *no 'casion to tackle up the team to go that way.*"

To-oo-to-oot! "Castine!" exclaimed our young people in a breath, in the midst of their laughter at Uncle Tom's story. As the Goldenrod steamed into the lovely harbor of Castine — the town sloping up on the bank which lay to their left, on their right hand the outlying islands spreading away, and finally losing themselves in overlapping points of land — the sun was getting low; and though the little trip from the lighthouse had been very short, various things had delayed them during the day, so there was not a great deal of time in which to go ashore before dinner was ready.

"This is the prettiest place of all," remarked John ecstatically.

"Every one seems prettier than the last," said Violet, "until you see the loveliest of all, and then things seem to go backward a little."

"I suppose the loveliest of all means Mount Desert," said John, laughing.

"It certainly does," returned Violet as she skipped toward the gangway, and took the man-ropes in her hands.

"Come, we must hurry," said Uncle Tom. "This is to be a 'personally conducted' tour, and you know one is not allowed to look at any object of interest for more than two seconds in those violent rushes round the world." Our party on landing walked directly up to the main street of the town.

"Let us go first to the old French fort, Papa," said Violet; whereupon they turned to the left, the boys walking together, Violet holding her adored Papa's hand, and following with him. They went in the direction from which the steamer had come.

Arrived at the place of destination, there was not very much to see, except the large old barn-like building which bore on its face this inscription, in very large letters : —

SITE OF THE OLD FRENCH FORT.

This the young people had already caught a glimpse of as they sailed up to the anchorage, and farther on they saw what appeared to be the grass-grown slopes of another fort. "Or is it the same one?" asked Violet.

"Whatever it is, my dear, we shall have to treat it in the same way that your friend Marthy has. It doesn't quite lie in our road."

"Can't we really go there to-night, Papa?" urged Violet.

"Oh, no, my dear! Why, we have had no dinner, remember; and Joe would be driven wild if we should keep him waiting." So they walked back reluctantly through the pretty town, with its neat houses and lawns, and branching trees (making the scene in the late afternoon light of a glowing sun a most charming one), and the gardens filled with old-fashioned and new-fashioned flowers, sending forth over the white palings a most delicious mingling of fragrant odors. They entered the really handsome and convenient hotel, which seemed quite new that year, and learned, by looking about for themselves, what Maine landlords can do for the accommodation of their guests when they will. As they returned to the tender, and during dinner, Uncle Tom entertained them all three with some account of the history of this pretty town.

"It takes its name," said Uncle Tom, "from the Baron Castin, or Castenis, as the name is sometimes spelled. Jean

Vincent, Baron of St. Castin, was born in Béarn, at the foot of the Pyrenees. When he was quite young he had entered the army, and fought for his country against the Turks. He must have been a mere stripling at this time ; for he was only twenty when he came to the New World, and joined himself to a tribe of Indians, the Abenakis by name. His wife was the daughter of an Indian chief whose name was Madokawando. Baron Castine was much beloved among these people, and he in turn was made a chief of the tribe. By trading among the Indians he accumulated an immense fortune for those days."

"What did he do with it out here in this wilderness, Uncle Tom?" asked Cortland: "he couldn't spend it."

"No: but he might have sent it away to France, which he did not do; he was not in the least avaricious, but used it entirely for the good of his tribe."

"Didn't he long to get back to France?" asked Violet.

"No: I believe he is said to have preferred this country to the land where he was born. His daughters must have had some education and training, for they were all married to Frenchmen of wealth and fine position."

"I wonder why he came so far from his home," said John.

"His adventurous spirit, I suppose it was, my boy, which led him to come to the New World; and beginning with barter and traffic, and then marrying and being made a chief, his ties were too strong to break. He remained just about here for thirty or forty years, busily engaged in exchanging with the Indians the beads and hatchets and cloths which he had sent out from France for their rich skins and furs. He was a Roman Catholic, and erected a beautiful chapel in the forest, and filled it with articles of great value. The English were his bitter

enemies, and attacked and persecuted without cessation the French and Indians; but even when, at one time, the baron and his family were driven from their homes, the invaders respected the chapel, and its contents were not touched."

"Did he die here, Papa?"

"No, Violet: he at last returned to France, but left his son to fill his place. This son is always called by historians Castine the Younger. Numberless are the tales related of this man; and he had to bear a long life of ill-treatment, persecution, and treachery at the hands of the English. Once they sent him word that they were coming to pay him a friendly visit. He prepared to receive them with great hospitality; and, when they arrived, they rioted through his house, plundering it of every thing. Later they sent an expedition, the purpose of which was to kill every person of French or Indian parentage to be found on the shores or islands of Maine. Perhaps they did not dare to kill one of the powerful Castine family, but they carried off as captives a sister of Castine the Younger, and all her children as well; her husband, a gentleman of refinement and wealth, being absent on a visit to France."

"I should think, Papa, that the English would have tried to Christianize the Indians, instead of making war upon them."

"Yes, one would suppose so; but their plan seemed to be to carry out the method which Weymouth had begun. Besides, their hatred of the French and the Catholics, and the attachment for the French and their religion which was strong in the souls and hearts of the Indian, made them bitter against these poor savages, so that they preferred to massacre them wholesale, rather than have them owe allegiance to France."

"My father told me a little about this after he came back

last year, Uncle Tom, and I thought he spoke of Castine the Younger: was he the Baron Castine?" John had recalled, while his uncle was speaking, a conversation that he had had a long time ago with his father. It was dim in his memory, but the name of Castine the Younger had remained in his mind.

"Yes, Johnny, he was a Baron Castine through being the son of the old baron; but he was also a famous chief of the tribe of the Abenakis, and a very remarkable man. The blood of two lines of nobles flowed through his veins, and he had all the bearing of a ruler. He was most intelligent, sweet-tempered, and magnanimous, and a man of culture, which was wonderful when you consider his birth and breeding; for though his mother was the daughter of a powerful chief, still this chief was but a savage of the Western world."

"Did he dress like an Indian, Papa, or like a Frenchman?" asked Violet.

"He held a commission from the French king, my dear, and owned a very handsome uniform; but he always preferred to wear the robes of his tribe. He was of a philosophical nature, and very much more, I think, like a Christian, than the English who persecuted him. There are well-known instances on record where he treated the English with great forbearance and magnanimity."

"What a good man he must have been!" said John; and Violet added, —

"What a good man his father must have been, to have made the younger Castine so good a son!"

"You have '*said my say*,' Violet, as our little Tom says sometimes. I was just about to tell you, that when we remember all that Castine the Younger had to contend with, — his own partly

savage nature, and his associations with a warlike nation, and the persecution of the English, who called themselves Christians, and cast such shame upon the name, being not the least of the troubles he had to overcome, — it seems most wonderful that he kept himself pure and good and just among such adverse circumstances; and the very fact of his having grown to manhood with such excellent qualities should, I think, lead us to give all due credit to his father. *He* has his detractors; but, for my part, I shall always think the very best of that noble-hearted gentleman, the Baron Castine."

And now I must go back, and repeat a little conversation that had taken place earlier in the day, on the trip from Fort Point to Dice's Head, between the boys, when they found themselves alone together, just under the lee of the companion-way hatch. Cortland had sufficiently recovered from his seasickness to begin again to be somewhat aggressive; and, used as he had always been at home to take the first place, he was getting rather disgusted, as the days passed by, to find that he was of no more importance on board the *Goldenrod* than any one else. Violet and John were considered and consulted quite as much as he; and as he was older than either of the others, fourteen the last June, and as he was so very large for his age that he was often taken for more than fifteen, he felt that he should have the benefit of both size and age. Indeed, he thought that both Uncle Tom and John "gave up," as he expressed it, to Violet much more than was necessary.

"She's only a girl," said he to John as he was airing his grievances.

"That's just the reason," argued John, "why every one treats her so well, — because she *is* the only girl on board; and for that

reason, Cort, I think we should make a difference. And, anyhow, isn't she always sweet and good-natured?"

"Oh, good enough," answered Cortland grudgingly; "but I do get so sick and tired of the mutual admiration of herself and her father. It's perfectly sickening to hear it all the time. 'Papa knows every thing,' " and Cortland assumed a tone which he seemed to think was a fair representation of Violet's, "and 'there isn't any thing in the world that Papa doesn't know.' I don't believe he knows so awful much."

It happened at this moment that Uncle Tom himself was coming up the companion-way, and, being under cover of the hatch, he was hidden from the boys, and the noise outside prevented his footsteps from being heard; but so quiet was it inside that their voices came plainly to him, and he heard Cortland's last complaining remarks distinctly. More to save the boy mortification than any thing else, he turned and softly descended the stairs, but not before John's noble defence of himself fell upon his ear:—

"Why, Cortland Delano! aren't you ashamed of yourself? Here you are the guest of Uncle Tom just as much as if you were visiting at his own house."

"I'm not his guest," retorted Cortland: "I'm the guest of the government." John was furious.

"*You!* The guest of the government! That *is* good. What do you suppose the government ever heard of you? I suppose you think that the President, or the Secretary of the Lighthouse Board, wrote to Uncle Tom, and asked him to invite you to go on a cruise. *A guest of the government! Oh, my!*" and the usually placid John, being aroused, poured out what was for him a stream of bitter sarcasm.

"No, I don't think that," returned Cortland, somewhat abashed: "but what I mean is, that it is no expense to take me on the cruise; that every thing is supplied by the government." John gave vent to a prolonged and scornful burst of laughter.

"Oh, it is, is it? Then I suppose, when all those boxes came on board at Portland, and all those chickens and fresh vegetables and fruit at Rockland, that you think the government paid for them. Well, Cortland Delano, I can tell you it's no such thing: and since you have begun to talk in this horrid way, and have made such a hateful speech, I will also say, for your comfort, that Uncle Tom bears *all* the expense of this trip; that every thing is paid for out of his pocket; and, as I told you before, you are just as much his guest as if you were visiting at his own private house."

"Well, that may be," said Cortland; "I don't know how you know. But he doesn't know every thing, and I sha'n't admit that he does."

Now, fortunately, only the first part of this conversation was heard by Uncle Tom. I think, that, had he heard the last of it, he would have been almost justified in setting the boy ashore, and letting him find his way home as best he might. But Uncle Tom had great sympathy with all boys; and though he was much surprised, as well as hurt, that Cortland should show such a bitter feeling towards himself and Violet, still he remembered all that Judge Braine had told him about Cortland's life at home, the petting and spoiling of three doting old aunts, and so he excused Cortland in his own mind, thinking, "John is a brave little champion: he will make the boy ashamed of himself."

And now Uncle Tom had finished with Baron Castine; but

seeing that Violet still held to her seat with pertinacity, and that she looked expectantly at him, he said, —

“Any thing more?”

“If you please, Papa, you promised to ‘look up’ the squid: have you looked him up?”

“Yes, my dear, I seized a moment when these young men were off at Jones’s Ledge,” and Uncle Tom looked slyly at the boys, “and you were busy in the pilot-house, — asking questions, was it? — to go down and consult a book on the subject.”

“How delightful that you had the book on board!” said Violet.

“Yes; and all that this book tells is so simple, so easy to comprehend, any mere child can understand it.”

“Well, go on, Papa.”

“Shall I tell you what I have learned in this youthful and childish book?”

“Oh, please go on!” said Violet. “Why do you laugh? Is it funny?”

“Funny? I should think not. Here is the information.” And Uncle Tom rattled off the following definitions: “Squid, a cephalopodous mollusk, dibranchiate order, tribe decapoda, family tenthidæ, of which the typical genus is *loligo* (lum).” Uncle Tom ran the two words together, and ended “*loligolum*.”

“O papa! what utter nonsense!” said Violet, laughing.

“No, no, my dear, not nonsense at all. Perhaps these young students can explain it. They ought to know all the living languages and most of the dead ones.”

“I don’t, sir,” said John modestly. “I am only a little way in Cæsar, and I have never studied Greek at all.”

“Perhaps Cortland can explain it,” said Uncle Tom, both eyes twinkling with fun.

"No, sir," said Cortland sheepishly. "I study with my aunts, and they don't think Greek and Latin necessary." A great pity came into Uncle Tom's kind heart for the mismanaged boy.

"Cortland," he said, breaking away entirely from his subject, "you had better come down and stay with us, and go to boarding-school, — that is, spend your Sundays with me, so that you would not be too homesick."

"I should like that, Uncle Tom," said Cortland, looking up brightly. And then he looked at John, whose eyes were fixed reproachfully on him; and, remembering the conversation of the afternoon, he blushed a deep crimson.

"We don't seem to be hearing very much about the squid," said Violet. "I hope that Cortland will go to boarding-school, and study all the dead languages that were ever heard of; but *I* should like to hear about this lovely squid," and Violet brought the jar, and set it on the table, "before I have to go to bed."

"Very well, Miss Impatience. I find that the squid is found almost everywhere, at least from Norway to New Zealand, and that, you will acknowledge, is a long distance; but it varies, of course, in different climates. These queer creatures have, as you see, a long, pointed body, tapering behind. They have eight arms, and two — in some instances very long — tentacles. These, however, our squid does not seem to possess. Underneath the arms are two rows of suckers all the way to the end, and with these they move on, or cling to an object. The shell, which is inside of the creature, is a horny, quill-shaped plate; this, resembling as it does in a measure a pen-holder, and the ink-bag filled with its jet-black liquid, have together given it

the name, among some persons, of the *Celamaries*, because these, combined with its general cylindrical form, give it the properties somewhat of an ancient *escritoire*."

"Does it crawl with these arms, papa?"

"Oh, no, not necessarily. It swims very rapidly backwards and forwards, but it can creep head downward on what is called the cephalic disk."

"His eyes look large," said John. "I wonder if he sees well."

"Yes, my book tells me that the sight of the squid is excellent. When he sees an enemy approaching, he throws out the black liquid from this small hole which you see just below the base of his arms on the under side, and so clouds the water."

"I should think it must expand," said John; "for that fellow threw an immense stream at Crane, and I should think it would have measured nearly a quart."

"When the ink is gone, and another enemy comes right along after the first one, what does the squid do?" asked Violet.

"Why, then he uses sea-water; and though he cannot cloud the water with it, as he can with his ink, he can blow out the water at those who he thinks are trying to harm him. I know a lady who has a place at Mount Desert, right on the coast; and she told me that she found a squid in a pool on her beach which had probably come in there at high water, and been left when the tide receded. As she neared the pool, her first warning of the squid's being in her neighborhood was a stream of black liquid which shot apparently from the edge of the pool. Fortunately the squid had not aimed particularly well, and it fell wide of the mark, leaving only a few small specks on her white gown

to remind her of her enemy. When the ink was gone, Master Squid filled himself with sea-water, and sent a column of that at her; and she said that he nearly blew himself out of the pool backwards in his efforts to deluge her. She was most interested in this strange creature, and watched his curious antics for a long time."

"Does it have eggs, Uncle Tom, like other fish?"

"Yes: its eggs are called sea-grapes, and sometimes amount in a single squid to forty thousand. It doesn't seem possible, does it?"

"Did your book tell you any thing about its pretty, delicate, changing colors, Papa?"

"Yes, my dear; and it seems to me that it must partake of the character, or nature rather, of a chameleon; for it can vary its colors at will, as it changes them from yellowish white to bluish violet, or from brown or red to orange, either in spots or general tints."

"Are they always as small as this, Uncle Tom?" asked Cortland.

"No, they sometimes grow to an immense size. Those found about here are generally from eight to twelve inches in length; but in 1872 one was found floating — dead, of course — off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland which, when measured, was found to be fifteen feet long, and round the body at the largest part four feet and two-thirds. Its longest arms were nine feet in length."

"Don't they ever grow any bigger than that?" asked Cortland, rather depreciatingly.

"Oh, yes, indeed: they grow so immense that they seem like whales in the water. It is supposed that the frequent sto-

ries of sea-serpents are many of them due to persons having seen the arms of the squid coming out above the surface of the ocean. Some of the squids of the genus *Architenthis* have attained a total length of fifty feet. Just think what wonderful things there may be down in the depths of the ocean that have never been brought to the sight of man!"

Violet drew John aside for a moment before they all separated for the night.

"John," she said, "what's the matter between you and Cortland? I don't think you treat him very well. Poor Cortland! I'm sorry for him, he has been so ill; and I think we ought to remember, John, that he is far away from his home, and, having been petted so much by those old ladies, he naturally expects more attention and kindness than the rest of us do."

John's eyes filled with tears; not by any means at the thought of Cortland, but at Violet's own sweetness of thought and language for one who had but a few hours before spoken so harshly of herself and so disrespectfully of her father. But he could say nothing without exposing Cortland: and, though not conscious that his manner toward his cousin had changed, he saw that it must have, or Violet would not have noticed it; so he only said, as he wrung her little hand for good-night, —

"All right, Vi: I'll remember."

CHAPTER IV.

An Aquatic Visitor is frightened away by an Unfriendly Welcome. — A Story of Peril. —
Captain Grimes "sets" a Buoy.

THE fog had not cleared away when the boys arose the next morning.

"Have they got a dog on deck?" said John to Cortland from behind his curtains. "Just hear that barking. What do you suppose it is, Cort?"

"I'm sure I don't know. You run up and find out, John. Or here, I'm ready: wait for me." And together they started clattering up the companion-way.

They raised their eyes to the door to see 'Lias's blue-coated form filling up the opening, and 'Lias's yellow warning finger pressed on his cushioned lips, and then extended to beckon wildly, and 'Lias's eyeballs rolling until they seemed to turn completely over, leaving nothing but a white space behind.

Violet, who had tip-toed along the deck, and was looking under 'Lias's waving arm, beckoned also, and put her finger on her pretty lips; but, catching sight of that terrible disappearance of the color of the steward's eyes, could not forbear whispering softly, —

"*Don't*, 'Lias: you really never will get them back."

Still beckoning, she drew the boys upward and out upon the deck; and holding the arm of each one lightly, and leading them forward, and to the rail just abaft the engine-room, she pointed

to the water, from which the barking sound proceeded. Their eyes followed her pointing finger, and fell upon a queer little brown, shiny object swimming along by the side of the tender, keeping well up with it, and sending forth every now and then a succession of short barks, like those of a young puppy. The boys took their eyes away from it long enough to look inquiringly at Violet.

"It's a baby seal," she whispered. "Just watch." And, as their eyes turned again to the water, the baby seal sank suddenly out of sight, as if pulled downward by some superior force; escaping from which, however, the small creature bobbed out again a little astern, and swam up alongside, barking as it came. Violet was in an ecstasy of delight. Her father stood leaning against the shrouds, amused and pleased; and most of the ship's crew were stationed at different points along the upper and lower deck forward, watching the queer motions of the pretty creature. Again the seal disappeared, but not without a struggle; and this time the watchers saw the rapidly moving flippers of another and larger object beneath the little fellow. Uncle Tom took this opportunity to draw near to Violet, and say in a low tone, —

"I think it's the old seal, — the mother. She is afraid of the boat, and very wary; but the little one is all curiosity, for seals are full of it." Again the brown baby pulled away from its mother, and swam, barking, alongside; its water-soaked, sleek head pushing out forward along the surface of the water, its soft brown eyes turned on the boat and the watchers on the decks, its bark — of delight, apparently, with every thing it saw — continuing incessantly. Just here there was a movement at the engine-room door, and one of Mr. Barnes's assistants appeared

with a rifle. He stepped out upon the deck close to the bulwark; and then Violet for the first time discovered him, but not sooner than Captain Grimes, for, the mate having the wheel, he, too, had been watching the antics of the baby seal and its mother from the pilot-house door. With Violet's loud cry of distress as the gun was raised to the man's shoulder, came a stern, decisive command, —

"Drop that, Carter! drop it! Ef you fire, I'll send you after your bullet." The man lowered the gun, and raised his eyes sullenly to Captain Grimes.

"'Tain't no harm," he said: "every one shoots 'em."

"Not on board this boat they don't," was the answer; "they may other wheres, but not aboard the tender. Now, what good would it do you, Jack Carter, to take the life o' that there poor little creature? You couldn't get him, anyway. No, no; you keep your charge for coots or shags when you're out in the small boats, but leave them helpless innercents alone."

Violet looked at the captain, her eyes full of gratitude; and then, with a glance of withering scorn at Jack Carter, who slunk hurriedly out of sight, she turned to look after the seals. The barking was growing fainter. Both had dropped behind. Two black heads were bobbing up and down, and growing dim in the boiling wake of the steamer. The mother was holding her little one closely with her flippers, the baby struggling like a naughty child to get away, and follow after the wonderful thing that had so delighted it. It looked, between its struggles, after the steamer, and barked plaintively. Violet drew a long sigh as the black specks were lost in the fog.

"What a pity!" she said. "He might have kept right alongside for ever so long if I hadn't screamed, but I *couldn't* have the poor little thing shot."

"That is a 'new hand,'" said her father, "or he wouldn't have tried it. No wanton sport is ever allowed on board the *Goldenrod*. It would have been a most pitiful sight, if the poor little thing had been shot, to see its mother's sorrow. Seals are very affectionate: some persons insist that they are more intelligent than any other animals."

"I suppose you are going to Pumpkin Island, Uncle Tom," here remarked John.

"It's the early bird again, Johnny. We have been there already. No, we are going now to Eagle Island; and I am glad that you boys are up, for I want you to see it. We'll get a cup of coffee, and then go ashore. Here, 'Lias, bring that coffee right up here: we haven't much time. There blows the whistle now."

Our party landed at Eagle Island, directly on the beach; and such a beach, sweeping in a curve for the distance, perhaps, of three hundred yards, and forming a perfect little bay! A very broad beach this is at low tide, sixty or seventy feet in width; and, as the tide was low, the slope seemed long from the boat to the top. But the beautiful round pebbles of which it is formed were a new source of wonder and delight. Uncle Tom grumbled a little at the low tide, as his feet sunk in, and slipped backward on the pebbles.

"It takes us all day to get to the road," he said. But when they did reach the road, what a picture it was! A grass-grown country road is pretty at all times; but when it is bordered on either side by thick rows of spruce and firs, through which the sunshine glints and flickers, can any thing be more charming? Some day, perhaps, you will go to the city of Dresden, in Saxony, and in the wonderful gallery of old paintings and mod-

ern ones you will see a large, square picture of the woods, — nothing else, — through which the sunshine *glints* on the trunks of the trees. The picture was painted by Leonardi, and it will seem to take you to the forest as nothing but the actuality can. Uncle Tom thought of Leonardi's picture as he walked up the road; and he was still telling the others how wonderfully exact all the details of the coloring are, when the road led them out into an opening.

Violet stopped, and looked back down the shaded road, where the flecks of sunlight marked the trees here and there.

"Is this another of the *very* prettiest places, Vi?" asked Cortland.

"Well, nearly; it *is* lovely, isn't it? I have never been here before."

"Let us go ahead and see all there is," said John; "we can see this, coming back." The lighthouse at Eagle Island stands on quite an elevation, perhaps one hundred feet above the water. The young people sat themselves down in front of the lighthouse, and tried their best to see who could throw pebbles far enough outward to reach the surf below.

"What's this light for?" asked Cortland.

"I heard Uncle Tom say that it is a guide up East Penobscot Bay," replied John. Cortland sat looking at the mist wreathes as they curled and twisted in queer shapes, separated, or formed into solid masses.

"How this fog does hang on!" said Cortland. "I think, if I had known you had so much of it down here, I wouldn't have come." Violet took no notice of this polite speech.

"They say it sometimes lasts three days," said John, to cover an awkward silence; "but perhaps that isn't when one is moving about all the time."

"I'm going down to the boat, John," said Violet with great dignity, as she rose and walked slowly away, stooping now and then to pick a wild-flower that grew in the opening.

"You've hurt her feelings, Cort: that was a rude speech. Run after her, and tell her you are sorry."

"Sha'n't do it," was the ungracious reply, as a pebble was viciously pitched over the cliff. "I don't blame her or anybody for the fog. I only said I wouldn't have come if I had known there was so much fog, and I wouldn't. I thought you believed in speaking the truth."

"Cortland," said John earnestly, "I wonder you can want to make yourself so disagreeable: you can be so nice when you choose."

To which Cortland returned the very elegant remark, that if John "didn't like it, he could lump it;" and John, too, left him, disgusted.

When Uncle Tom joined the young people, he found them sitting in the boat; Violet and John keeping up an animated conversation in the stern of the gig, while Cortland was doubled up lazily and sulkily in the bow.

"Come, Cortland, take your place," said Uncle Tom pleasantly.

"I'm going to sit here," was Cortland's short reply.

"Get up at once, Cortland, and take your seat in the stern;" and the boy reluctantly took his place next to John. This brought him face to face with Violet, from whom he averted his gaze; while she and John kept up their small rattle of conversation.

"Ah! sent to Coventry," thought Uncle Tom. "It's some childish quarrel." And, as they walked towards the cabin, he dropped behind, and whispered in Violet's ear, —

"Two to one isn't fair."

"Neither is one to one, Papa, not if that one begins it." And Uncle Tom said no more. They sailed through streaks of mist and sunshine, and finally landed at Mark Island in Deer Island Thoroughfare. As they drew near the shore, the children noticed particularly the immense rounded rocks, as if just here the surges had been utterly relentless, and, in their ages of dashing and beating on these rocky barriers, they had polished and rounded off the angles and corners, and had left them strewn about like mammoth cannon-balls.

"There, Miss," said Robson, touching his cap as he helped Violet out of the boat, "there's the giant footstep."

"Oh, yes, I've seen it, Robson. — Here, John, look: here's the place where the giant planted his foot."

John looked, and saw an imprint in the rock that did indeed look as if some immense giant had stepped there in his lengthy stride from island to island.

"Almost large enough for the Colossus of Rhodes," said John, whose favorite and latest study had been ancient history. "Did he only step once, and never again?" asked he, turning to Robson.

"Oh, no, sir: the first print of his foot is over on Long Island; this here's the second. Then he come down over Camden way, — putty long stretch, that;" and Robson grinned. "And then there's another step way back in the country some'ers; and they do say, that to them as'd search 'em out, they'd show up clear'n across the conty-nent." Our young people learned at Mark Island that the light is a "fixed white," and is placed there as a guide up Penobscot Bay and through Deer Island Thoroughfare. When they were again on board, Captain Grimes came aft.

"There was a man off here in a dory while you was away, sir," he said to the inspector; "and he says as there's two buoys gone, over toward Lone Island. He says they wrote about it the first of the week, but we must just have missed the letter." The inspector looked dubious. "He says as how it's mighty needful, sir, to have some new ones put down. He came near goin' ashore there last night. Couldn't pick up a buoy nohow. And he says that a man in a pinky from Machiasport scraped on *some* laidge, he don't know what." Uncle Tom sighed.

"Well, if we must, we must. You know, captain, how I dislike to stop, when I am inspecting, for buoy work; and we've got that diver to pick up at South-west Harbor, and perhaps wait a whole day with him. But the buoys ought to be set, there is no question about that, and I suppose you think it better to set them."

"Wal, that was my meanin'," said Captain Grimes, "ef it wouldn't hender you too much, sir."

"Oh, no! we must stay somewhere over Sunday; and after we leave Burnt Coat we can go over there and set those buoys, and then anchor."

"It's just as well, sir," said the captain. "We can't work very late in the fog. Doos beat all how it sticks." And now it grew thicker than ever; and to the children, gathered in the pilot-house, Captain Grimes's cautious handling of the wheel, his constant ringing of the engine-room bell, added to his continued peering ahead and on every side, were causes for anxiety. Occasionally a bold rock or a dark ledge showed out on one side; on the other would come the sound of a hand-bell, rung by some faithful soul to warn voyagers that land was near. The channel here is narrow, and they proceeded with caution.

Sometimes the stopping of the machinery and the sudden cessation of the noise of the thumping screw made the change appear like dead silence. Then Captain Grimes would ring once, to "go ahead;" and again the steamer would move slowly forward, the captain still looking anxiously here and there, before, behind, on one side, on the other (as if mortal sight could pierce those clouds of fleecy wool), often calling to the "lookout" stationed at the bow, —

"D'ye see any thing?" or "All right ahead there?"

Hark! what was that? A distant whistle, another nearer at hand; again it sounded shrill and loud, almost close ahead. But the engine-room bell had been rung, two bells ("stop"), three bells ("back her"), jingle bell ("as fast as possible"), and the tender foamed backward through the water like a marine monster retreating from a more powerful foe; and, as they backed, a steamer passed so close to them that the children held their breaths. A glimpse of decks filled with warmly wrapped travellers, a flash of bright shawls. *Mount Desert*, read the three cousins together, as her name came in view; and then the fog closed in behind her, leaving a flat, pale-green foaming wake as evidence that she had been there. *To-oo-toot!* sounded her shrill whistle three times, a salute which was returned by the *Goldenrod* as she again started ahead, feeling her way.

"Ah!" in a tone of relief from Captain Grimes.

Violet's eyes followed his to the water abeam, where the great black ribs of a lost schooner appeared above the surface as a warning to others not to attempt what she did and meet a like fate. "I was a-lookin' for that old *wrack*," remarked the ain as he pulled the bell. "It's all right now." And on came into blankness.

Chink-chink-chink, click-clack, chink-chink, chick-chack, tip-top, tick-tack, chink-chank-chink. Three pairs of young eyes turned inquiringly on Mr. Guptil.

"It's th' querries," he explained.

"Quarries in mid-ocean?" asked John.

"Ef this fog's to lift, ye wouldn't call it mid-ocean," responded the mate. "Jest over *thar*," indicated by a horny finger, "'s the query, 'nd jest about *thar's* th' wharf, 'nd over *yander's* Jeb Simmonslee's house," pointing into what looked like a snow-bank. "You know Jeb, cap'n, — him as went to Rio, and kin speak the puckwaw (it must be explained that Mr. Guptil meant *patois*) o' them outlanders real well. 'Nd right *thar*, runnin' up *from* th' wharf *toe* the query, 's the track whar th' cars run. Hear 'em? *thar* come some on 'em now," as a heavy rumble was heard, followed by a *bunkety-bunk-bunk*, as the cars came together with a sudden stop. A long squeal, a squeak of unoiled axles, and then the rumbling sound came again, to be succeeded by a *bump-squeak-bunk*, intermingled with *click-clack, tick-tack, chinkety-chink*, of the hammers of the chiselling unseen quarrymen. They steamed slowly by, cutting the white bank with their prow, seeing nothing but the water on either side of the vessel.

"Beats all how't doos hold on," said Mr. Guptil. "We 'xpect it outside this time o' year, but through the Thorryfares we do 'xpect the land to burn it off a leetle mite."

A long time was spent by the young people speculating upon where they could be.

"Do you ever have any accidents, captain?" asked John. The others seemed equally interested in the reply.

"Not often," smiled the captain.

"Why not?" asked Cortland.

"Luck, I s'pose," said the captain. "*And* pluck," added the mate.

"Hark! hear the rote," continued he; "'t must be over to Marshall's Island. Cap'n, don't see that red buoy nowheres. Can't pick him up, nohow."

"Are we going to stop and pick up a buoy?" asked Cortland.

"Law bless ye! no, sonny. I do hope, by Whittaker's barn! that we'll pick up one mighty sudden; but as to *stoppin'*!—W'at's that, cap'n, out there to leeward; 't's scalin' up some, now—'t — seems — to — me" —

"Only that old stump of a Norway pine down to Sewall's P'int, Mr. Guptil. Where in the name of— Oh, there he is," and a tall red beam bobbed up against the bow, and scraped along the side, and was left to bow and bob to the ceaseless swell.

"Nearin' Marshall's Island. Rote's gettin' louder. Hear the rote, sonny?"

"I hear a roar. I've heard it a long time," replied John, at whom Mr. Guptil was looking. "It sounds like breakers."

"So 'tis, sonny, so it is. Ain't ye gettin' 'feared; breakers ahead, it is, and that's a literary fact." John smiled confidently. He felt that he would go round the globe in the *Goldenrod* with the captain and Mr. Guptil, and feel no fear.

"Ye see," said Mr. Guptil, leaning down, and speaking confidentially in John's ear. "thar's nothin' in life like knowin' the *topogaphy* of the coast, and thar's the man that knows it every time," pointing to the captain's broad back; "'nd, ef thar's *any blame to come*, thar's shoulders broad enough to bear it.

Nothin' like a good conscience, sonny, and rectitood of puppus."

There is no doubt that Captain Grimes was Captain Grimes, and Antony Guptil was his prophet. As the vessel neared Burnt-Coat harbor, John declared that he saw two lights. Cortland said, "There's only one, John; don't you suppose I can see. You've got the fog in your eyes, as I heard Mr. Barnes say."

"I see two, anyway," said John stoutly, determined for once to hold his own against Cortland.

"All right. We'll ask Mr. Guptil."

"What is it, sonny?" said Mr. Guptil, who was steering, and paying no attention to the boys' dispute,

"John says there are two lights."

"Cortland says there's only one."

"I'm right, of course, Mr. Guptil."

"Anybody with half an eye can see that there are two lights."

"Who's right, Mr. Guptil? Who's right?"

Mr. Guptil smiled.

"Miss Vi'let here was readin' a tale the other day about a shield. One feller said 'twas silver, and t'other coot said as how 'twas gold — perhaps ye've heerd the story. To my way of thinkin', they was both right."

"That doesn't apply to us, Mr. Guptil," said John, — they were very close to the lighthouses now, — "for I am certainly right. See there," and John pointed to where the two towers of Burnt Coat rose high above the hill. John was triumphant, Cortland correspondingly depressed.

"Now, sonny, don't ye get sassy, and don't ye be too uplifted, because ye're both right, — one jest's much as t'other."

"But how can that be, Mr. Guptil? I said there were two lights, and there they stand."

"No, no, sonny; two *towers*, not two lights. Ye said two *lights*: p'raps ye meant two towers, but folks has to say what they mean." Cortland looked pleased, though as yet he did not know what for. John was somehow in the wrong; and though he had said there was only one light, and he saw, as he was sure, two, Mr. Guptil had arisen as his champion, and he was to be vindicated.

"Ye see, it's this way," said Mr. Guptil, as the captain took the wheel: "that there front tower hasn't any light,—they had to discontinny it,—so ye're both right and both wrong." The boys' faces showed a mixture of chagrin and pleasure.

"Ye see, 'twas this way: them lights was put up for range lights; but, laws a massy! the idee of puttin' up range lights for this narrow channel, only one hundred and fifty feet apa't! Now, down to the Cape¹ we have range lights, but they're nine hundred feet apa't, an' ye can get yer bearin's 'thout a mite o' trouble. Now, ye'll find, all through yer experience o' life, that there ain't no change made onless it's for some reason or other; and the Board had a mighty good reason for discontinnyin' that front light here at Burnt Coat. Ye see, 'twas this way: the' was two schooners comin' in from George's Banks, sailin' in comp'ny. It was a-blowin' all the guns in England from the west'ard,—a tremenjuss rake it has jest here, and an awful storm it was. One of them schooners went about and stud off, as he'd ought to do. On board t'other schooner was a chap with more pluck than brains, who up an' come to the captin', and said as how he knew the way into Burnt-Coat harbor every time. The captin'

¹ Cape Elizabeth is always *The Cape* to natives of Portland.

was one of these here trustful kind o' mortals, who'd rather say yes than no; so they stud right on, with the light, as they thought, in proper range: and the fust they knowed they brought up on one o' them there dry laidges; and there they lay, the sea a-breakin' over 'em like all possessed, jest a-sweepin' em fore an' aft, an' no land but that laidge o' rocks inside from seven to eight feet high. That schooner filled with water, and them fellers was nigh drowned, like rats in a bucket. They clim out on deck, and three on 'em was washed overboard, and that's the last that was seen o' *them*. The capting hed his leg broken as he was a-tryin' to swim to the high rocks; and, ef you'll believe it, he was washed off three times. The last time 'twould ha' been all day with him but for one o' the crew ketchin' him by the leg and draggin' him up out o' reach o' th' breakers. Whittaker's barn! but that was a tough time!"

"What *did* the poor men do, Mr. Guptil?" asked Violet, who had also been listening with intense interest to this sad story.

"Wal, Missy, like St. Paul, they waited for day; and, when the mornin' broke, they got a piece of sail from the wrack and made a sort o' tent; an' thar they staid from Tuesday night—*or*, to be co-rect, Wednesday mornin' at two A.M.—till Thursday afternoon, when they were took off. They hadn't a spark o' fire ner a mossel o' food, and why they was alive no mortal can tell, an' that's a literary fact."

"This looks like a safe harbor," said John.

"Snuggest an' prettiest on the coast," returned Mr. Guptil; which, though it is Mr. Guptil's opinion, may not be yours or mine.

"What is this land?" asked Cortland; "the mainland, or an island?"

"Bless ye, son, it's Swan Island; and a powerful big piece o' mother-earth it is, poppin' up here in the sea." The stay ashore at lovely Burnt-Coat harbor was another delight; and but for the streaks of fog which were constantly blowing in from the sea, every thing would have accorded well with the wishes of our party. From the lantern of the tower our young people had the "Black Ledge," the scene of the shipwreck, pointed out to them, and were impressed very much with the horror of such a situation as that in which three sailors lost their lives by drowning, and the remainder of the party just escaped death by starvation or freezing.

And now, as they left Burnt Coat astern, the boys noticed that there was unusual activity on the forward deck.

"What is going on down there in front, Violet?" asked John.

"I think they must be getting ready to set a buoy," answered his cousin. "They seem to be pulling a long one forward, even with the opening; and they've taken away the rail."

"What sort of a buoy?" asked Cortland.

"A spar buoy, I suppose, of course," returned Violet. "We haven't any other on board. It's that long, red, mast-looking thing that you see sticking out past the opening there."

"We shall have to set two," said Uncle Tom, joining them. "Didn't you say there were two gone, captain?"

"That's what the man told me," said Captain Grimes. "I can tell pretty well, 's soon as we get over there, ef both on 'em's gone."

"How long is that buoy, Uncle Tom?" asked John.

"About forty-five feet long, my boy. It is a red one, as you see, and we shall set it on the starboard side. After that we shall have to set a black one, so you will have a very good op-

portunity to see the operation ; and what you fail to comprehend during the first trial, you can inquire about on the next."

The boys looked over, and saw that the rail on one side of the forward deck had been unshipped, leaving that side quite open to the sea. It looked very unsafe as the men walked carelessly past this opening, stepping sometimes on the very outer edge of the deck, the blue water rushing past below them, making the boys dizzy to look at it.

"Do you see the red buoy sticking forward there, past the opening? It has, as you see, an iron strap fastened high up on either side ; and at the bottom the strap holds, as you see, a strong iron ring. Now look at that enormous block of granite on the deck there. That is what we call a sinker. That is the buoy's anchor, and moors it in its place."

"How much does it weigh, Uncle Tom?"

"How much, captain? two and a half — three tons?"

"About three ton, I guess, sir, that one. Sometimes we hev 'em to weigh five ton when we are puttin' down a big thing like a bell-buoy, 'specially ef the weather's likely to be rough out there. But those biggest fellers is only for bell-buoys an' can-buoys, an' such like."

"Now, boys, I want you to notice all that is done," said Uncle Tom. "Look at the sinker: it is about four feet square, — a very heavy weight. In the top, just at the centre, you see a ring-bolt. That runs all the way through the rock, through a hole drilled for the purpose, and is hammered over securely on the other side."

There came the rumbling sound of the working of the steam winch.

"Now, boys, the derrick comes into play. Watch Mr. Gup

til. See the derrick," the boys looked upward, "how it is swinging round. There it is, just over the sinker. Now the tackle is lowered, and Mr. Guptil puts the heavy iron hook into the ring on top of the stone."

"Hoist away!" shouted the captain. "Go ahead with the winch!" And the immense stone was lifted as if it were but a feather's weight, and, guided by Mr. Guptil and his assistants, was deposited close to the edge of the steamer.

"Now look at Robson," said Uncle Tom. "He hands Mr. Guptil that short piece of chain; and now Mr. Guptil is fastening it to the end of the buoy with a shackle, and Robson shackles the other end to the ring in the sinker. Now watch, boys: it is all ready."

Mr. Guptil and Robson each took up a hand-spike, which they thrust under the inner edge of the rock.

"Stand clear!" shouts Mr. Guptil. The lines that hold the buoy in place, by men stationed for the purpose, are slipped; and at the same moment the great rock, pushed from its position on the edge of the deck, tips over the side, and, with a great splash which sends the water up high overhead, sinks swiftly to the bottom. The steamer starts ahead; and the buoy bobs and jerks and whirls round about for a moment, and then settles down as a channel guide in its proper place, until broken off by some reckless vessel, or swept away by some overwhelming sea. The same operation was repeated in a few moments; the only difference that the boys could see being, that the buoy was a black one, and "set" from the port side of the tender. The young people watched the manœuvres of Mr. Guptil and the men with intense interest, and, waiting anxiously until Captain Grimes had found the exact bearing, viewed the great splash

and sinking of the anchor, and the consequent agitation of its partner, the buoy, with delight. Soon after this they anchored under the shelter of a high island, where they found a safe little bay. Although there was no lighthouse on this island, Mr. Schafer soon pushed off in the dinghy, with Crane to row him, carrying the inevitable can, upon which Cortland even had learned to look with respect.

"Those poor wretched-looking cows certainly can't give us any milk, Mr. Guptil," said Violet.

"Wal, Missy, some fellow once said that it's the onexpected which most allays happens. Thar's nothin' much more deceivin' than appearances, an' ye can't tell allays from the looks of a toad how fur he'll jump. Now, I shouldn't be so awful surprised ef the lampist was to come back with all the milk he could carry."

And so it proved; for Mr. Schafer came back with his can brimming over with milk, which, if it was somewhat inferior in quality, was in quantity sufficient, as Mr. Guptil said, for "all hands."

"Guess they wun't get many summer bo'das here," said Mr. Guptil.

"*Doosn't* look so very enticin' now, *doos* it?" returned the captain.

"Looks kind o' suspicious, both them buoys bein' gone," remarked Mr. Guptil musingly.

"What *air* you talkin' about, Mr. Guptil?" replied the captain. "I know there has been talk about the place: and there has been wracks over here, — that I won't deny; and no doubt but the poor folks in there took their advantage, no doubt but they took their advantage. But who's a-goin' to say that they had any thin' to do with the wrackin' of 'em? Give even Lone-

Island folks their dues, Mr. Guptil. We can't none of us afford to be made out worse than we air."

"Supper's ready, sir," said Crane ; and the captain went below.

"No, we can't," said the mate, looking after the captain's broad, squat figure as he descended the companion-way. "We can't, and that's a reel literary fact ; least of all, the Lone-Island folks can't. I shouldn't want to publicate my sentiments," continued Mr. Guptil, addressing the wheel, his sole companion, "but ef thar's a good man, woman, *or* child on that thar Lone Island, shackle me to a five-ton sinker, and drop me overboard in forty fathoms."

CHAPTER V.

The Boys discover that the Fourth Commandment is in Force on Board the Golden-rod.—Lost on Treachery Cliff.—Found.

IT was Sunday morning; and the boys, knowing very well that they could expect nothing more than a quiet walk on shore, perhaps, when the fog should lift, were wandering round aimlessly on deck. Cortland expressed it as his opinion that he could not see why they should not have a little fun of some kind. John said that he thought so too, and wondered if Uncle Tom would mind their just dropping their lines overboard. They stood leaning disconsolately over the rail, gazing down into the water's clear depths.

"See there!" said Cortland in an excited whisper, "see those fellows jumping all round the boat, just ready to grab at any thing. Perhaps we can get Vi to persuade Uncle Tom to let us fish.—Violet," he called down the companion-way, "come up here a minute."

"Can't," returned a voice from the farther side of the cabin: "I'm learning my Sunday lesson."

"Sunday lesson on board ship! I never heard of such a thing," said little John.

"I always learn it," said Violet, walking slowly toward the foot of the stairs, and looking up at them, her finger keeping the place in her book. "Papa likes to have me, and I promised Mamma I would."

"It can't be half so nice sitting down there in the cabin as it is up here on deck," said Cortland.

"Papa is here," and Violet's tone expressed volumes. "Besides, my lesson is dreadfully interesting. It's all about the disciples going fishing."

"Just what we were talking about," said John briskly. "Say, Vi," and John beckoned, "just you come up here a minute;" and, as Violet slowly ascended the stairs, he whispered down to her, "Don't you think Uncle Tom would let us fish to-day?"

"Oh, no, Johnny, indeed! He would not like to have you ask him."

"But what harm is there in it?" asked Cortland.

"Well, I don't know exactly. I know, for one thing, that Papa is very particular how we spend Sunday at home; and here, perhaps, he thinks our fishing would be a bad example to the men."

"But," returned Cortland, "you just said yourself that your Sunday lesson was all about going fishing."

"Yes; but I didn't say that they went fishing on Sunday."

"Who?"

"Why, Christ and his disciples," said Violet.

"But," argued John, "he did a great many things on Sunday; he pulled corn and did eat, — I remember that; and he made five loaves of bread and two little fishes enough for a great many people."

"Well," said Violet, looking distressed at the continuance of the argument, "I haven't any doubt that Papa would be willing we should fish if we hadn't any thing to eat on board; but with all those fresh fish 'Lias got from that schooner while we were ashore, and all those chickens that Papa bought at Castine, lying

down there in the ice-chest, I don't believe he thinks we shall starve."

Just here the boys heard an order given for the dinghy to be "lowered away," and the three children ran round from the cabin door to see what it meant. As they did so, Captain Grimes came out of his room behind the pilot-house in all the splendor of his newest uniform.

"Where are you going, captain?" asked the boys in a breath.

"I'm goin' a-fishin'," answered the captain quietly, as he stepped into the dinghy, where Crane held his oars.

"There!" said Cortland and John together, "Captain Grimes is going fishing." If he can go fishing, I don't see why we can't."

"I don't see any lines in the boat," said Violet, leaning on the taffrail, and craning her pretty neck over the side as the little boat shot under the stern. "There must be some mistake, for I never saw Captain Grimes fish on Sunday, or with his best uniform on. There *must* be some mistake."

"But you heard him say so, himself," said John; while the discontented Cortland added, "If he can do it, I should think we might."

"Mr. Guptil had drawn near as this conversation was going on; and, as Cortland emitted his final grumble, he said, —

"Boys, I guess I could tell putty near down to dots what kind o' fishin' the captin's after, — the kind o' fish, the banks they're on, and the size o' the school. Now you jest wait a minit, boys," said Mr. Guptil, as he saw them inclined to speak. "Jest you come round to this side o' the hatch. There, the fog is liftin': ye can see the island plain. D'ye see that old

stone buildin' up there above the old quarry? That's where, I reckon, the capting's gone a-fishin'; an' mighty few an' poor an' bony them fish is."

"Oh, it's fresh-water fish he's gone for," said John. "Well, I don't know as I care for such fishing as long as I am on board the Goldenrod."

"No, I don't think ye'd like the kind he's gone fer, ef ye could try it once yerself."

"What bait does he use, Mr. Guptil?" asked Cortland. "Squid, or does he dig his bait on shore?"

"Wal, now, *I* should use tobacco ef 'twas me. I think that would be as likely to catch 'em as any thing else." And then, looking at the boys scrutinizingly, he asked, "Youngsters, do ye *reelly* mean to say ye don't know where the skipper's gone?"

"I know," said Violet suddenly; and then, lowering her voice, "he's a fisher of men," she said. The child's face was crimson, and her eyes suffused with tears.

"Right ye air, Miss Vi'let. — Boys, she's guessed it. Why, will you believe me when I tell you there isn't a good man, woman, *or* child on that there Lone Island. I may be putty sweepin', but I think I'm right, I *think* I am." And now Uncle Tom came on deck, and ordered the gig to be lowered, which order drove the clouds from the boy's faces.

"We will go round the island a little this morning, and take a walk in the woods," said Uncle Tom; "and this afternoon, when Captain Grimes has finished his visit, we will go ashore to some of the houses, and see how the people receive us."

"Why shouldn't they receive us well, Papa?"

"Well, my dear, I have heard that they are extremely averse

to having strangers visit their island. There is no lighthouse here, but I feel strongly inclined to petition for one: it might be a sort of missionary."

"How, Papa?" said Violet.

"Oh, by bringing people here. We should then come here quite often; and though we cannot leave libraries at other places than lighthouses, I suppose the natives might have an opportunity to see the lighthouse library sometimes: and then a lighthouse brings people to a station. Indeed, its influences are Christianizing in more ways than one."

"What sort of books do they send to lighthouses, Uncle Tom?" asked John. "I suppose a new library costs a good deal."

"Yes, a new one is quite expensive. But many kind persons collect books and magazines, and send them to the stations. I had two large boxes last year, — one from a lady in New York, and one from another lady in the central part of the State. She wrote me that every one in the town where she lived was interested in the success of the library, and that more volumes were sent to her than she could get into the immense box which she sent to me."

"I should think the Lighthouse Board would send libraries to their own stations," said John.

"So they do, John, — beautiful books, in pretty cases made for the purpose. We have one on board now, going down east; and, when we leave this one, we will take the library they have read through at that place, and leave it where it is fresh to the keepers. The libraries are all numbered, and the keepers know very well what ones they have had."

"Boys, I have a plan," said Violet suddenly: "let us send

a library to Lone Island. You collect all the books you can, and so will I. Simple books will be the best, I think, and a lot of children's books with pictures." And her father added, "I will promise, if you do collect them, that they shall not be left here in a dry-goods box. You shall have a library with doors and a key, just like those we have in the Lighthouse Service; that shall be Mamma's and my contribution."

When they got back to the ship, Captain Grimes was still ashore. Mr. Guptil announced this fact, and added, "He's a-goin' to stay with them folks, and pretend he likes it. I see him a-goin' from one house to another through the glass, all the young 'uns taggin' after him, he a-carryin' the smallest, the rest followin'. He's jest fit to be translated, that man is. Sometimes, I declare, I'm reelly afraid to look at him, for fear he'll varnish out o' my sight in a char'et o' fire."

After lunch Uncle Tom employed an hour or two in reading to the children. They all sat on deck under the awning; and Cortland and John had quite forgotten the *strictness* of which they had complained in the morning, for they found that Sunday on board the Goldenrod was proving to be not the least pleasant day of the cruise thus far. The day was warm, and there was little breeze stirring; but at half-past four Uncle Tom had ordered the gig, and by five o'clock they were ashore on the island.

"It will be dark early to-night," said Uncle Tom. "The sun will set in that bank of clouds, and we shall have some more of this persistent fog in from the outside. However, we were wise to stay under the awning, and catch what air there was moving."

When our party landed, they wandered about here and there, picking all the country flowers that could be found.

"Here is goldenrod," said Violet, "and masses of daisies. And look at these pretty pale May roses: they ought, I am sure, to be called July roses, for they can't be thicker any other time than they are now."

Some time was consumed in this quest for flowers. Finally Uncle Tom looked at his watch.

"What is the matter, Papa?"

"Nothing, Violet, only I think I shall leave you with your cousins for a little while, and go up there to some of the houses. I should like to see something of the people. If I find that they do not think my coming intrusive, I will come back for you three, if you are still here, and I think it best you should go."

"Why should they dislike your coming, Papa? Captain Grimes has been ashore all day, and he seems to have made friends with them."

"Yes, Captain Grimes can do things that other people cannot do: he knows their ways better than I. And then, too, I find that Captain Grimes is magnetic. There is not any one who does not respond very soon to him. I wish I had half his power. However, I shall do my best, and will find out whether the library will be acceptable or not. Enjoy yourselves while I am gone. There seems a pretty path up to the cliff. It looks safe. You might walk that way, but do not go too far." And away Uncle Tom strode toward the cluster of old dwellings which stood back in a sheltered place, somewhat raised above the water.

"Well," drawled Cortland, throwing himself down on a grassy hillock, "I shall just stay here and lie in the sun till Uncle Tom comes back. What are you going to do, Vi?"

"I? Oh, I shall get all the flowers I can for the dinner-table."

"And I'll help you, Violet," said John. So the two wandered up the steep path together, leaving Cortland stretched out at full length, with his straw hat tipped over his nose; and John declared, as he looked back at his cousin, that he heard a snore. They walked upward for some time, their feet sinking deep into the juniper and mosses that covered the hillside. The air was full of the scent of the bruised juniper and of the pines, which arose in a balmy, aromatic odor to their nostrils. As they mounted higher up the hill, the air grew cooler, and had a dampness in it which they had not felt down below. And now Violet spied some blueberries. At once the two went down on their knees, and ate handful after handful of the luscious fruit, which in some sheltered, sunny nooks were beginning to ripen, though there were millions of little pale-green and pinkish berries which would not be fit for gathering until August or September.

"Just see how the mist is rolling in!" said John. "Look at that long *spike* of fog. It is like a white finger pointing in from sea."

"Yes," said Violet, looking down at the harbor far below them, where the Goldenrod swung lazily at anchor, "it is pushing right in between her and us. Watch, John: you can't see much of her now."

"No," said John presently, "only her masts. There, she's gone."

"Let us pick as fast as we can," said Violet, "and get quantities of blueberries for dinner. Papa is so fond of them! I don't believe he knew they were ripe." They picked in silence.

"John," said Violet, "my dress-skirt is getting heavy, and

they mash, and make awful stains. Can't you just run down to one of those houses, and get a pail or something? Tell them we'll return it in the morning."

The houses looked so near down there below in the valley.

"Yes, indeed," replied the willing John. "I'll be back in no time. It seems to be getting dark. Vi, are you sure you don't mind staying alone?"

"No, indeed; only hurry up. There is lots of fog down in the bay" (and, indeed, the water was now entirely obscured), "but it doesn't seem to be coming up this way. Hurry up. I shall pick hard every minute you're gone." John's footfalls sounded descending the path, where for a little way it was gravelly. Violet heard him slip and laugh.

"Don't fall, John," she called out.

"No danger," came back in John's merry voice.

"The fog's getting thicker, John. I can't see you."

"All right: I'll be back in a minute." And soon she was left to her own happy thoughts. It was very silent up there: no sound reached Violet from anywhere. The fog rolled in from outside, thicker and more thick. It crept up the cliffs, and enveloped the hill, and closed in around Violet; but she was picking busily, and moving from place to place, and hardly noticed the change. Finally she raised her head. Ah, how dark it was getting! No matter: John would be here in a moment. And so Violet moved a little farther, and began picking from a fresh bush of berries.

"My skirt is really too full." Violet said these words aloud, and the sound of her voice seemed strange to her. Her heart began to beat fast. She raised her head.

"John!" she called, "Jo-ohn!" raising her voice on the last

syllable. But no other sound came to her, and the tone seemed to die out at once against that high, thick wall of fog. It was growing so dark! Where could John be?

"Jo-ohn, Jo-ohn!" she called again; but nothing but dead silence answered her. "I can go down too," she said, and rose to take a step forward, but found, poor child, that she had lost the path. She got down on her knees and peered at the ground; but the juniper stood up fresh and high, and the grasses showed not the slightest trace of having been trampled down. What wonder that she became bewildered, and turned now this way, now that, still holding up the skirt of her dress, however, to keep her berries "safe for Papa." And then she thought, "If I keep going down, I must get to the valley sometime." And with this decision she began her perilous descent, getting many a bruise and fall, but feeling with every downward step that she was getting nearer safety. Her head ached; she felt dizzy. The fog was growing more oppressive, and shut round her like the walls of a room; and it was dark, oh, how dark! But still she kept on. Her head was burning: and, as she groped her way downward, she took off her hat, and tossed it away from her; and, as she did so, her feet caught in the roots of an old stump, and she fell to the ground, and at that moment a sound fell upon her ear. It rose. It came upward. Ah! the sound of the breakers dashing upon the rocks: the *rote*, of which Mr. Guptil so often spoke. She stretched out her hand for her hat, a little straw sailor-hat that Papa had bought for her but a week ago; but not with all her groping and stretching could she find it: and then again came that sound to her ears. And now a sudden horror came over the child, and she clung to her old cayed stump with both arms, trembling in every limb; for the

thought suddenly flashed upon her, "I am close to the edge of the cliff, and those are the breakers dashing in below." She held to the stump with the desperation of despair, overcome with loneliness, with fright, with the horrible blackness that had closed in round her; hearing always that roaring sound, which told her what her fate might be if she moved but a foot either way. Still she kept up a brave heart, saying to herself, "Papa will surely come; he must be looking for me now. He will never give up. Oh, yes, Papa will surely come." And then she raised her voice, and called, "Papa! John! I am here! Papa! John!" But nothing answered her but the rote far below there, and the night grew darker than ever.

Captain Grimes was pulling off to the steamer in the dinghy. He had come down from the dwellings on the hill, and, finding Cortland by the shore talking with some of the gig's crew, had said, —

"Will you go off with me, sonny? The inspector asked me to take all three of ye off, and send the gig back for him. Truth is, there's a sick child up there, and the inspector said he'd stay till I sent some medicine ashore."

"Yes, captain, I guess I'll go with you. The others have gone off," which the captain understood to mean *gone off to the ship*. So he and Cortland were soon on their way to the tender.

"I declare," said Captain Grimes, "I never knew it to cloud up so. Seems to me it's grown dark in ten minutes' time. Can't even see the lights of the tender. This fog's like pudding. Ah, there she is. Aboard there, Mr. Guptil?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Just you go into my room, and open the chist, and bring me those square bottles marked 2 and 13. There's a child sick

in shore here, and the mother's terribly flustered. The inspector said he'd stay till I got back."

"Mr. Guptil was not very familiar with the medicine-chest. The key did not work.

"What in creation keeps him so?" said the captain; and then, raising his voice, "Can't ye find 'em, Mr. Guptil? Come, look sharp!"

"Comin'; found 2, can't find 13. Wun't 6 and 7 do, capting?"

To this evidently ancient joke the captain gave a dissatisfied grunt. He seemed as nearly cross as Cortland had ever seen him.

"Seems like there was somethin' in the air, I don't know what. I feel kind o' oneasy. Hurry up, Mr. — Oh, there he is! 2? yes; and 13? that's all right. Shove off." And away they shot in the direction of the shore.

"Put that lantern down, Tim. Do ye want to blind me?"

"Somethin' close alongside, sir, on the water." Captain Grimes caught sight of it. "Hold water! Back her!" was his order; and in a moment the dripping thing was in his hand. It was Violet's sailor-hat. The dark-blue ribbon, with the tiny bunches of violets embroidered on the ends, struck a chill to Captain Grimes's heart, he did not know why.

"She's lost this overboard," said he, turning to Cortland, who gazed open-mouthed and pale at the sight. "We'll take it back when we go. Ye told me she was aboard."

"No," gasped Cortland: "I said they'd gone off, Violet and John. If they had been on board, I should have staid just now. They went" —

"*Give way!*" thundered the captain. "Where did they go?"

Speak quick, boy. Ye said they'd *gone off*. I thought, of course, ye meant on board. Speak quick, which way?"

"They went up the hill," answered Cortland, nearly crying in his agitation; "up that way," pointing toward the highest point of land. "It wasn't my fault. I didn't know"— No time this for explanations. The boat grates on the shore as Captain Grimes leaps from the bow, and runs like a madman toward the houses. But a part, at least, of his ill news has reached the place before him, for a light glimmers through the mist and darkness, and hurried steps come toward him; and in a moment he sees the face of Commander Gordon, white and stern, and John's weary figure, his clothes torn and disfigured with many a scratch and tumble, his face pale as death, and wet with the tears that are raining down his cheeks. Some of the islanders complete the party; and, as Captain Grimes joins them, the father's eye falls on the dripping bit of straw and ribbon.

"Merciful God," he groans, "any thing but that!" as heart-broken a prayer as ever went up to heaven from mortal lips.

A few words from Captain Grimes to the men puts them in possession of the one fact that he knows, — where the hat was found floating.

"It's ebb tide," says one of the islanders. "She must be up on Treachery Cliff; that is, ef she hasn't" —

The frantic father turns fiercely on the man. "Come on!" he shouts hoarsely, and, tearing from his inside pocket a roll of bills, and dividing them into two parcels, —

"*That*," he says, "to the first man up Treachery Cliff, and *that* to the man who finds her."

Ah, what a scramble and rush was there! Uncle Tom

almost leading, yet forced to be led; turning every now and again to the weary and weeping little John, to ask a repetition of what the boy had told him again and again.

"How long ago was it, John? How long? An hour? half an hour? two? Speak out, boy. What do you think?"

"Dear Uncle Tom, I told you it has seemed like hours to me. I lost my way,—it got so dark,—and I came so far round that I came down back of the houses." But Uncle Tom does not wait for the answer. "On, on!" he shouts, urging and hurrying the men, whom he must follow if he would find the way; Captain Grimes, Cortland, and the tired little John bringing up the rear. The men stop to examine the path for traces of foot-marks.

"On, on!" urges the excited man. "For God's sake, don't stop, men: a moment's delay may"—

"Here she slipped, sir," says one of the men; "and here's a piece o' some stuff or 'nother, *I* don't know it." But Uncle Tom does; he has clutched feverishly the little piece of the pretty gown that had been caught by a thorny bush.

"Did you come as far as this, John?"

"I really don't know, Uncle Tom. But it doesn't look much like any thing I saw to-day."

"All things looks different in the fog, sir. It's thicker'n burgoo. Don't be downhearted, sir. Hi! there's another trace. We're a-comin' to it, sir. Don't call or shout: it might frighten her *if she is here*." Ah, *if she is here!* The father's heart stands still.

"Now, she may hev wandered out onto the cliff in the fog; it's a sort of spur, like, an' goes off steep, each side, down to the water. Here we are, sir," as, with halting and fearful steps, they

pick their way single file, following the lead of the man with the lantern.

"Halt there behind!—Now, sir, call gentle-like: she will know your voice. Gentle, sir: don't scare her."

"Violet!" calls her father softly. As the light of the lantern falls on his face, he looks like an old man. "Violet, little girl, are you here?" No answer; only the sound of the breakers as they rush against the base of the precipice.

"A little further, sir; the fog is that thick and sometimes the voice won't carry agin it." They stumble and grope a little farther out upon the spur.

"Careful, sir; it goes right down there, a powerful steep fall. Now try it agin."

"Violet!" again calls Uncle Tom. "My child, don't you hear Papa?"

Ah! what was that? a faint reply, or only a murmur from some of the anxious crowd of seekers?

"Silence!" says Uncle Tom in a fierce whisper—he is nearly frenzied. "Violet," again he calls, "are you there, darling?"

A heart-rending sob comes to them out of the darkness, and a weak but trusting little voice answers,—

"O Papa! I *knew* you would come."

They find her clinging to the old stump, the sound of the surf roaring up from below, so close, so terribly close, to the edge of the cliff where her hat slipped over when she threw it from her hand! Ah, what a cry of thankfulness goes up as the little girl is clasped in her father's arms! Cortland and John are crying; the hardened islanders have tears in their eyes and in their voices; and Captain Grimes, as the child is clasped to

her father's heart, kneels down on the sodden ground in the mist and darkness, and in a voice broken with emotion says, "Let us give thanks."

Before Uncle Tom can think of sleeping, he enters the door of his little girl's room, and stands by her bed. Violet's curly head is nestled on her pillow ; and her cheek rests on her hands, the palms of which are pressed close together as if her last waking thought had been a prayer. The father gazes long and earnestly at the sweet little face, — somewhat pale and sad, for who could pass through what Violet did, and show no trace of the horror and anxiety which she must have suffered ? — and, as he raises his eyes to heaven, his lips move silently. He bends to kiss his little daughter. She moves in her sleep.

"I have the berries safe, Papa," she says. And the father, with an overflowing heart, draws the curtain, and passes softly from the room.

CHAPTER VI.

The Joy of Cortland and John is turned to Mourning.—“The only Child of his Mother.”

THE next morning the two boys were up bright and early, and were ready to fish by six o'clock. The horror and fright of the night before had been somewhat effaced from their minds by a sound and sweet night's sleep; and the blessed light of day seemed to change the face of things, so that they almost wondered why they could have been so anxious about Violet. Cortland said something of this kind to John as they came on deck together; but, as John pointed out to his cousin the top of the narrow, precipitous spur where Violet had suffered so much and so bravely, they both shuddered, and John said sadly, —

“O Cortland, just think! If we hadn't found her all safe, I should never have had a happy minute again as long as I lived.”

The door of the captain's room opened.

“Now, young gentlemen, air you ready?” asked Captain Grimes, coming aft. “What do you want to fish for?”

“Mackerel,” said John and Cortland together.

“*Mackerel!* Well, ye may get some. I see a few jelly-fish floatin' past yesterday, torn and ragged on the aidges; but that *was* yesterday. I hev'n't seen none to-day.”

“We don't want to catch *jelly-fish*,” said Cortland: “we want to catch *mackerel*.”

"So I presume, son, so I presume. Perhaps ye didn't know, now, that when the jelly-fish is about, the mackerel go fer them, if they're there, jest as you do fer your dinner. They tear and bite 'em till they're all ragged. That's how we know, son, when the mackerel's about." The boys were in a great hurry to push off.

"I don't care to get under way until we get a little scale," said the captain. "There's a very nasty reef outside, and I think the's a buoy gone from the second channel."

"Can't we have the dinghy, captain?" asked John.

"Well, ye *can*; but ye'll get just as many fish right over the taffrail there."

"Oh, no, captain! Please let us have the dinghy. It won't be like fishing unless we can fish from a small boat."

"Very well, then. But I don't dare to let you go away from the steamer while the fog holds on. You can just drop down astern there, sons. — Here, Timothy, give these young gentlemen a long line, and haul them in when they say they've had enough."

John, of course, had his line over the side first. Almost immediately he felt a quick jerk, and pulled in his fish. He had hardly returned his hook to the water before Cortland had thrown one, gasping and gurgling, into the bottom of the boat. The boys were most lucky: the fish came in in numbers.

"They must be mackerel," said John, "they bite so fast."

"Of course they are," said Cortland. "Don't you suppose I know?"

More fish for Cortland, more fish for John.

"Isn't it boss fun?" said John.

"Look at that daisy," said Cortland; "the largest yet, I c."

They fished busily for half an hour. A hail from the steamer.

"Caught any thin'?" from the captain.

"Only about fifty," was John's delighted reply.

"Whew! What are they?"

"Mackerel, of course," said John, "enough for everybody's breakfast."

"How fast they do take the bait!" said John. "I have always heard that about mackerel,—they bite in schools, and snap every time the sinker drops."

They fished industriously, their faces fairly beaming with pleasure; Cortland not getting as many as John, because he was slower in pulling in and baiting his hook: but by seven o'clock they had together eighty-five fish.

"Hulloa!" shouted John, "here's a queer fellow. He's pretty, too; not a mackerel, I suppose."

"Oh, no, not a mackerel. I don't know him at all. Wonder what he is?" returned Cortland.

"Shall we keep him?" asked John.

"Well, I s'pose so," Cortland answered. "We might as well keep every thing, just to count, you know."

"I heard Uncle Tom say yesterday 'the exception proves the rule,'" said John musingly. "I suppose it might apply to this."

"How?" said Cortland, with wide-open mouth.

"Why, this funny fellow with the silver stripes is the exception, and these mackerel seem to be the rule. Don't you see? I'm sure that's plain enough."

Six bells sounded from the steamer.

"Hulloa, boys!" It was Uncle Tom's voice across the

water. "You will have to come back now ; it is clearing up, and we must start pretty soon. How many?" as the boys began to reel up their lines, and "take stock."

"Ninety-one mackerel and one strange fish : we don't know what it is. Ninety-two in all," called out John and Cortland together as the boat was drawn rapidly through the water by some of the crew, and alongside the steamer.

"That's fine," said Uncle Tom. "Here, Tim, you go and tell the cook that we will have fresh mackerel for breakfast ; and breakfast at eight o'clock, sharp."

Violet also was on deck. She seemed somewhat subdued, but her cheeks were recovering their rosy color ; and she gave the boys a bright good-morning, and hearty congratulations on their luck. She leaned over the rail, and looked into the boat as it was drawn up to the port gangway.

"How splendid !" said she. "Ninety-one mackerel ! Enough for the whole ship's crew. Boys, you do deserve a good breakfast."

"Where's your mackerel?" asked Mr. Guptil as he met the boys at the gangway.

"There in the boat. Where should they be?" said John, who was on deck, and capering about, before Cortland had thought of moving. "Don't you see them?"

A loud laugh from Brown and Timothy, who were leaning over the bulwarks, greeted this announcement. John turned round fiercely.

"What's the matter?" said he.

"Wal, boys, I'm sorry to disapp'int ye," said the mate, whose kindness of heart seemed to be waging fierce war with his appreciation of a joke, "but I can't say as I see any mackerel.

I think, ef you've counted co-rect, ye must hev *ninety-one pollock* and — yes, thet's a mackerel — *ninety-one pollock* and one mackerel, all told. — Joe, I guess the inspector don't want no fried fish for breakfast."

Just here a dory pulled up alongside the gangway; and a man jumped on board, and hurriedly fastened his painter to the lower part of the davit.

"Kin I see the cap'n?" he said, looking round anxiously.

Captain Grimes came forward.

"No, t'other cap'n," said the man with scant courtesy, — "him as I was up the cliff with."

It was the man who had led the searching-party, the father of the sick child. The inspector came forward.

"What is it?" he said.

"The kid's took worse, cap'n," said the man in a tremulous voice. "He's had another o' them kin' o' spasmodical turns, an' my woman's wild, like. She wants to know ef y'd come ashore, and have a look at him."

"My good man, I am no doctor," returned the inspector. "I do not see what I can do for your baby. I would come gladly, but" — He stopped. The man's look of despair went to his heart. This man had probably been the means of saving Violet's life. Should he refuse?

"I will come," he said briefly. "Captain Grimes, give me your directions, and what you think best for the little boy." And in a moment he was off for the shore, following the man, who had stepped into his dory as soon as he saw that there was a chance of help. The children gazed after the disappearing boats in silence; and, when 'Lias came and told them that breakfast was ready, Violet could scarcely eat, so great was her

anxiety and solicitude for the poor baby. But John and Cortland, though they felt also how sad it all was, had, by their early rising and long and busy morning, developed excellent appetites; and they ate, as they said, their own breakfasts "and Uncle Tom's and Violet's too."

"Papa will be starved," said Violet. "'Lias, be sure you have a good hot breakfast ready, and bring it down the minute you see him coming."

When Commander Gordon reached the shore he hastened after the man, who had hurriedly drawn his dory high up on the beach, and had walked quickly up the path to his cottage, disappearing within. The inspector followed after, and was soon standing beside the father, who was looking gloomily at the child as it lay in its mother's lap.

"Any change, Deb?" asked the man huskily.

The mother shook her head, but said no word. Her eyes were fixed despairingly on the baby face. A great change had come over the child since the night before; and, as Commander Gordon looked at its set and drawn little features, he felt a great pity arise in his heart for this poor mother, who, he was sure, must before long be childless.

The afternoon before, when he entered the cottage, the little one had been on its feet, and no one seemed to have noticed that it was, as Commander Gordon thought the moment he saw it, a very sick child. The little thing leaned its heavy head against its mother, and pulled at her skirts with hot and shaking hands; but the woman had said, when he spoke to her of the baby, —

"Oh, he's been that way off an' on lately;" and as she said **it** she loosened the little fingers from her gown, as she moved

about, setting her poor table, and attending to the gathering-up of her scanty meal: and then, as the child sent up a piteous wail, she had taken it in her arms with a rough but loving embrace, and had covered its hot face with kisses, at which the baby burst out again, as if pleading for rest and quiet.

"Gently, my good woman, gently," Commander Gordon had said; "your baby is ill. Sit down and lay it on your lap, or, better still, on the bed;" and the frightened woman had obeyed him, bending over her little one now with fast-dropping tears and new-born anxiety. She seemed so helpless and so ignorant that he could not leave her. "That fire," he had said (for the stove was hot as if in mid-winter, being supplied continually anew from a pile of driftwood lying near the chimney), "is enough to kill a well person. Let it go down; open the windows,—the child needs air." But before these changes could be made, the little one had thrown up its arms, and then had begun that struggle for breath and life which only those who have witnessed it can understand.

"My baby, my baby!" shrieked the terrified mother. "Don't leave me, sir! For the love of God, don't go!"

"I shall not leave you," was the reply; and then, opening the door, "Crane!" The man was waiting near.

"Go down to the shore and ask Miss Violet and her cousins to go off with you. I shall remain here for a while."

Crane, finding Cortland asleep, as we remember John accused him of being, and seeing nothing of the others, never gave the message another thought.

"That Crane always was a sort of a *con nompus*," said Mr. Guptil on Sunday evening, as he sat in the engine-room talking over the rescue of Violet with Mr. Schafer and Mr. Barnes.

"He never remembers nothin' no more than," Mr. Guptil looked at the ceiling, at the floor, out of the window, but, receiving no inspiration, repeated weakly "nothin', no more than nothin'."

Captain Grimes had also been at the cottage, and at the inspector's request had gone to the steamer for medicines, intending to take the children with him, with what success we have seen. Was it wonderful, then, that, with all these precautions, Violet's father had remained calmly by the suffering child, never dreaming that Violet, so short a distance away, was in deadly peril?

This had all taken place late on Sunday afternoon. Now morning had come, and the baby was no better, but lay motionless across its mother's knees, her head bent over it, her tears raining down on the hot little hands.

"Do something," pleaded the woman in a whisper. "For God's sake do something."

"My poor woman," answered Commander Gordon sorrowfully, as he tried to force some drops of medicine through the set teeth of the child, "you must prepare yourself for the worst, I fear: he is very ill."

"Ah, sir, don't ye, don't ye say so! Your cap'n told us yesterday that God was merciful. He gave you back your child: why should he take mine?" The father's hoarse sobs came from the corner of the room, where he was sitting crouched on an old chair, his head bowed upon his hands. Uncle Tom could bear it no longer.

"I shall not go away," he said to the mother. "Give the medicine as I told you. I will just step down to the boat to speak to the men, and return." He tried to press some money into the woman's hand, but she pushed it from her harshly.

"What's money *now*?" she said in a bitter tone. "I've wanted it bad enough, Heaven knows; but I would go without food, or clothes, or fire, if he would only open his eyes and call me. My Birdie, my Daisy, don't ye know mammy?"

Uncle Tom turned to go.

"Don't think me hard, sir," she whispered. "There's all *that* you gave to save your child, but no money can save mine." A quick, short-drawn breath; a stifled sob. "He's goin', Bill: come and see the last of our baby, — my little, little baby; my own little Dick."

Uncle Tom, with bowed head and wet eyes, went quickly from the house, the loud wails of the bereaved mother telling him as plainly as any words that poor little Dick had escaped thus early from that sad life of misery and toil which is the heritage of the children of Lone Island.

Violet saw from her father's face, when he came on deck, that the worst had happened.

"Can I do any thing, papa?" she said.

"Yes, my darling. Make a bundle of one of your pretty night-dresses, and send it ashore to the poor mother. I should think, from the appearance of the house, that they have nothing to wrap round the little child. And then we must be off."

"Just a word, sir, if you please," said Captain Grimes's voice at the head of the companion-way.

Uncle Tom ran up on deck.

"I find that we can't go yet, sir," said the captain. "One of the springs is out of the follower, and we shall have to take off the whole cylinder-head. It's a big job, and it may keep us here most of the day."

It was a sad, quiet day on board the steamer. The young people read, or wrote letters, or talked quietly; the sorrow in the humble cottage appealed to the tender feelings of all three, and they could not find it easy to laugh or amuse themselves as usual. At about five o'clock Uncle Tom went ashore again. The little child, wrapped in Violet's dainty garment, lay in a rude pine coffin. The mother sat close by, gazing steadily on the sweet baby face.

"She's sot jest so," said her husband in a low tone, "sence he was laid thar."

"Let me help you a little with *that*," said Uncle Tom, with a glance at the sad little casket.

"No, no, sir!" replied the man, pushing gently away the proffered help. "You give me more than I could make in six months, last night. 'Tain't no expense, sir; me and Jonas made it. I'd a-liked it to be better, but it's the best we could do."

"What time?" asked Uncle Tom. He was understood, for the man answered, —

"To-morrow early, —'s early's we kin. *She* won't be no good till it's over," with a glance at his wife.

Uncle Tom went outside, to where some early June roses were blooming under the windows. He picked some pretty buds, and, stepping softly back, he laid them under the stiff fingers of the child.

"Good-by," said he. The woman did not move.

"Deb, woman, can't ye hear?" said her husband kindly. "The cap'n's goin'."

"The Lord gave," said the inspector. The woman broke in fiercely, —

“Yes, he gave, and he’s took it back, — pretty kind o’ givin’ thet is : can’t see no justice in that, nohow.” And Uncle Tom, his heart aching for the half-crazed mother, went out, and closed the door.

CHAPTER VII.

A Sad Parting. — Mr. Guptil spins a Yarn ; and the Children meet with many Curious Submarine Animals, among them a Diver.

THE day began with a sad sight. The young people were on deck by six o'clock ; and, as they looked toward the shore, they saw a small party of people collect in front of the cottage. Soon its inmates joined them ; and they all walked down to the beach, the little coffin, which was a fragrant mass of daisies and June roses, being carried by the father and his brother Jonas.

"Where are they going, papa?" asked Violet with a sad voice and wet eyes, which were so blurred that she could scarcely see the shore distinctly.

"Over there." And her father pointed to a small island not far away, where Violet could see a few rude slabs, which seemed to mark the place as a burial-ground.

"That seems to be the place where these people bury their dead. It is called 'Sad Island.'"

And, as the little funeral procession pushed away from the shore in their two poor boats, the father stood up, and, shading his eyes with his hand, seemed to look at the steamer ; and they saw him slowly wave his arm, as if in farewell. And, as our children watched the slow motion of the dory, they noticed not that they themselves were moving,—for the *Goldenrod* was under way. As the islanders landed at their destination, an in-

tervening point of land shut them out from the view of those on board the tender. Violet was crying quietly.

"The poor, pretty baby!" she said; and then, "I wish I could have thanked its father, Papa. I shall be always glad that it was wrapped in something of mine."

"You haven't written Lone Island down in your 'Memory's Helper,' Vi," said Cortland.

"I don't need to, Corty," answered the girl: "it's here," pressing her hand to her heart. "I never shall forget it, never! If I live to be so old that I forget every thing else in the world, I shall never forget Lone Island."

"What a glorious day!" Uncle Tom's cheerful voice broke in upon Violet's sad thoughts. "The sun has certainly come out to stay this time. See, little girl: there isn't a vestige of fog. I hope we shall not see any more of it during our trip." And then he began to amuse the cousins with various stories of his sea-faring life, and did his best to bring a laugh to his little daughter's voice; for he felt that the child had suffered greatly since the Sunday afternoon that had passed, and that she must be made to forget it if possible. Violet was a very impressionable little girl, and her experience upon Treachery Cliff would have brought terror to a stouter heart than hers. The little baby's death, coming just after, had saddened her so much that her father felt somewhat anxious; he was glad to have her show such tender feeling towards those poor people in their sorrow, but to have it continue so persistently, to see his little girl sit sadly there, gazing with far-off mournful eyes at that unhappy place where the past two days had been passed, made him feel that something must be done to change matters, and put the child in more cheerful spirits. So he exceeded himself in his

efforts to amuse the three; and, though Violet answered his questions with a "Yes, Papa," or a "No, Papa," still she sat in her listless attitude, her face turned ever persistently in the direction of Lone Island. Finally, —

"See there, Violet," said her father.

"Where, Papa?" She was still watching Treachery Cliff as it faded away in the distance.

"Here, this way, little girl."

Violet turned directly round; and, looking in the direction of her father's pointing finger, a smile broke over her lips, her eyes lighted up, and then her laughter rippled forth. She clapped her hands.

"Boys," she said, "there it is."

"There what is?" said Cortland. "Do you mean that great long line of waving hills? They look as if they were cut out of purple pasteboard."

"Pasteboard, indeed!" said Violet with a spice of the old ring in her voice. And then, turning her back to Cortland, —

"John," she said, "that is Mount Desert Island. *Isn't* it wonderful? Isn't it more beautiful than any thing you ever saw?"

"Pshaw!" sneered Cortland. "Is that your famous Mount Desert? Oh, my! Why, you ought to see the mountains out our way. Why, in Virginia" —

"In Virginia!" said Violet. "I thought you were going to say 'out in Indiana.' Virginia isn't Indiana."

"Nobody said it was, Miss Smarty," returned Cortland. "But I've seen mountains. I don't call those any thing but hills."

"Well, *call* them hills, then," said Violet; "but did you ever see hills, and such hills, rising right out of the sea? What do

your mountains of Virginia rise from but a horrid hot country? And you can't get at them; and, when you do, nobody cares to go up them. But these dear, beautiful things! Why, you land on the beach, and there you are; and you can just run right up without any trouble." Uncle Tom smiled at Violet's prejudice as well as her impetuosity. At any other time he would have corrected her, perhaps threatened to add that "n" to her name; but now he looked almost pleased as he heard her exaggerations. "It will do her good," he thought. "It only needs some of Cortland's decrying what *we* care most for, and boasting about what he has seen, to rouse all the spirit the child possesses." So, as he walked forward, he smiled and nodded encouragingly at Cortland, who, amazed at this championship, continued his argument most aggressively; and Violet's sadness was gone for the present. The sail up Blue Hill Bay to the lighthouse was enchanting. Blue Hill itself rose in the distance, just over the port bow; while still the high land of Mount Desert was in view, far away on the starboard side. The children had by this time wandered into the pilot-house, and there found their favorite, Mr. Gup-til, leaning in at the window, his pipe going full blast, and himself appearing like a very long and very crooked chimney, so fast did his puffs of smoke fly out from between his lips.

"Now, don't ye talk to the man at the wheel," said Mr. Gup-til with a quizzical smile, as the children entered the door. He pointed with his long finger at Captain Grimes, who was steering, his eye fixed upon some distant point in the sunny view ahead.

"I'm his intermederary plenipotentirary, an' I'm jest ready to answer up to all the whys and the wherefores; an' when I

prove a *onsuccess*, why, somebody else kin try it. Question No. 1. The lady must speak first."

"I only want to know how soon we will be at Mount Desert," said Violet.

"Wal, Missy, thet depends, thet depends a powerful deal on yer Pa. *Prehaps*, ef he don't keep us here too long, and that boy comes up easy, it wun't be much over an hour, not so very much, tide with us an' all."

"What boy?" said Cortland. And then he laughed with the rest, as he remembered that such was always Mr. Guptil's pronunciation of the word "buoy."

"Wal, young man?" with a look at John.

"Mr. Guptil, what is that high blue land over there to the right?"

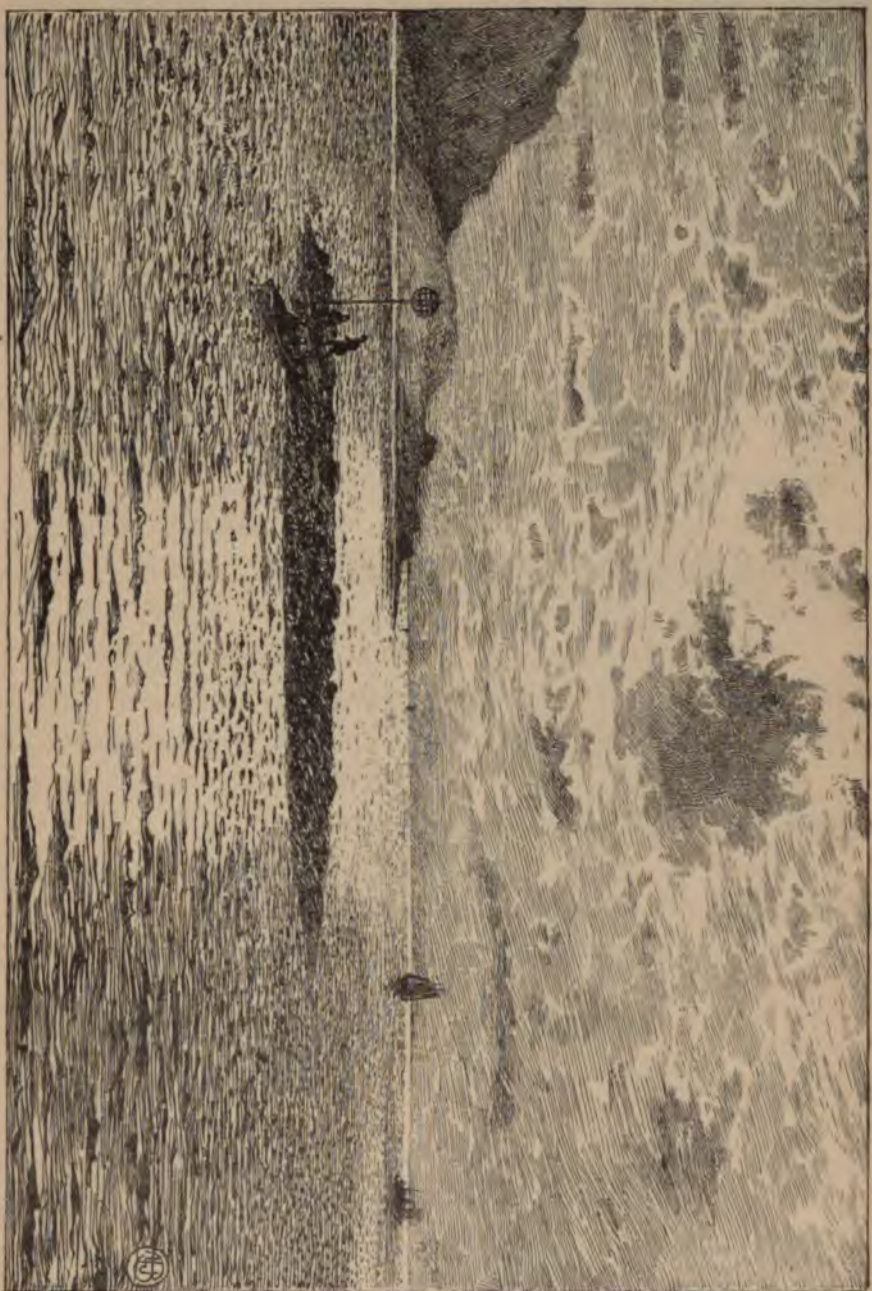
"Western Mounting, sonny, Western Mounting; *the* westernmost mounting on that there blessed island. An' a fine one it is. I think, *prehaps*, take that mounting all in all, I pre-fer it to any other on the island. — Next," looking at Cortland. The children laughed, and Cortland said, —

"I hadn't any particular question to ask; but, if it's my turn, I will ask you what those rocks are with that funny thing sticking up on top of them."

"Them's dry laidges, sonny, — 'Ship an' Barges' we call 'em; an' that there funny thing, as ye call it, 's a spindle."

"It looks like a stick with a squirrel-cage on top," said Cortland.

"So it *doos*, so it doos, sonny. It's made of iron, 'bout" — Mr. Guptil screwed up the right eye, and drew down the left corner of his mouth in such a manner that he nearly sent the boys into convulsions on the spot — 'bout — wal, I should say



SPINDLE, OTTER CREEK LEDGE, MT. DESERT ISLAND.

the bottom of that ere shaft was ten inches in diameter at the bottom, an' — wal, 'bout four inches at the top. Jest 'bout how long should ye think that shaft was, sonny?"

"It looks about as high as this pilot-house," said John.

"Oh, it's higher than that," said Cortland. "I should say — yes, certainly, from ten to twelve feet; say eleven feet. Yes, certainly, eleven feet," watching meanwhile the face of the mate in the hope of some enlightenment. "It may seem a long measurement, John, but you know you must allow for distance."

"Sonny, yer out jest nineteen feet. Thet spindle's thirty feet high. It's fastened solid to the rock, but they do git washed away sometimes."

John whispered something into Violet's ear about "Cortland" and "left."

"Left where?" asked Violet.

"It's no use," and John shook his head pathetically. "You're as nice as a girl can be, Vi; but sometimes I wish you understood boy's talk a little more."

"If you mean your horrid slang," said Violet, and then stopped, for Mr. Guptil was continuing.

"What's it fer? Why, fer a beacon, — jest a sort of a warn-in', like, to the wee-ry mariner; but sometimes they hev ben run onto."

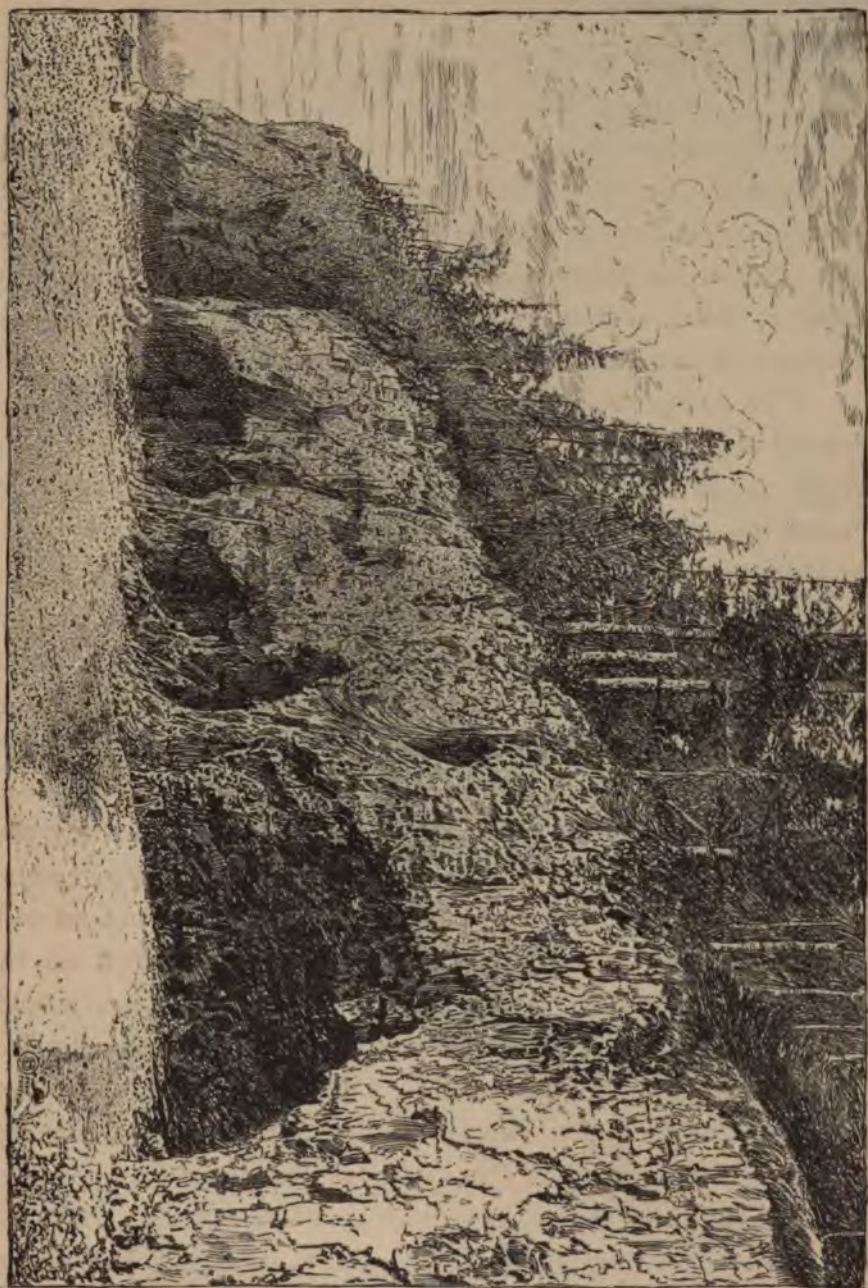
"How, Mr. Guptil?"

"Why, in night and fogs, and such like. We came mighty near doin' the same once."

"What! not in the Goldenrod!" exclaimed Violet, who seemed to have received a shock at the mere idea that this wonderful steamer could ever go wrong with two such infallible creatures on board as Captain Grimes and Mr. Guptil.

"Yes, *Miss!* in this here very tender. Ye see, 'twas this way." With this preliminary the three seekers after knowledge seated themselves on the sofa to listen; and Mr. Guptil, having changed his position from leaning into the open window to leaning against the open doorway, began his story. Taking his pipe out of his mouth, and turning the bowl upside down, he gave it three solemn knocks against the side of the wheel-house, and sadly said, —

"'Twas my fault, Miss and cousins. The young people looked at each other inquiringly. "The capting there hedn't as much to do with it 's ye hev this blessed minit, leastways he hedn't no more, and thet's a most literary fact. He was down sick in his bunk, attackted with rheumatiz — he used to hev it off an' on; gettin' over it now," interpolated Mr. Guptil, with a pious look heavenward: "but when he was down 'twas awful bad, an' ye see," said Mr. Guptil, lowering his voice, "he's one as can't get no relief in langwidge. Now, it's somethin' to be able to express oneself; but capting's given thet up now these twenty year an' more. Wal, as I was sayin', 'twas when the last inspector was here, an' we was a-makin' 'the tour,' comin' up Blue Hill Bay. Fog? Why, what ye've seen ain't no sort o' circumstance; we jest felt it. Ye could scoop it up by shovelfuls, and clear it away. But, ye see, we was forgin' ahead all the time; an', as fast as we got the forrad deck cleared, we sailed right into a fresh bank." The boys looked as if they hardly knew whether to believe this or not. It was very true that they had seen nothing quite as substantial as the fog which Mr. Guptil described so graphically. "We felt along an' felt along; weather got thicker than burgoo, and we couldn't pick up no boys nor nothin'. I'll be ding swizzled ef I wa'n't all



THE OVENS, MT. DESERT.

turned round, and thet dizzy thet I didn't know the bow from the stern. Along we went; dead silence,—no boy, no nothin'. 'See any thin?' I hollered to old Pike—he's dead now, poor fellow: lost off the Banks three year ago come August. 'No, sir,' says Pike, 'not a mortal thing but the stem.' Not a finger's length could he see, an' I give ye my word I couldn't see him. Why, Eypshin darkness wa'n't nothin' to it. We felt along an' felt along, an' bymeby we jest slid right forrad, bows on, to *the* longest an' *the* most slopin'est shoal of them old 'Ship an' Barges.' Right up we went; an' when we got there we looked like a vessel hauled up on the ways for repairs, 's high an' 's dry 's a ship railway. 'Back her!' I rung; but, when I heerd the propeller hit against the rock, I stopped that mighty sudden. I was that *confused*," continued Mr. Guptil, "that I couldn't even memorize the tides. Flustered? Gracious me! you'd better believe it. I shoved thet leetle circle of wood behind your head there, so's to talk into the captin's room; an' I put my mouth down to it. I might say my heart, for I was that agutated, thet my heart was so high up in my throat there wasn't room for words."

"Couldn't you whistle for help," interrupted Cortland, "and get some one to drag you off?"

"No, *sir!* no, *sir!* thet would ha' ben, as I afterwards heerd our inspector say, a *herculeanum* task. No one wouldn't ha' ventured on it. I stood there chokin'; an' at last I found my voice, or it found me, an' I whispered, kind o' subdued-like, 'Captin!' No answer.

"'Captin,' I said, a little louder-like, 'how's the tide?'

"Captin turned over in his sleep, and said, 'Have ye anchored, Mr. Guptil?' Ye see, he hedn't found out the cir-

cumstances yet, or he wouldn't ha' laid there so powerful quiet. He didn't hear no screw, an' he thought we'd anchored. 'Have ye anchored?' he says. Anchored! Law bless ye, I wished we *hed*! 'No, sir,' says I; an' onto that I added, 'Capting, *hows the tide?*' The beauty of our capting is," interpolated Mr. Guptil, "that he knows jest 's much when he's asleep as when he's awake. Not like me, don't get flustered; an' thet's a literary fact, dispute it who may. I jest waited for that answer in the deadeest of silences.

"*'Low water at eleven A.M.,'* says the capting. I tell ye, boys, my heart slid right down to where it belonged, an' I gave a caper so thet thet blessed right toe touched the ceilin', for we were improving our chances every minit. It was only half-past eleven, an' the tide was risin', and it wouldn't be so powerful long before we'd be floated off an' into deep water agin. And then, when the fog began to scale a mite, an' I see what a nasty place we was in, my heart nearly took another v'y'ge up to my palate."

"Why did you feel so badly, Mr. Guptil?" asked John.

"Sonny!" exclaimed the mate in open-mouthed astonishment, "kin ye ask? now *kin* ye? Position gone, reputation gone, ship gone, capting's confidence gone" —

"Mr. Guptil," broke in Captain Grimes, "when the inspector's gone ashore, we'll jest hook onto that old wobblin' buoy, an' set another." And the young people, on looking outside, found that they were nearing the lighthouse, and that the gig was lowered. Uncle Tom's invitation to go ashore with him was unavailing, for all three preferred to remain and see the buoy taken up; and soon the Goldenrod was steaming toward the desired spot.

Mr. Guptil stood on the forward deck, the captain at the wheel; the men took their stations at the steam-winch, under the derrick, or by the port rail.

"Do ye see him, Mr. Guptil?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he now?"

"Dead ahead, sir."

The vessel began to "slow down."

"Are we coming all right?"

"All right, sir. Trifle to starboard, so: now we'll fetch him."

The bells rang from the pilot-house in rapid succession, "Stop her," "back her," "go ahead." Up alongside the steamer came. One of the men stood by the open side of the deck, from which the rail had been removed, with a chain-sling.

"It looks like a noose," said John.

"So 'tis, so 'tis," replied Captain Grimes. "It's a chain with a big ring at one end, as you see; and t'other end slips through, and that makes— There she comes; slip it over. Well done, Robson," as the chain-sling was cast over the top of the buoy as it rolled and rumbled against the side of the tender. The chain slipped down; and to a piece of rope fastened securely to the end of the chain still in Robson's hands, the tackle of the derrick was hooked.

"Go ahead with the steam-winch!" called out Mr. Guptil's sharp tones.

Rattlety-bang, rattlety-bang, sounded the queer little revolving cams; then came a strain on the chain; it tightened, and the buoy rose slowly from the water.

"'Lias, get me a pail of clear sea-water, quick, and set it on the after-deck."

"Got 'em already, Miss Vi'let,—got two. Knowed you'd be wantin' to set up some mo' o' dose *quetherums*."

"What in thunder do you mean, 'Lias? What are *quetherums*?" inquired John. But 'Lias was away down by the buoy on the forward deck, searching for spoils from the deep. Violet answered, laughing as she turned to John,—

"Aquariums, he means, John. He knows what I always want the minute the buoys come up." A rasping, grating sound. The boys looked earnestly at the buoy, and saw, that, while the tackle from the derrick held it in place closely alongside of the steamer's deck, two of the crew were busy with shovels, clearing it from the masses of mussels, sea-weed, and kelp, and a hundred other things, which had made their homes for a year past on the submerged part of the long wooden spar. The black mussels surrounded the buoy, incrusting it with their weight of living matter to the thickness of two feet.

"No wonder he sunk in the water," remarked Captain Grimes. "There's a hundred pounds, I'll wager, on that stick, that wasn't there when we put him down last July." Sometimes, as a stroke from the shovel in the hands of one of the men would clear the solid mass of shells, star-fish large and small, of all colors, pink and purple, white, red, and gray, would be dislodged, and fall in helpless communities, or singly, back into the water from which they had just been drawn. As the shovels cut their way in, and scraped the wood of the buoy, queer-looking round bunches were uncovered, clinging tightly to the spar, singly or in groups, looking "for all the world," John said, "like a lot of old tomatoes."

"Just wait," said Violet, "until we get those 'old tomatoes' into my pails, and you will see a fairy-land, a regular transformation scene."

Violet stood leaning over the rail which surrounded the front of the pilot-house, calling eagerly to 'Lias on the lower deck, ordering him here, there, everywhere, now for this treasure, now for that. 'Lias himself, nothing loath, was dodging the shovels of the men, ducking his woolly head (as pounds of the living, immovable mass were scraped away, and fell with a splash into the sea, or scattered themselves on the edge of the deck), picking up from the boards beneath him a sea-spider, seizing a star-fish out from among the dark-blue mussels, or tearing with all his force an anemone, John's 'old tomato,' from its tenacious hold of the buoy. And now, as the buoy was raised still higher, long, waving leaves of kelp appeared floating in the water, which had fastened themselves to the lower end of the spar, — broad, yellowish-brown leaves of immense length, the tip of the leaf being sometimes five or six feet distant from the thick stem, — so beautiful and graceful as they floated under the pale green of the water, so flabby and wretched and helpless-looking when drawn out, limp and miserable, from their watery garden.

"Oh, there's a Neptune's Ruffle!" called out Violet. "Save that for me, 'Lias: I want to press it." And the boys saw 'Lias tear from its hold a waving curled leaf, which was, indeed, fluted like a large ruffle, and which was pierced through in a thousand places with little round holes, and lay it in the pail with Violet's collection of sea-wonders, which were now ready for transportation to the after-deck. The contents of 'Lias's pail were soon transferred to their receptacles, and the three young people were now eagerly bending over them, the two boys watching Violet as she took her various treasures from their temporary home, and placed them in the "quetherums" which 'Lias had prepared. "I suppose an insect makes those holes in these sea-

leaves," said Violet to her father, as she held the large and beautifully crimped and pierced leaf in her hand.

"I thought so too, Violet, for a long time. But I discovered lately, in reading a book on ocean plants, that it is the nature of these leaves to be perforated in just this peculiar way. Their foliage is always pierced."

"I wonder who gave it the name of Neptune's Ruffle. It is a pretty name, I think," said Violet. "Oh! see that tiny sea-spider crawling out from one of the folds."

"I wonder how old Neptune would like that ugly little beast crawling out of his ruffle, and up his neck into his back-hair. Just imagine it! Ugh! it makes *me* crawl all over."

"Why, those tomatoes are opening, Vi," said John.

"I should think they were," returned Violet. "Now, if you boys don't touch them or the pail, you will see the loveliest thing in a minute you ever saw in all your life."

"The very loveliest, Vi?" John looked roguish.

"Well — But don't call them tomatoes, John. Say anemones, — sea-anemones."

"Are they flowers," asked Cortland, "or fruit?"

"No, indeed: living creatures. Just wait and see. There, watch that beautiful fringe as it comes slowly out of the centre of what John would call the middle of the tomato. Isn't that white one too lovely! See this bright salmon one. That next one there is a real rose-pink. And oh! what a lovely lilac one! And that dear little teenty-tawnty red one: isn't he too funny for any thing!"

While Violet was speaking, and pointing to the different bright ball-like shapes, a slow-moving mass of fringes or tentacles was being gradually pushed out from the centre of each

anemone, which grew longer as the moments went on, and moved back and forth with each faint movement of the water. The children watched intently and excitedly, and were astonished to see the great length to which the tentacles were extended, forming at last a ball-shaped mass of delicate filaments, which floated and waved, each with a very slight, independent motion of its own, and each performing its own peculiar duty toward supporting the life of the wonderful creation of which it was a part.

"I suppose they are taking in nourishment all the time, Papa?"

"Yes, Violet; but there won't be a great deal of it in that one pail for so many anemones. You had better divide them, and put them in the shade. See, that poor creature has already edged himself under the Neptune's Ruffle. They seem to hate the glare of the sun; and you will always find them either sheltered under overhanging rocks, under the shadow of kelp or seaweed, or else so far below the surface that the water itself, from its depth, makes their habitation dark enough for them. See how they hold to the side of the pail," as Violet tried to dislodge one with her fingers. The boys looked on, astonished to see Violet handling these queer-looking creatures so fearlessly.

"There he comes," continued Uncle Tom. "Now, Violet, turn him over.—There, boys, see what a queer, flat under-surface he has. With that he sucks himself upon the wood or rock, or to whatever surface he intends to make his home. There he lives, feeding on the particles in the water, until some hungry creature comes along and feeds upon him. For I am sorry to say that the system of preying upon weaker creatures is not confined to our part of the world. Submarine creatures

have quite the same traits that belong to those who live on the land. — Put your ball down, Violet. — You see, boys, there is not a sign of any of that fringe which was so long and thick before Violet touched the anemone. He has drawn it all inside that hole or mouth ; and he does look, as John says, exactly like an old tomato.”

“Where did they get the name ‘anemone,’ Uncle Tom?” inquired John.

“I am sure I do not know, my boy. Some one, perhaps, seeing their resemblance to a flower, named them that ; indeed, they were at first thought to be plants, not animals. They belong to the class *Actinidæ*, from the Greek word *actin*, meaning a ray. Now, if you should take that fellow which Violet has just put in the water, and cut him across through the middle, cutting off the tentacles entirely, he would reproduce them in a few weeks, so great are their powers in that way.”

John and Cortland were amusing themselves meanwhile by touching the fringes of the anemones gently with the end of a pencil, and watching the sudden withdrawal of the thread-like masses into the interior of the central cavity, until they entirely disappeared from view, and the anemone was left a smooth, round, shining, elastic lump. Just here 'Lias came panting up the quarter-deck ladder.

“Here's a new *monster-osity*, Miss Vi'let ; never seen um befo'.”

“Oh, oh ! it's a sea-cucumber. Oh, *thank you*, 'Lias !” with fervor : “I never saw one on a buoy, either ; but at Mount Desert, especially Seal Harbor, the rocks are full of them.”

'Lias laid in one of the pails a long, round object, striped in colors of brown and red alternately, the stripes running from

end to end. Upon these stripes of colors were little brown and red raised knobs, giving to the cucumber a most variegated appearance.

"I believe it's a sort of anemone," said Violet. "Anyway, he sucks on to the rocks just as the anemones do; and he puts out a fringe from the other end. But you see, boys, he has quite a different shape,—long, while the others are round. What is it's real name, Papa? I always forget."

"Holothurian, my dear. It is a strange name, and holothuria are strange creatures. I am surprised at seeing this one here. It must be a stray one which has floated away and caught where he could. Their favorite home is just below low-water mark; it is called the *Lamerinian zone*."

"Do people ever eat them, Uncle Tom?" asked Cortland. Both Violet and John burst into shouts of derisive laughter; but Cortland looked triumphant as Uncle Tom replied,—

"Cortland is not as far wrong as you seem to suppose. The species called the *trepang*, or *bêche de mër*, is caught in great quantities by the Malays for the Chinese markets. They dry them and send them to the Celestials, who consider them a great delicacy, using them very freely in soups."

"There!" said Cortland, looking with superiority at Violet and John, "I knew they were good to eat."

"So are rats," answered Violet, "*in China*."

"The Chinese," continued Uncle Tom, ignoring this little tiff, "often boil them in their own liquid, then dry them on stages in large heated houses built for the purpose. So you see, if they are willing to take all this trouble, they must consider the cucumber a great delicacy."

While Uncle Tom was talking, the holothurian, all uncon-

scious that he was being so prominently discussed, had sought a suitable spot on the side of the pail, and, having fastened himself securely thereto, was now spreading his brown tentacles out to the water, where they waved back and forth in their own peculiar, graceful way.

"There was *images* enough on that last stick to fill any amount of amuserums," said Mr. Guptil, joining the group. The boys smiled; and Mr. Guptil explained, in a low tone, to Uncle Tom: "I always call them amuserums: it pleases the children. They think they know every thing, inspector; and I believe they do reelly think that I don't know the *reel* word is *amuse-ums*."

"What does he mean by 'images'?" whispered John to Violet.

"He always calls them so," said Violet in a low tone. "I don't know why, but he does; half in fun, I suppose. It doesn't sound strange to me."

"Why, that mussel's moving," shouted Cortland. "I didn't know they had any way to get along, or any thing to get along on."

"He is looking for some place of concealment, probably," said Uncle Tom. "'Lias, bring a handful or two of that sand from the forward deck. They like mud-banks more, perhaps; but, unfortunately, we haven't any."

"How does he move himself?" asked John. "It seems as if the two sharp edges of his shell were sliding right along the bottom of the pail."

"Bend down, Johnny, and you will see that he protrudes his body, the part which we eat in the edible shell-fish (and, indeed, I am told that these little mussels are very palatable

too). And do you see that now he seems to have a few very minute tentacles, with which, and the suction of the flat surface of his body, he draws himself along."

"O 'Lias! you've covered him all up," exclaimed Violet, "and clouded the water with all that sand!" 'Lias looked repentant at being reprov'd by his adored Miss Violet, but felt secure, as he had received his orders from headquarters.

"Why, he has disappeared," said John as the water cleared. "No: there he is, almost hidden."

"And that's the last of him," added Uncle Tom, "unless you scrape away the sand, when he will try to cover himself over again."

"There are two or three kinds of mussels," said Violet, looking at the boys with an instructive little air. "Don't you know, Papa, those pink and brown ones, and those white ones we found last year. They are prettier, I think, than these little dark-blue ones with their brown patches." Uncle Tom smiled kindly.

"Do you know that there are more than one hundred kinds of living mussels, Violet? So you see that we know a very few of the varieties. And I believe that there are about two hundred and fifty fossil or extinct species. Their scientific name is very pretty, I think, — *Mytilidæ*. It seems a pity sometimes that the prettiest of the correct names should not be more commonly used."

"That pink star-fish has crawled right over my mussel," said Violet. "Isn't it queer, you can't see these things go, and yet somehow, while you are talking, they get from one side of the pail to the other? — No, sir! you shall not have that one," continued she as she lifted the five-fingered creature from the water. "Oh, you greedy thing! — Just look, boys, at the under

side of this star-fish : he has three small mussels already, sucked close up to his mouth, where he is drawing all the life out of them ; and yet he wants more."

"I think that purple one much the prettiest," said John. "Why, Uncle Tom ! you said that they all had five rays : this purple one has only four, and that little red one has only two long ones and a nubbin."

"I said that in the perfect state, John, they have five fingers. These imperfect ones have lost their fingers or rays in some way. If a lobster or any strong creature, in search of food, seizes upon a star-fish, and tears off one or two, or sometimes even three, fingers, thus dividing the animal, the part which remains has the power of reproduction to such an extent that new fingers begin to grow almost immediately. This purple star has evidently lost one finger, and probably has not had time to grow another ; and this little red fellow with the rays, and a 'nubbin' as John says, has been part of a regular five-fingered fish. These two regular fingers belonged to the original star ; but in some way the fish lost these two fingers, and the little point, or nubbin, is its attempt at reproduction. And the other three fingers, the literally *better half* (since it came off with most of the original organization), is probably, if not swallowed by some hungry fish, busy at work reproducing two fingers in the place of the two we have here ; and thus in time he will be a perfect star again."

"It must be rather discouraging," said John, "to keep growing fingers, just to have them bitten off. Haven't they ever more than five fingers, Uncle Tom ?"

"Yes, indeed : eight sometimes. I have seen one with eleven, — caught near Bar Harbor. And they are known to

have as many as thirty sometimes, but I think that we never see such on this coast. I have read somewhere that the very young fish are much more lively than their elders, and swim very fast ; but I have never been able to discover any thing of the kind. Look at those mites : they seem just as stupid and dull as the others."

"What are all these little fleshy points, Papa?" asked Violet, who had turned the star-fish over on his back, and was holding it up to the inspection of the boys.

"Those are his tentacles, Violet: they belong to his internal organization, and are protruded through holes in the skin of the fish. Now watch. As no one is touching Mr. Star, he thinks that he will try to get back to his natural position. See him protrude and elongate his thousand little feelers. Those nearest the side of the pail he turns in that direction; and, indeed, all of them curve one way. See, the outer edge is rising, the inner edge drawing itself close to the wood. If you watch long enough, you will see him gradually turn, until finally, with a quick little drop, he falls into his accustomed position. These *Asteridæ* are very wonderful little animals."

"Is it safe to handle them so carelessly as Violet does, Uncle Tom?"

"Well, Cortland, I have never known any harm come of it, though I have read that the spawn of the fish is venomous to the touch, and poisonous to the animals which eat them. But Violet has always been accustomed to taking all kinds of fish and insects up in her hands."

"I remember very well," said Violet, "when I held one of those big hairy caterpillars in my hand, tight, for half an hour. I was running home to show it to Mamma, and I suppose I

squeezed the poor thing dreadfully. I was a little girl then," and Violet made herself seem quite tall, as she unconsciously drew herself up to her full height. "I fell down two or three times; and, when I got home, the palm of my hand was full of caterpillar's hairs. I'm sure he couldn't have had any left. My hand seemed to have grown a perfect fuzz. Wasn't it awfully swollen, Papa? I know I had to have Dr. Palmer; and he took them out as well as he could, but I couldn't use my hand for a long time. — What *are* you doing, Cortland?" and Violet suddenly ended her reminiscence of the caterpillar, as she looked up at the boy.

"I'm eating sea-weed," replied Cortland, who was chewing vigorously a long leathery piece of kelp which had come to the surface on the buoy-sinker.

"What do you do it for?"

"Why, the men do: they like it. Besides, they say it makes their teeth white."

Uncle Tom burst into a roar of laughter.

"Since when, Cortland, have the crew of the Goldenrod become so particular as to the color of their teeth?" he asked.

"It is true, Papa," said Violet, "they do say so. But it isn't this thing they eat, Cortland: it's *dulse*. I saw them with some forward, there, — that sort of purple-brown leaf. If it does make their teeth white, it makes their lips almost black."

"Perhaps it's the contrast," said John suggestively.

"What you have there, Cortland, though I should not think it a very pleasant article of diet, is, nevertheless, most useful in its way. It is kelp: and from its ashes we get a very useful article, — the common carbonate of soda; and another also, which I had forgotten for the moment, — the valuable drug

called iodine. Indeed, the ashes of burnt sea-weed are used for other things too, — in the manufacture of glass as well as of soap. The best quality of what chemists call the *saline ash* is called *barilla*."

"My goodness gracious!" exclaimed John, "just think of all that coming from one useless-looking weed."

"The ocean is a wonderful place, Johnny, and we have not begun to compass its mysteries. My theory is, that a great and good Creator has placed on the land and in the water every thing that can possibly be needed by man for his pleasure, use, and benefit. He has been given a brain, eyes, hands, and all that is necessary to make these treasures valuable to him; and it is his own fault if he does not constantly improve his condition, and make himself and his fellow-creatures happier for his work and perseverance: but — What's that?" as the Goldenrod's long, booming whistle sounded forward, nearly deafening the little party, and stopping, while it lasted, all conversation. "Bass Harbor Head already?"

"Have we been moving all the time?" asked John. "I have been so interested in the '*quetherums*,' that I didn't even notice that we had got under way."

"I thought ye must ha' ben absorbed," said Mr. Guptil's voice, "when ye didn't notice our settin' that boy back there."

"I did hear the splash," said John; "but I was watching those anemones, and couldn't look up."

And now came the slowing-down of the steamer at Bass Harbor Head. The whistle had been answered by the ringing of the lighthouse bell; and the boys raised their eyes, at Violet's bidding, to see a white tower standing out high above them on a rocky hill, which was green with pines from its summit to the

water's edge. They all three reluctantly turned from the delights of the pails to follow Uncle Tom into the gig as she dropped alongside the gangway.

"We had much rather stay," said both boys together.

"Oh, no; come along," said Violet. "The aquariums can wait, and will be just as good when we get back ('Lias, put a big umbrella over those pails); but we sha'n't come here again, and I want you to see the view from Bass Harbor Head."

There is no wharf or landing-stage at Bass Harbor Head; and, as the waves were rolling in "pretty comfortable," as Mr. Guptil had informed them, great care had to be taken in landing. The shore was rough, wild, and rocky; those rocks nearest the water's edge being covered with sea-weed, for the "half-tide" left them exposed in a very ugly manner. The footing was slippery and precarious; and Violet's father, seeing how difficult it would be to land the little girl safely, said, —

"Violet, I don't think that you had better try it."

"O Papa! why, I must. There's such a view! and — Well, I won't if you say so." And she was reluctantly preparing to take her seat.

"Come along, then," said her father; and, taking his little daughter in his strong arms, Uncle Tom, with one or two slips and a final slide, set Violet down securely on a dry rock.

"Don't try it alone, boys; let the men help you," were the inspector's orders.

"Oh, pshaw! Uncle Tom. I'm not a girl," returned the scornful Cortland.

"It's lucky you're not," shouted Uncle Tom: for, as Cortland spoke, his feet slipped, and, turning to seize upon John, who was clambering out of the boat after him, they fell together igno-

miniously into a mass of wet and sticky sea-weed ; while a wave larger than usual took that very moment to run up over the rocks, foaming, and sending its spray up to the knees of the men who were holding the bow of the boat, even circling round the feet of Uncle Tom and Violet as they stood, and, of course, covering the two boys completely. Oh, what a gurgling and gasping was there ! Noses, mouths, ears, and eyes full of salt water, to which, perhaps, was added a few drops of home production ; breath all gone, coughing, spluttering, sneezing ; grasping a man, or the boat, or each other, — any thing to keep from falling ; sea-water running out of every pocket and seam and fold, running down their necks, squeezing and oozing out of their shoes, our young heroes were a most sorry sight to see.

“Take them right back to the steamer, Ben, and tell the captain to follow the usual course,” ordered Uncle Tom, as he and Violet began their steep scramble up the hillside. The boys were hastily seated in the stern, from which the cushions were removed by the careful Robson ; and, cold, dripping, and dejected, they were rowed ingloriously back to the Goldenrod.

“Ben to sea, hevn’t ye, sons ?” was Mr. Guptil’s smiling greeting. “Here, you, ‘Lias, take ‘em down in the cabin an’ peel em. — You, Tim, go an’ help him. But stop, let’s us fust wring ye out some, or the inspector’ll think there’s been a second flood. There, now ye go right down, an’ the capting’ll send ye somethin’ hot. He’s strict teetotal, the capting is ; but he’s got common sense too, which, boys, let me tell ye, ’s a most uncommon thing.”

But the boys had oozed and dripped down the companion-way, and were oblivious to Mr. Guptil’s remarks.

“Give ‘em a rubbin’ down, ‘Lias,” called out Mr. Guptil. “’Twon’t do to hev no sick sailors on this cruise.”

"Why didn't we get our rubber boots on!" groaned John.

"It was all the fault of those old star-fish," returned Cortland, whose fertility in throwing the blame elsewhere was remarkable.

"Well, they wouldn't have helped us much," said John. "Gracious! didn't we roll over! and wasn't I soused! I thought I was drowned that time. I believe I swallowed a peck of salt water." Meanwhile 'Lias and Tim were following Mr. Guptil's orders, and *peeling* the young men. It was no easy task to get rid of the soaked and sticky clothes, but it was finally accomplished: and then came the *rubbin' down* with warm, dry towels, which both 'Lias and Tim seemed to understand; Tim, who informed the boys that he had been "*a ostler*," whistling and buzzing in time to the operation as if he were busy over no less a personage than Flora Temple herself. Then warm stockings and flannels were drawn on; and a protracted stay by the steam heater, followed by the swallowing of "something hot," made such a change in our young friends, that, when Uncle Tom and Violet came on board,—the sweet girl fresh and blooming, with her hands filled with sweet-scented country flowers from the lighthouse garden,—they were greeted by two fresh and shining boys, who said that they had never felt better in their lives.

"You see," said Cortland, confidentially, to Violet, "John tumbled right on top of me; and, of course, that carried both of us under."

"Well, I like that, Cortland Delano," spoke up the irate John. "Speak a little lower next time, or else tell the truth. Everybody saw you grab at me to save yourself. I don't mind the wetting, but I don't want to take all the blame."

"No matter, boys," said Violet, who was arranging her

flowers in a large blue salad-bowl. "The whole thing was an accident. — There! aren't those stocks lovely? Now, we are going to pass the bell-buoy at Long Ledge in a few minutes, and you had better put on your heavy coats, and come up into the pilot-house. It's a pity," she continued, "that your first experience at Mount Desert should have been so unfortunate."

"Where *is* Mount Desert?"

"We haven't been to Mount Desert!" exclaimed the boys together.

"Oh, yes, you have! I can't say that you exactly made a *land-ing*; but Bass Harbor Head is on Mount Desert Island, and all this rocky shore on our left is the land of Mount Desert."

"Jimminy! I didn't know that," said John. "Hurry up, Certy; let's go into the pilot-house."

The three cousins were soon seated in their accustomed places; the boys gazing eagerly out of the windows at the beautiful scenery on the right and left of the channel through which the steamer was passing.

"Got enough water, think, capting?" called Mr. Guptil as he ascended the forward ladder, and brought his bushy head on a level with the pilot-house windows. Captain Grimes looked somewhat anxious, but his face gradually broadened into a smile; and then he nodded twice at Mr. Guptil as the Goldenrod passed a certain point, and said in a satisfied tone, —

"She's over."

"Bass Harbor bar," whispered Violet in John's ear. "They never come this way at low tide." And now the *cling-clang* sent forth by the "Long Ledge" bell-buoy sounded on the ears of our little party.

"I see it," said Violet; "there, right over the port bow, John."

"Are we going way out there?" asked John. "Why don't we cut across here to the left? it looks deep enough."

"Handsome is as handsome does, son," broke in Captain Grimes. "There ain't nothing so smiling and so treacherous as this same old ocean. He'll beckon ye right on in the cheeriest manner; and, when ye run aground or on a rock, he jest laughs at ye, and does his level best to stave in yer ribs. I know him; it's an old acquaintance he is o' mine. And, when I think of his underhanded and onvartuous actions, I remember of a line I read somewhere once, about somebody who could 'smile, an' smile, an' be a villain.' The feller who writ that line must ha' ben to sea;" unconsciously adding another to the many tributes which have been heaped at the feet of the old English poet.

"You see all those little white caps, John, — a complete line of them almost from inside the buoy to the shore?" added Violet, "well, that is Long Ledge, and an awfully dangerous place. We do go over it at high tide, but I never like it when they do. The buoy is way out off the point of that ledge, in deep water; and boats that go round it, outside of it, are safe." *Cling-clang, clang-clang*, sounded the bell.

"You are going to run right over it, captain," suggested the wise Cortland. "Hadn't you better go a little more to the right?"

"*Doos* seem so, doosn't it, son?" blandly returned the captain, who calmly kept on his way, apparently ignoring the advice of this experienced young seaman; and, somehow or other, despite Cortland's anxious looks, as the steamer reached the buoy she was well outside of it, rounding it in fine style, near enough for our young voyagers to see it perfectly, but far enough away to avoid any chance of collision. Four upright bars of iron

were firmly riveted at the bottom to the outer edge of a flat surface, which floated and rocked with the waves. These bars of iron sloped inward as they neared the top, and there, as well as halfway up, were firmly held in place by cross-pieces of iron, which made their position perfectly secure. On top of all, the boys saw a bell-shaped piece of metal, which seemed to be immovable, and rocked with the buoy and framework at the will of the waves. Under this bell, at a little distance from it, was an iron plate. John said, —

"I see the tongue of the bell moving backward and forward."

"It isn't a tongue at all, John," answered Violet. "It's an iron ball, — a small cannon-ball, I believe. Papa explained it to me. Here, I can draw it for you; that is not very well done, but it gives you an idea of the plate. It has grooves, all going out from the centre, so: and the ball is inside, where I have drawn the dotted lines. Say you place the ball in the middle, and a wave comes along and tips the buoy to one side:



VIOLET'S DRAWING.

of course the ball must run somewhere, so it rolls out one of these grooves, and strikes the side of the bell with a bang; and then, of course, when the buoy swings back, the ball runs to the middle again, and out another groove, and strikes the bell somewhere else."

"What a funny idea!" said Cortland. "I suppose they think it's awfully smart to get up some new thing like this. Why couldn't they have a regular bell-clapper, and be done with it?"

Violet looked puzzled.

"The constant motion would wear the link, Cortland," said

Uncle Tom, coming to Violet's rescue; "besides which, the clapper could hardly be swung with enough violence against the side of the bell to cause the same sound which the ball makes. You see that a very slight motion will cause this ball to roll; the clapper, which you suggest in place of it, would not strike with much force unless the bell were tipped at a much greater angle."

"I saw one of those balls which had come out of an old bell-buoy," said Violet, "and it was all worn off on one side. It looked like a badly shaped egg."

"How absurd!" disputed Cortland. "Somebody was fooling you. They always try to fool girls. It couldn't wear off just with rolling about, not in a thousand years."

"Jest come down for'ard, young man," said Mr. Guptil, who had been an interested listener to the discussion, "and look at that last buoy-chain we riz."

Cortland and John followed the mate down the ladder to the forward deck, and saw, to their great surprise, that the chain which Mr. Guptil was handling, though perfect in most parts, was in one or two places worn to the fineness of a small cord. It looked as if very slight force would be required to snap it in two.

"There," said Mr. Guptil as he passed the well-worn and rusty links through his hardened hands, "talk about iron not wearin' off! Thet's inch chain, or it was when the buoy was sot, an' thet's what water done. Live an' l'arn, sonny; live an' l'arn. I don't blame ye for not knowin' nothin' 'bout the sea an' his doin's. He's mighty onsartin to specoolate on, an' 's like 's not, ef ye bet one way, it'll turn out jest the opposite. But this here ain't no specoolation. We know jest 's well, when we set

one o' them buoys, that he'll twist an' turn an' bob round all the thirty-two points of the compass every tide that ebbs and flows. An' when that cantankerous stick hes ben twistin' an' turnin' that there chain for eighteen months or so, we're pretty sartin to find the chain wore to a thread. 'Tain't no disgrace not to know them things, sonny," and Mr. Guptil smiled kindly; "but, ef I was you, I wouldn't be *too* sartin 'bout what water *kin* do, until I'd a-seen what it *hes* done," said Mr. Guptil conclusively.

"How lonely that old buoy looks out there!" said John, as he came up the forward ladder, and turned his eyes to where the black form of the bobbing and bowing framework of iron seemed to be motioning to them a farewell.

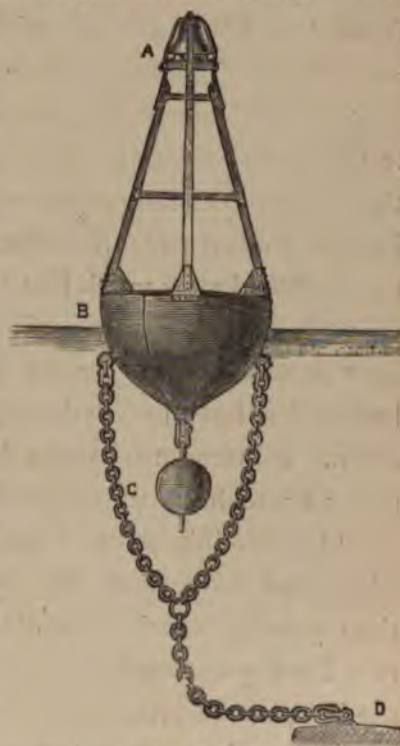
"Yes, doesn't it?" answered Violet. "I always have a sort of pity for such things, as if they were alive. It's awfully silly, of course, but it's a lonely sight to me."

"How does the buoy keep its place, Uncle Tom?" asked John.

"Just as the other buoys do, John. — 'Lias, just run aft to the cabin, and bring me that blue portfolio."

When 'Lias had returned, breathless, from his mission, Uncle Tom opened the covers, and produced this drawing, or one like it.

"There, boys. Here you have the whole thing. You see the ball at *A*. *B* is the hull, which is water-tight, and floats, as



THE LONELY BUOY.

you see. The ball of iron marked *C* is a heavy weight, placed where it is to ballast the buoy, that it may keep its upright position; and *D* is the heavy sinker, which prevents it from being carried away by the wind or the tide." The children examined the drawing with great interest.

"There seems to be more below the water, almost, than there is on top, Uncle Tom," said John musingly. "It looks like much more of a machine when one sees the whole of it."

"Yes; of course, when the buoy is in the water, you only see to the water-line at *B*. I wish very much that we could see to the bottom as clearly as we can in this little drawing, for there is a buoy down somewhere below us, on the floor of the ocean, that I should very much like to find."

"How did it get there, Uncle Tom?"

"It was probably sunk by a passing vessel, John, which knocked a hole in the buoy, and so the hull filled and went down. I intend to have a look for it to-morrow if our diver meets us, as he promised, at South-west Harbor."

"I shouldn't think it would pay," said Cortland with the wise air of a financier. "They can't cost very much; and by the time you have paid the diver, and kept the steamer waiting round a day or two, I should think it would have cost more than the buoy was worth."

"What do you think the government pays, Cortland, for a bell-buoy like that one we have just passed?"

"Oh, I don't know, Uncle Tom: a hundred dollars, perhaps. What do you say, John?"

John, who had taken note of Uncle Tom's smile, and thought that it meant that Cortland's estimate was far too high, said meekly, —



SOUTHWEST HARBOR.

"Well, I'll say seventy-five dollars."

"What do you say, Vi?"

"A thousand, Cortland," returned Violet promptly.

"Just like a girl!" broke in Cortland.

"But then, I didn't guess," continued she presently: "the captain told me."

"Whew! *A thousand dollars?*"

"A thousand dollars just for that little thing?" The two boys uttered their astonished sentences in the same breath.

"How large do you suppose 'that little thing' is?" asked Uncle Tom.

"I suppose that I ought to say a thousand feet high, Uncle Tom," answered Cortland; "every thing comes out so differently here from what one expects. It *looks* about *three*."

"The framework alone is nine feet high, Cortland, and the buoy, or the plate which forms its surface, is eight feet across: so it is not such a 'little thing,' after all. This, however, is one of our small buoys; we have some which are much larger than this."

"There's the sea-wall, Papa," said Violet. She pointed to the shore on the left, where the waves were running up in long reaches, breaking, white and foaming, at the base of the ridge of rocks which has, in common with many another of the same character, been given the name of the sea-wall.

"Yes, I know it well," answered her father, "and its round, polished stones. I shall never forget the bag of them which you collected once for paper-weights (how many were there? sixty-three?), nor the struggles of Deacon Williams's poor old skeleton of a horse as he tried to get them and us (I mention ourselves last, as we were of no consequence to Violet just

then) home in time for dinner. That was cruelty to animals, Violet; and then, after all, you left them at the Castle."

"All but two, Papa," said Violet, looking a little downcast at the remembrance of Deacon Williams's old horse and its struggles. "Mamma let me take two home with me. I am sure you were as glad as anybody, Papa, when I painted them for you and Mamma for Christmas."

"What are the stones like? and why do you paint them?" asked John; while Cortland said at the same moment, —

"What is the Castle?"

"The stones are lovely, John, — round and smooth. There are thousands of them there, all sizes and shapes and colors; some round as a ball, some egg-shaped, some oblong, some round with a flat side, — those are splendid for paper-weights. My Cousin Katherine painted some with views of Mount Desert, and she sold between twenty and thirty for our society fund."

"And the Castle?" asked Cortland again.

"Oh, that's a sort of addition to the old hotel at South-west Harbor — if you can call a thing an addition that is way up in the woods."

"You might say annex," suggested Uncle Tom, smiling. "It seems to be a favorite word nowadays."

"Well, it belongs to the hotel, anyway. We staid there a little while one summer. It was lovely as long as the weather was good, but not so pleasant when it rained, and we had to come, three times a day, down those slippery board walks to our meals. Anyway, you said, yourself, Papa, that one of *the* views of the island is to be had from the upper piazza of the Castle. I shall never forget, Papa," said Violet, "how we watched for you

that year, when you had the training-ship, and were bringing her in here. We used to go up on that upper piazza, and even on top of the house, where the flag-pole is, and watch and watch for you. We thought that every little fishing-boat or schooner that came up over the horizon was the old Constitution."

"I should surmise the literary fact to be, thet thar warn't no doubt in yer own mind jest what she was when she hove in sight: was thar, Missy?" joined in Mr. Guptil. "Ye may think ye see a square-rigger, ye may be almost sartin of it, an' after all, ye may mistake suthin' else fer her. But, land! when she *doos* kind o' rise up over the aidge, thar ain't no fear o' mistakin' her for any thin' else: now, is thar?" and Mr. Guptil appealed to the sea-farers of his audience for confirmation of his statement.

"I should think there wasn't," agreed Violet. "When she came up out of the sea, that great white, beautiful thing, like a big silver bird reaching its shining wings up into the clouds, Mamma cried. Then we both laughed, and made fun of all the rest of the little sails that just a little while before we had thought might be the old Constitution. — O boys!" said Violet, breaking off suddenly, "do look at the mountains!" The mountains had been in view for some time past, and the boys had been conscious of it; but they had accepted the great purple and green hills as a part of the wonders of the day and the voyage, just as they accepted every thing that was new and beautiful, and filling their ears and eyes and brains with new sounds and sights and thoughts as the hours passed on.

"O Vi!" exclaimed John in a tone from which sounded despair and delight mingled together, "I *have* seen them; but

there's so much to see and to hear and to do, that I don't know where to look first. What is this land over to the right?"

"Those are the Cranberry Islands, John; and just ahead we see Greening's Island, which lies right in front of Some's Sound. There, we're turning into the harbor." And, as they steamed toward their anchorage, Violet told the boys all that she knew of the hotels and houses for the entertainment of summer boarders, the names of some of which could be distinctly read from the deck of the Goldenrod.

As the steamer came to anchor, Violet pointed out the "Castle," and the topmost piazza from which she and her mother had watched for the arrival of the training-ship. And when they all went ashore, and the boys climbed, with Violet and her father, to this high point, and looked far down below them into the near depths of Some's Sound, then across at Brown and Robinson Mountains, or to the right across the near-lying islands out to the broad ocean, then both of the boys agreed with Violet that it was a view, or combination of views, which they had never seen equalled. Even Cortland gave unstinted praise to the grand sight.

"We think we have scenery on the Ohio," said Cortland, "but this beats it all hollow."

Then through the woods at the back of the house they went, down the steep and rocky bank, until they came to a pretty beach, where, between the rifts in the dark red-brown rocks that showed themselves here and there, —

"The little waves ran up, and rang
Like service-bells a long way off."

"It's a lake," said John.

"Taste it, John," said Violet. "Not a *fresh-water* lake, is



LONG LAKE AND WESTERN MOUNTAIN.

it?" and Violet laughed as John made a face, and said that he had had enough of that water at Bass Harbor Head.

"This is Some's Sound, boys," said Uncle Tom, "an arm of the sea which has done its best to cut our beautiful island in two. I hope to give you a chance to see it in a day or so, as I find that I must see one of the commissioners at Somesville, and that this is the best time for my business."

"I've found a queer thing," called Cortland from a spot at a little distance, to which he had wandered. "Oh! and another, and another. I've discovered something, Uncle Tom. I wonder how I can find out what it is. Now remember, all of you," as Violet and John ran to where he was standing on a rock at the edge of the water, "that it is *my* discovery, and none of you need go and say that you saw it first."

"You goosey!" and Violet burst out laughing, "do you think that you are an explorer, and that you have landed on an uninhabited island? This is not an unknown world. It was known before the great explorer Cortland Delano ever landed on these shores. Those are sea-urchins. I took boxes of them home last year." Cortland looked annoyed at Violet's fun. He held in his hand one of the strange-looking pale-green balls, with its long, sharp spines standing up all over the shell.

"It looks like a hedgehog," said John. "Let's call it that."

"Unfortunately, it has another name, Johnny," remarked Uncle Tom, "though I think that yours would be an excellent one; but I am afraid that we can't change it now. That little animal is a sea-urchin. I do not imagine that the person who named it ever heard the scientific name, though there is a sort of resemblance. It is one of the *echinoids*, and just as won-

derful, in its way, as all the rest of the things that come out of the sea."

"Here's another queer thing," said John, drawing his dripping hand from the water. "This one is white, and has no spines on top."

"That is the same thing, John; but only the empty shell of the sea-urchin remains. With these two specimens, the living and the dead, you can readily understand the formation of this little sea-animal. Now, look at all these holes in the shell, running in rays or stripes from the centre to the outer edge. You see that the first ones are very small, — as large as the point of a pin, perhaps, — but that they grow larger as they approach the outside. Through these holes in your shell are protruded the *ambulacra*, or 'feet;' and they, with their tube-like covering, form what we call the spines, such as cover the urchin which Cortland holds in his hand. That urchin is covered with a membrane, which dies when the fish dies; and the spines either fall off then, or are washed off by the motion of the water. Then, as the shell rolls backward and forward with the waves, and as the sun bleaches it at low tide, it becomes pure white, like the shell in your hand."

"Of what use are the spines, Uncle Tom?" asked Cortland.

"Of every use, I should think, to the urchin. He walks with them, and buries himself under the sand with them."

"How *can* they walk on these *prickers*?" said Cortland, who was holding the urchin, the flat side down, on the palm of his hand, and watching the constant, useless movement of the "prickers" back and forth; useless because, unless the urchin is in the water, they seem to be of no aid in the matter of navigation.

"The long, thin *ambulacra* which fill those spines, and are supported by them, are all connected together inside of the animal in one common centre. When the urchin wishes to move, he sets these points in motion, and off he starts; slowly, of course, but the urchin is contented to move just as his great-grandfather before him did."

"That's a pretty tough story," said Cortland. And then, "I didn't mean to be rude, Uncle Tom; but I can't believe that these creatures decide where they will go, and when, and move these prickles just as they choose. Scientific people think they can tell us any thing, and that we'll believe it."

"I don't see why," said Violet. "Isn't your foot a great deal farther from your brain than the ends of the urchin's feet are from his thinking-place, whatever that may be. Every thing in nature is wonderful; but, if God could make us, couldn't he make a sea-urchin, and give him the power of moving as he chooses? I'm sure there's nothing more wonderful in the animal kingdom than we are ourselves."

"That's so," said Cortland in a tone of conviction.

"How he moves his spines!" said John. "He doesn't like your hand, Cortland; put him down in the water, and see if he'll walk."

Cortland laid the urchin in a little pool of salt water which had been left in the rocks by the retreating tide, and the children watched with interest his gradual edging of himself over until he was settled quite steadily, and to his satisfaction, on the rocky bottom; then he began to walk slowly across the pool to a deep corner, where he pushed himself under some sea-moss.

"Let the poor thing alone," said Violet. "The next tide will cover him, and that's just what he wants."

As Uncle Tom and the children retraced their steps up the bank past the Castle, and then down through the road towards the wharf where the gig was lying, a man came out of one of the country stores, and touched his hat to Uncle Tom. He looked like a man of fifty years of age, perhaps, but pale and colorless, as if he had aged prematurely.

"Walk on, children, and wait for me at the wharf," said Uncle Tom. "Ah, Krebs, is that you?"

When Uncle Tom had rejoined the cousins, Violet asked at once, —

"Who was that funny little old man, Papa? and what did he want with you?"

"That is the diver, Violet, — Martin Krebs; but he is not an old man, unless you call me old. He is about my age, I think."

"O Papa! With all those wrinkles?"

"He looks old enough to be your father, Uncle Tom," said John. "He looks sixty, at least."

"And such a sad face!" added Violet. "I felt sorry the moment I looked at him."

"His history is a sad one, my dear. His father and his brother were both divers, as he is now. His father died when Martin was very young. He had been down for many hours in very deep water, and died just after reaching the deck of the boat from which he had gone down. Then Martin, as a lad, took the place which had been left open by his father's death, for there was a mother and three little brothers to support. When the brother next to Martin became old enough, he also took up diving as a profession. He was quite prosperous, married a girl from his native town, and had a family of little children. One day poor Jackson Krebs went down into the

water never to see their faces again in this life. Through some mistake, the fresh air was not pumped fast enough through the tube. I believe that examination showed that there was a leak, and that the air escaped. At all events, the poor fellow suffocated, and was dead when they brought him up to the surface."

"Oh, what a horrible story, Papa! I shall hate to see him go down," said Violet.

"You need not be afraid, my little girl," said her father. "We are very particular about examining the tubes and the entire apparatus before Martin goes down. He has an experienced man with him, who understands all his signals, and obeys them instantly, so that I do not feel that there is the least danger in his going down; if there were, I should not allow it."

But Violet could not sleep for a long time that night. And, long after the others had forgotten that there was such a person in the world as Martin Krebs, she slipped out of her bed, and, putting on a warm wrapper and a thick cloak, she stole softly through the cabin and up the companion-way to the deck. The fresh night air cooled her fevered thoughts. She looked toward the town: all was dark and silent; not one ray of light shone forth from the literally sleeping village. The only lights were those shining, like yellow stars, from the vessels at anchor near, moving gently up and down with the slight rocking motion of the swell. Then came the stroke of five bells from the forward deck, which was repeated by the bell of the coast-survey vessel lying near. "Half-past ten," said Violet. She shivered, and looked at the black water, and, turning hastily away, hurried down to the cabin, into the warmth and soft glow of the cabin lamp. She did not lie long awake; the warmth and light soothed her by

ALL AMONG THE LIGHTHOUSES.

only at with the cold and dark outside: and, putting up
s tender little petition for the poor diver and his
y on e morrow, she dropped into a quiet sleep.
A lit later Cortland awoke with a start. Someone was
ng. "It must be John talking in his sleep," thought
tland. "Why! he's reciting poetry as we used to do at
ol," and as Cortland listened, this is what he heard:

THE BELL-BUOY.

What do I say, what do I say
As I float and rock the livelong day?
Ding-dong, ding-dong,
That is my song,
Floating and singing,
Rocking and ringing,
Ringing the whole day long.
My frame is stanch, and my iron boat
Does ever secure on the surges float.
And the waves that over me dash and curl
In many a wind-born, fleecy swirl
Are powerless all to do me harm;
They cause me no tremor, no vain alarm,
For my mission is here:
I must warn and cheer
In wind, or storm, or calm.
So ding-dong
Goes my friendly song,
As, floating and swinging,
Tipping and ringing,
I sing the whole day long.
When lost to sight is the beacon light
By the fog, more feared than the blackest night,
Ding, ding-dong,
Still sounds my song,

Floating and swinging,
Rolling and ringing,
Ringing the whole night long.
When, weary, the sailor seeks his home,
When over his vessel the white caps comb,
When watchful captain and sea-worn crew
List for my tone the drear night through,
Ah! *then* I ring out loud and clear,
My home-sick mariners' hearts to cheer,
For I steadfast am and true.

So ding-dong
Sounds out my song,
As, floating and swinging,
Rocking and ringing
I sing the whole night long.

What do *you* say, what do *you* say
As your duties come up day by day?

Ding-dong
Is *my* simple song,
Just floating and singing,
Rolling and ringing,
All day and all night long.

The only thing that *I* have to do
Is to stay where I'm placed, and keep firm and true;
But *you*, little child, if it's just to obey
Kind counsel that's given you every day,
Do you listen to father and mother dear?
Do you earnestly strive their hearts to cheer?
Were *you* out at sea, on this wind-swept coast,
Would *you* faithful ever be found at your post. —
Faithful to hearts so dear?

Oh! let *your* song
Be sweet and long;

ALL AMONG THE LIGHTHOUSES.

Let your heart be singing,
Its glad notes winging
To heaven, the whole day long.
Ding-dong, ding-dong,
Is my constant song,
As, floating and swinging,
I'm rocking and ringing
All day and all night long.

"Hulloa, John!" called out Cortland, "you're talking in our sleep."

"Nothing of the kind," was the calm answer, "I'm as wide awake as you are this minute."

"What are you spouting away so for, then, I'd like to know, keeping respectable people awake?"

"Why! Violet and Uncle Tom are asleep, aren't they?" laughed John. "You see, Cortland, I have got that diver's story into my head, and I cannot get it out. I went to sleep and I dreamed about him, and I woke up thinking about him. I've said 'The Battle of the Baltic,' and the alphabet, and the multiplication table backward, but it's no go. I always come back to the diver, and that made me think of the 'Bell Buoy,' that I used to speak in school."

"Well! do let us rest at night, at least," urged Cortland. "We'll have enough of the bell buoy and the diver, too, to-morrow."

"All right," assented good-natured John, "I'll keep as quiet as I can," but it was nearly morning before he slept, and forgot his anxiety as to what would be the fate of the diver on the morrow.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which Krebs tries his Luck. — The Story of Jack Bunker. — The Wild Cat! — Uncle Tom meets with an Old Friend.

ALL was bustle bright and early on board the Goldenrod. When the children ran up to the pilot-house before breakfast, they saw Krebs and his assistant standing together on the forward deck, apparently examining most carefully some coils of rubber tubes. Near them was a queer-looking machine with a handle or crank.

"What is that odd-looking thing?" asked Violet of Captain Grimes.

"That, Missy, 's the air-pump. Martin thinks a heap o' that. He handles it keerful, does Martin: it's his life when he's down. Likewise the hose: he an' Ephraim they looks it all over every time before Martin starts to go down."

"What is the delay, captain?" asked the inspector impatiently, coming forward, and breaking in upon the conversation. "I can't afford to lose so much time. We must be getting on."

"Why, Krebs left his helmet in Portland, sir. It required some mendin' or tinkerin' o' some sort. But it's comin' in on the City of Richmond; and here she comes now," answered Captain Grimes as the Richmond came in sight, and began to send forth one of those deafening blasts which are at once the horror and despair of every tourist.

The little incidents, of the steamer passing by them in a full

broad sweep, with her crowd of summer travellers on the sunny decks; her salute to the Goldenrod; the return salute given by John as he seized first upon the cord; the evident interest taken by the passengers in our little party and their pretty vessel; the successful landing made by the Richmond (for how could she fail, with her experienced captain on board); Krebs's return to the tender, with his box safely stowed under a seat in the dinghy; the getting under way, — all were of entertainment to our young people, and made the time slip away, until they found themselves steaming out of the harbor again, retracing the path through the waters which they had taken but yesterday.

"I don't like all this delay," said the inspector again, impatiently. "I want to get on. Krebs ought to have had his helmet with him."

"Delay ain't no harm in this case, sir," remarked Captain Grimes: "the lower the tide, the better for Martin."

"Why?" asked the cousins in unison.

"Because there's less water, a deal less water. Take off ten or twelve feet, and ye'll see he won't be so far from the surface, Martin won't; leastways, he'll be twelve feet nearer the bottom when he starts."

Violet stood looking earnestly at the diver as he unpacked and examined his helmet, handled his tubes, or tried the crank of the air-pump.

"He seems anxious. How pale he looks!" whispered Violet to the captain.

"He's always jest so, Missy; not to say anxious, keeful: an' that's what we're all bound to be. Now, don't ye go an' get narvous over Martin Krebs: he ain't born to be drowned; he's come too nigh it. Leastways, he ain't going to be drowned on board *this* vessel."

"Nobody thought he would be drowned on board the vessel," said Cortland pertly.

"No, nor out board neither, young man," turning his fresh-colored face round to where the boy stood, and looking at him keenly from under his heavy eyebrows. "We don't pretend to know as much as city-folks about most things, but I guess we kin take care of Martin without no extry help."

"Why does he go down?" asked John.

"What makes most of us poor folks do any thing?" returned Captain Grimes. "I reckon, when ye've answered one o' them questions to yer satisfaction, sonny, ye've answered both on 'em. Unless ye're powerful rich, ye'll hev to do suthin' some day for yourself; an' I don't believe ye'll do it fer nothin'."

"I know all that," said John. "But I wondered why he did this particular thing."

"Wal, it's hard to tell, hard to tell: brought up to it, perhaps; 'customed to see his father go down. An' it's lucertive too," added the captain, "when there's enough of it."

The Goldenrod had now reached again the neighborhood of the Long Ledge bell-buoy, which welcomed our voyagers with its mournful tone, as it had rung farewell to them the evening before. And now the large black launch was lowered, and Mr. Guptil, with a few of the men, started out to take soundings.

"Ye see, we want to try to get as near the place where the other bell was sunk as possible," remarked Captain Grimes. "We don't know as he was sunk, an' we don't know *as* he was. He may hev been washed right across to Europe, for all we know to the contrai-ry. One week he was ringing away like all possessed; an' the next week, when we come by, goin' down to

buoy out Frenchman's Bay, he'd just taken the Frenchest kind o' leave. — Got every thing ye want, Martin?" called the captain, breaking off suddenly from his subject.

"Guess so," returned Martin, with a nod of his head, but without taking his eyes from the rubber suit into which he had slipped, and which was being adjusted for him by his assistant.

"What funny shoes!" said Cortland.

"Lift one, sonny," said the captain.

Cortland, who was prepared to find the shoe no heavier than his own, found it difficult at first to raise the weight from the deck.

"What makes these shoes so heavy?" asked Cortland of Martin's assistant, a grim-visaged man who looked as if he had never been betrayed into a smile.

"*Soles*" was the reply. Cortland examined the shoe he had in his hand. The sole was indeed thick and hard, and apparently made of some kind of metal.

"What are they made of?" called John from the pilot-house. No reply.

"He asks what they are made of, these soles," said Cortland.

"*Lead*," answered the grim-visaged man.

"Why, I should think they would take him right down to the bottom," said John, joining the party on the forward deck.

"I should think they would sink him right down deep in the water," repeated John, with an inquiring look at the diver's gloomy assistant.

"*Do*," grunted the assistant.

"Why, isn't that awful!" broke in Cortland. "I don't see how, with all that weight, he ever gets out."

"*Don't*," laconically returned the man of gloom. Whether

he meant to convey the idea that Martin did not get out, or whether he intended a polite inquiry as regarded Cortland's belief in the matter, the boys were not able to determine; but they saw plainly that they had come to the wrong place for asking questions, — rather, for getting them answered, — so they contented themselves with watching the diver as he proceeded, with the help of his melancholy attendant, to dress himself.

"I can't do much, Eph," he said, with what seemed to Videt a sad smile. "You'll have to do all the work." Eph said nothing, as was his custom, but proceeded to fasten on the metal collar. Then the head-piece was slipped on, and screwed to the iron band round the diver's throat.

"Goes round him like a cooper round a cask," said the captain as Eph fastened one screw and then another with a vigorous turn of his wrench. The shoes were now fastened securely upon Martin's feet, and stiff rubber bands sprung over his hands, clasping the rubber sleeves so closely about his wrists that it seemed to the interested onlookers as if all free circulation of the blood must be entirely stopped. Martin's face was still visible, for, though the helmet was on, and screwed fast to the collar, the plate had not been fastened over the front; and through the space which it would finally fill, Martin could see and talk to those about him. He gave one or two directions to his assistant in a low tone, who at once tried again the several screws to see that they were turned as far as the wrench could force them.

"Now, Ephraim, try the machine," said Krebs.

"*Minute*," answered Ephraim, as he picked up the end of the hose, and began to screw it to the small opening on the back of the diver's helmet; and then Krebs stood while Ephraim went to the crank, and began to turn it with a regular motion, and,

leaving one of the crew turning it just as he had ordered, came back. He looked inquiringly at the diver. It seemed, if looks would answer his purpose, that Ephraim had no intention of wasting any words.

"It seems to work all right," said Martin, "only he's pumping too fast. Tell him so."

"*Slower!*" called the assistant, and the crank moved round at a less rapid rate.

"Now I'm ready," said Martin. Violet's heart gave a great throb. She leaned over the pilot-house rail. She felt a mingled horror and sympathy, such as she had never felt before.

"We all wish you the best of luck, Mr. Krebs," she called out. "I hope you'll find the bell-buoy, and a barrel of gold beses." Krebs smiled, and raised his eyes with that helpless look which a person has who is incapable of moving freely.

"Thank you, Miss," he answered, "thank you. I shall remember you when I'm down."

"And we shall remember you, Mr. Krebs, and be glad to welcome you back again."

"Thank you, Miss," said the man again.

"Ready?" asked the laconic but impatient Ephraim.

"I'm all ready, Eph; put in the plate, and watch the signals, — the for more air, two for less, and one to haul up."

"*au bet!*" answered Ephraim with unwonted energy, being betrayed into the utterance of two words by something — was it the depth of his feelings? Violet wondered. And now the plate with its queer goggle-looking glasses, was put over Krebs's face; and, as Ephraim began to screw it on, the air which was being pumped from the machine through the tube at the back of the helmet began to fill the rubber suit, and made Martin

Krebs, even to accustomed eyes, a very curious, almost comical, figure.

"He looks like a big rubber doll," said John.

But Violet could not laugh with Cortland; the situation was to her full of gravity. She watched Martin take his seat in the launch, which was waiting for him at the gangway, with uneasy feelings; and when he disappeared, going down the ladder held by two of the sailors over the stern of the boat, she gave a deep sigh. She watched anxiously as the strange form of the diver grew less distinct, and was finally lost to sight in the black depths of the water. And now there appeared on the surface a line of bubbles, which broke, one after another. She ran down to the forward deck, and stood by Ephraim, who was holding the hose in one hand and a rope in the other.

"Do those bubbles show where he is?" asked Violet with some sharpness for a little girl of her years.

Ephraim nodded.

"Are they the air from the diver?"

Ephraim nodded again.

"'Scapin'," he said.

"But how *does* it escape?" asked Violet. "If there's any hole, he'll be drowned."

Ephraim showed a very fine set of teeth, which, to use an ancient simile for want of a better, shone like a flash of lightning, and lighted up for a moment the cloud of his countenance.

"*Valve*," said Ephraim. And then, his usual monosyllable having escaped his lips, he held up his finger for silence.

"Don't talk to him, Violet," called her father; "he may miss a signal if you do." And Violet, horror-stricken at what she

might unintentionally be the cause of, retreated hastily up the ladder again.

"The rope twitched," said John: "I saw it. And he made the men turn slower."

Violet watched for some time the line of bubbles, as it formed many curious zigzag curves, telling plainly of the wanderings of the diver, and his search for the buoy on that wonderful unexplored plane below them.

"Is it deep?" she asked Captain Grimes.

"Pretty deep for divin', pretty deep, Missy: fifteen fathom or so. But ye don't understand that; ninety feet, about. He's got a good weight above him, has Martin, ef he's that far down."

And now there seemed to be some excitement on board the launch. Ephraim was making motions to the men; the ladder was again held over the stern, and before long, with the aid of those in the boat, as they hauled on the rope, whose farther end was knotted round the diver's waist, his strange head was seen emerging from the water. He dragged his heavy weight up over the side of the boat, and was rowed rapidly to the steamer. When the plate was unscrewed, he said, —

"Don't see no buoy, captain; but I'm ready to go down again."

Violet came down to the deck; and, as she drew near Krebs, he said in a low tone, as he opened his hand for her inspection, —

"I said I'd remember you, Miss. 'Tain't much, but it's off'n the bottom."

"It" was only a common black pebble, but Violet thanked him as if it had indeed been the barrel of gold.

"They get pumpin' too fast, Ephraim. I get too much



"I AINT A-GOIN' TO GIVE IT UP; IT'S WORTH FINDIN',— WORTH
IT TO ME, ANYWAY."

air. "Make 'em pump slower," said Martin in his spiritless voice.

"You, Robson, d'ye hear that?" thundered Captain Grimes. "Now, mind what ye're about, or I'll come down an' show ye how."

"Ay, ay, sir," from the abashed Robson; for such a reproof from the captain was much worse than another man's oaths. Then again the plate was screwed on, and Krebs went out in the launch, was lowered over the side, and once more sunk from sight below the green water. This time he was gone for a half-hour. Now, as before, our party watched the line of bubbles, tracing Krebs in his lonely walk. They noticed the slightest pull upon the rope, and Ephraim's concise orders to the men at the machine. Finally, however, Krebs came again slowly out of the sea, and returned on board the steamer.

"Did ye find it?" was Captain Grimes's question, almost before the plate was unscrewed.

"No," returned Krebs, "nor nothin' like it. But I ain't a-goin' to give up; it's worth findin',—worth it to me, anyway." Again Krebs went down; but this time, having explored the bottom thoroughly, and having seen nothing of the missing buoy, the inspector and Captain Grimes decided that there was nothing more to be done.

"I'd rather try it once more," said Krebs.

"Yes, an' we'd rather not hev ye," rejoined Mr. Guptil. "It's a literary fact, Martin, ye're enough, with yer blown-up old bag of a body and those goggle eyes o' yourn, to frighten us, let alone the fishes; but, when ye stay down the best part of an hour, I get narvous. I don't like it, Martin; an' when ye go

down for good, as ye will some day, an' so I warn ye, I don't want to be the one to pull ye up."

Martin smiled.

"I don't frighten *all* the fishes," he said. "I wish you'd a-seen the cat-fish that came at me this last time: he was six feet long, I'll bet my helmet. And he made a rush right at my eyes: it wasn't pleasant."

"That's the wust o' these divers," said Mr. Guptil in a teasing tone, addressing his little audience: "they can see any thing they like, an' we hev to swaller it. — An' then, Martin, ye might join company with one o' them octopusses, — devil-fish, some calls 'em; eat 'em in Chiny, — but he'd suck ye in, Martin, goggles an' all. Now, you take my advice, Martin," continued the mate, — "it's the cheapest thing I have to give, — an' larn some other trade. Break stones, or even turn so'jer; but don't, for Hevens's sake, hang onto that perfession o' yourn, or some fine day Euryanthy Krebs'll be a widder, an' it'll be you that done it."

"Pshaw!" said Cortland; "he didn't stay down long. I'd just give any thing to go down; I'd stay for hours, and wander all over the bottom."

"Not in fifteen fathom, sonny," said the captain. "I make no doubt ye'd be a fine diver; but a man can't stand that awful pressure long, let alone a little chap like you."

"What pressure?" inquired John, who had also thought that he would enjoy the profession of diver, but prudently waited to hear the outcome of Cortland's discussion.

"Why, the pressure of the water on every side, and that of the compressed air upon the lungs as it is forced so far through the tube," answered Uncle Tom. "The only wonder to me is,

that divers live as long as they do, undergoing, as they must, such a terrible physical and mental strain."

"What did Ephraim mean by a valve, Papa, when I spoke to him about the air-bubbles?"

"There is a valve in the top of the diver's helmet, Violet, which lets the air escape when the diver's dress is filled from the tube; otherwise the air would become poisonous. As the fresh air is added, the impure air escapes from the valve."

Violet thought that Krebs had a more sad and anxious look than usual as the Goldenrod neared South-west Harbor, where he and Ephraim were to be put ashore.

"How much has he made, Mr. Guptil?" asked Cortland.


"He h'ain't made nothing, Martin h'ain't, and that's what's troublin' him. He had more bother than ef he'd a-found the buoy fust off, an' no pay. I vow, it ud take the gimp out o' me. I'd never go down again."

But Violet's mourning was turned to joy when she saw her father hand some bills to Martin; and, as he waved good-by to them from the wharf, he looked almost cheerful.

"Papa is always like that," she said to the boys.

"It's easy enough to give away government money," said Cortland.

"It isn't easy," retorted Violet, blazing up. "Papa does what is exactly right in every thing; and he gives away more of his own money than you know any thing about, Cortland Delano: and he has to be responsible. But I'm sure that the Lighthouse Board will be glad that he paid Martin, when they know all the hard work and worry he had."

"Wal, from whoever it come," joined in Mr. Guptil, "I guess there ain't no manner o' doubt but that Martin'll fist 

to it. Sixty dollars don't grow on every blueberry bush. Thet's what gov'ment promised, an' I guess thet's what gov'ment paid. It didn't ought a cent of it come out o' yer Pa; but thet's his lookout, not mine."

By this time the steamer was passing between the inner shore of Greening's Island and the shore below "*the Castle*," where the children had found the sea-urchins, and was on her way up Somes's Sound. Close to the shore they steamed, under Thunder Cliff, whose black and ragged sides stood up high and grand above them, and whose recesses gave back, rugged and clear, the tones of the whistle, as one and then another of the children pulled the cord. Then they each one called in loud tones the usual "Halloa!" "How do you do?" and were answered back, over and over again, with a distant "Hulloa!" "do you do?" by the faithful echo. In one spot there were two distinct echoes, and even three, Violet declared.

"It isn't, by a great sight, so wonderful as the Irishman's echo," said Captain Grimes.

"How could any echo be more wonderful than this?" returned John. "I am certain that I heard three separate answers."

"Oh, that's nothing," rejoined Cortland. "I think I remember about that echo you mention, captain. Didn't it answer six or seven times?"

"It wa'n't the *number* of times," said the captain, "but what it *said*."

"What did it say, then?" questioned John, somewhat jealous that Cortland alone should have heard of this remarkable echo, as he stood there with the wise air of knowing all about it.

"Why," answered the captain, with a quizzical look in his



VALLEY COVE, SOME'S SOUND, MT. DESERT.

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gray eyes, "Pat said that in Killarney there was an echo that beat any thing in America all hollow; for, when you shouted, 'How do you do?' it answered, 'Pretty well, I thank you.'"

Violet laughed uncontrollably, and John screamed at Cortland's evident discomfiture.

"That was an awful sell," whispered John in Violet's ear. "He pretends he knows every thing; but the worst of it is, that he won't own up."

Thereafter the subject of echoes was a sore one to Cortland; so that, on the return from the Somesville trip, he could not be persuaded to join the merry party in the pilot-house, but sat apart, moody and uncomfortable.

"We'll slow up at the quarry just a minute, sir," said Captain Grimes to the inspector. "I want one or two buoy-sinkers."

As the Goldenrod neared the shore, that same strange clinking sound became audible which our young people had heard in the fog off Green's Landing.

"Now," said Violet, "you can see what they are doing. Poor men! hammering away forever at those granite rocks. I should think they would hate the sight of a chisel." The boat had neared the landing. There was a rush, a splash, a scurry. "Oh, you beautiful darling! You dear, dear, precious darling!" and Violet's words ended in a scream of delight; the boys looking on, astonished to see her with her arms round the neck of a great black dog, who gave every possible sign of joy at meeting her. Then he jumped upon Cortland and John, who shrunk from the great red tongue and enormous rows of white teeth, that looked as if they could make mince-meat of a boy in no time. And then back again to Violet he came, licking her hand and cheek, and showing in every way but words how glad he was to be

there. Then came a rush to the pilot-house, and the same demonstration was gone through with on his meeting with Captain Grimes and Mr. Guptil and the old hands; the new members of the crew feeling quite mortified that they were passed by in the general welcome.

"Papa, do you see Emperor? the dear, splendid fellow! O Papa, he is so glad to see us! Can't we take him on board?" Emperor jumped upon Uncle Tom as these words were spoken, begging almost as hard as Violet that he might be allowed to stay.

"What does the captain say?" asked her father. "I won't have him inconvenienced."

"Let him stay, sir, by all means. We're all fond o' Emperor; ain't we, Emp, old fellow? Let him stay, for the men think a heap on him; and, if he shouldn't behave himself, we've got an old pantry nigh and handy by, where we can put him for safe keepin': only I'd like to see any one put ye there, Emp, ef ye didn't feel like bein' put."

With what delight Violet saw the steamer leave the wharf with Emperor on board, can be imagined, perhaps, by those young people who have dogs of their own of whom they are fond.

"Where did he come from?" asked the bewildered John, "and why didn't you have him all the time?"

"We couldn't keep him in the winter," said Violet, "and so Papa left him here last autumn with a man who understands all about dogs. Just see how he remembers us, and the boat, and every thing. See, Papa; see, boys; he has taken up his old ways right off. He loves to lie way up there on the forecastle, and keep a lookout."

Emperor was a constant source of interest and amusement to the boys. When the captain called, "Gig there," Emperor at once arose from his position, what or where ever it might be, and, coming aft to the gangway, was the first to jump into the boat, and ensconce himself in the bows. If left ashore, he would swim out to the steamer, and paddle round and round, until, with the aid of one of the crew, he got his paws on the high gangway, and was helped up to the lower deck; and then, woe to any one who stood near! for the mighty shake which Emperor gave to his enormous bulk sent the showers of water flying over the radius of a very large circle, which drenched every one within reach.

"I hallus shut the hengine-ouse door," remarked Mr. Barnes, "when I see that there hanimal a-comin'."

"Did you see that man about building the wharf on Bear Island, Mr. Guptil?" inquired the inspector as he entered the pilot-house.

"I saw him, sir," was the mate's non-committal answer.

"Will he take the contract?"

Mr. Guptil turned round, keeping one hand on the rim of the wheel, and, running the fingers of the other through his bushy locks, faced the inspector.

"Ye wun't believe it, sir, but it's a literary fact that I didn't get no encouragement."

"That is strange," was the reply. "I thought that he was the very man who was so anxious for the work early in the winter."

"Mebbe so, mebbe so," meditatively returned the mate. "But, ye see, circumstances hes a pow'ful way o' alterin' cases. Now, sence we was here last year, thet man hes ben *made a*

se-lectman. I didn't know why he hemmed an' hawed so much when I fust spoke to him. He talked this way, an' he talked thet way. Fact is, Mr. Inspector, sir, he kind o' boxed the compass with his objectiveness." (Mr. Guptil meant objections.) "Fust off, he sayed as how 'twas too fur to carry the lumber ; then he sayed as how 'twas too late in the season to begin (July !), and thet he didn't think there was good even bottom there, any way : an' he was goin' all round the compass agin, when I jest jumped into the dinghy, and pulled off to the steamer. Fact is, Mr. Inspector, he don't want to build it. Thet man's political honors *is a-jammin' him so*, thet he can't build no wharf."

"Then we must try elsewhere," was the answer, as Uncle Tom turned away to conceal his laughter.

"What is that pretty place, Papa?"

Violet's curly head was thrust in through the pilot-house window ; and her father's eye followed the direction of her pointing finger, to a grassy slope between the cliffs and the shore, on the western side of Some's Sound.

"That, puss, is Norwood's Cove."

"Thet's the place where old Jack Bunker brought thet vessel thet he cut out at Wiscasset."

"What was that, Mr. Guptil? Oh, do tell us!" And the children's eyes sparkled at the prospect of a story. At this point the captain, who had been looking over some charts, closed the falling shelf, or chart-table, up against the wall with a loud bang, and, turning, laid his hand on the wheel.

"Tell 'em the tale, Mr. Guptil," he said. "I'll spell ye a bit."

Mr. Guptil took his station in the doorway of the pilot-house,

and, crooking his ungainly length against the hinges of the open door, began :—

“Ye see, it was this way. Jack Bunker heard of a vessel down Wiscasset way, an’ for many an’ various reasons he sot his mind on cuttin’ her out.”

“When was it, Mr. Guptil? Since you have been here?” thus Cortland; and John at the same time asked,—

“What is ‘cutting her out’?”

Mr. Guptil drew his shaggy eyebrows together, and looked at Cortland.

“When *I* was here, did ye say? I’d hev to be a heap older than I be at this present date to be a livin’ witness to old Jack Bunker’s feats. Bless ye, son! why, ’twas in Revolootionary times, an’ old Jack Bunker was several gret-gran’ters to the present generation. As to the cuttin’ of her out, son,” to John, “you jest listen to the tale. I tell it to ye as my gran’ter telled it to me; an’ as he was a mite of a boy when old Jack was a middle-aged man, an’ got it from him *di-rect*, so it seems to come kind o’ straight. Now ye must know, children, that times was hard; and when I *say* hard, I *mean* hard. The folks round here hedn’t hed no food to speak of fer some time back, an’ they was nigh about starved. Can’t believe it these days, kin ye, with every thin’ so smilin’ an’ green, an’ meat an’ garding projuce nigh an’ handy by,” and Mr. Guptil cast his starboard eye below to the lower rail, where, close to the galley door, ’Lias was helping Joe prepare the adjuncts to what promised to be a most appetizing meal. “Jack, ye see, hed heard tell of this vessel down in the Sheepscote River, an’ how she was a-collect-in’ provisions for the English troops (beats all how they did get news in those days); an’ he swore to himself, quite *private*—

like, thet he'd cut her out, or bust in the attemptin' ov it: so he thought he'd get up a little sort of forlorn hope ov his own, for it was the forlornest kind of a hope," said Mr. Guptil, looking at the inspector. "Jest think, now, o' paddlin' way down to the Sheepscote — But I'm gettin' ahead o' my tale," and Mr. Guptil checked himself, drew a long breath, and began again, —

"Jack didn't say nothin' to nobody; only, after he made up his mind, he called in to his sister's house early one mornin'. 'Hannah,' says he, 'how's the kids?' — 'Poorly,' says she, 'poorly.' — 'An' ye're almost tuckered out yerself: ain't thet so, Hannah?' An' when Hannah took to cryin', as wimmen folks doos when they's weak an' ailin', 'Well, keep up yer spirits, Hannah,' says Jack, manlike, hevin' made her cry, 'fer in less'n a week, ef I hev any luck, ye'll hev enough to eat an' to spare.' So with thet, Jack Bunker paddled out of Somes's Sound in a canoe straight for the Sheepscote River, with only one man to help him; an' the neighbors only wondered what wild Jack was after, an' thought no more of him, fer they hed their own troubles, an' the gimp was putty well taken out ov 'em. So Jack Bunker paddled out past Greening's Island, and into the Western Passage, and headed as near as he could for Owl's Head; through the Thoroughfares he went, an' down the coast of Maine, until he came to the mouth of the Sheepscote River. An' paddlin' along up toward Wiscasset, lyin' by late one afternoon until it got dark enough, he came softly up to the vessel he was after. Not a sound came from on board. Jack paddled up under the bows, and listened. Nothin' to be heard but the lap-lap-lappin' of the tide and the stream as they was a-rushin' outward bound to the etarnal ocean; nothin' to be seen but the black hulk an'

the blacker water, an' a star now an' then shinin' overhead: fer my gran'ther sayed — an' I tell ye the tale as it was told to me — thet every thin' was in Jack Bunker's favor, an' thet the clouds was a-flittin' eastward, blowin' a reg'lar harricane up aloft, an' promisin' a fine fair wind fer the trip right down the coast. Wall, children, thar was the Britisher, an' thar was Jack Bunker, an' silence reigned in the vessel. Lookin' shoreward, Jack see a house where there was lights, an' revelry by night, an' all the rest ov it; an' he come to the conclousion, did Jack, thet there was a party ashore, an' thet they hed up an' gone, an' hedn't left no one to welcome strangers. Jack clim up the forrad chains; silence grew putty decided; then he tip-toed aft, quite soft an' easy; silence got louder an' more plain; an', seein' no lights nor nothin', he soon came to the opinion that his summises hed been co-rect, — thet the vessel was hisn, an' thet all he hed to do was to get away with her: so he called soft-like to his mate. They h'isted the canoe aboard, cut the cable, h'isted the jib, an' made sail; an', with the wind a-blowin' 'all the guns in England' on the starboard beam, they stood down the river, an' was before long in blue water; an' then they give her her head, an' away she went, lickety split, like a scalded cat: an' next day she rounded to in Norwood's Cove. 'Come down here, all of ye,' said Jack, 'fer there's enough an' to spare;' an' down they did come, an' they took enough out o' thet schooner to last 'em for months to come. An' then old Jack got under way, fer he expected to be chased, an' chased he was; but she was a fast sailer, if she was a Britisher, an' he ran her down to Roque Island, — commonly called Rogue Island, ye know, sir," looking at the inspector: "an' the place where he run in is called Bunker's Hole to this dav. Then they cut away her masts, cut down trees an' laid 'em

across to hide her, an' her old hulk was there fer years an' years. I'll show ye the place, children, if I live out this trip."

"And what became of Jack Bunker?" asked Mr. Guptil's interested group of listeners.

"Old Jack? Oh, he hid, I suppose; anyway, they didn't catch him: an' he lived to a respected old age, an' died in his bed, as well as I can remember. He's berried out here on one of the *Cranberries*."

"On one of the cranberries?" inquired John.

"Yes, Cranberries, — Cranberry Islands. That's one jest the other side o' Sutton's, an' we shall see the other clost to when we go out to Baker's Island."¹

"Bear Island! Children, who goes ashore here?"

Oh the scramble up the disused road, grass-grown and soft to the feet! the visit to the lighthouse; the writing of the names of the party in the "Visitor's Book;" then the buying of the gulls' breasts, — the first that Violet had seen, — soft, white and gray things, which so delighted the child that she persuaded her father to let her get four, — one for her mother, and three others for little friends at home. And what fun it was to see Emperor go barking and rolling down the steep sides of the island after a stone thrown by Violet, stopping short, with a plunge and a scramble, just as it seemed that he *must* pitch headlong into the water! Then "All aboard!" was the cry; and a short ten minutes of steaming took them back, and into North-east Harbor, where they were to anchor for the night. How tired our travellers were that evening! The cabin lamps were lighted early; and certainly by eight o'clock the boys' sofas were

¹ This story of Jack Bunker is perfectly authentic, and was told the writer by Mr. James Clement of Mount Desert Island, aged eighty-five, who had it, when he was a boy, from the sister of Jack Bunker.



BEAR ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE, N. E. HARBOR, MT. DESERT.



ready for them, and before two bells (nine o'clock) had struck they were all asleep.

"What a black night!" said Uncle Tom to the mate as he left the pilot-house after his evening smoke.

"Blacker'n Pluto's ridin'-boots, sir. Can't see nothin'. It's kinder misted up. I declare to goodness, ef I was to sea to-night, I'd steer fer the coast ov England; 'tany rate, till mornin' come, and that's a literary fact."

Violet had been in the land of dreams, it seemed to her but a few moments, in reality about two hours, when a sudden shock startled her, and she felt the steamer careen so, that with difficulty she kept her place in bed. Then a ripping, scraping noise along the side forward, shouts and confusion overhead, scuffling and running feet, and then her father's door opened, and he was on deck before the faint little cry of "Papa, what is it?" could be heard. Still confusion on deck, shouts from the steamer, and fainter answers from some one, somewhere, was it from another vessel? And then the *Goldenrod* righted; and, though she lay steady as before, it was a nervous time for our little girl. It was a relief to her when John's voice sounded outside the curtain drawn across Violet's doorway.

"What do suppose it is, Vi?" and then a howl of despair from Cortland.

"Oh, dear! we are all going to the bottom." At which Violet and John, frightened as they were, could not help laughing.

"Children," called Uncle Tom's voice down the companion-way, from outer darkness, "it's all right: the other poor fellow has the worst of it. Go to bed and to sleep. I'll tell you about it in the morning."

But far from following Uncle Tom's injunctions, three shiver-

ing and partly-dressed figures crept up the companion-way, and stood there huddling together, trying to hear or see what was going on. But the lanterns in the hands of one or two of the crew only made the darkness more visible. Quite near at hand, however, the children saw some dim lights, and they heard the sound of a ship's pumps and of rushing water.

"Oh, dear!" said Violet anxiously, "I wish I knew what it's all about. Do you suppose that they got under way after we went to bed, and that we've run into something?"

But her only answers were the vain surmises of the boys, who, of course, knew as little as, and understood less of such matters than, Violet herself. After a while, from out the noise and confusion forward, Uncle Tom came aft, and to his surprise stumbled against the small group.

"O Papa! is that you?" and the shivering, excited child burst into tears.

"Why, puss, it's nothing, nothing," said her father soothingly; "to us, I mean, though I am afraid that other poor fellow is having a bad time of it. He is pretty well damaged, I fear. The captain has sent Mr. Guptil to learn the extent of the injury, and to put some of our crew on board the vessel." And now the sound of oars was heard, and a boat came alongside in the darkness. Mr. Guptil came up the companion-way, and walked quickly aft, carrying a lantern in his hand.

"She's the Wildcat, of Baltimore, Mr. Inspector," he said, "an' she came plum into us as ef she wa'n't a-goin' to hev her name no mist-nomer; it's fortunate thet she didn't strike us further aft. She's light, — a-goin' fer a cargo, — an' thet high above us, thet striking, as she did, against our bowsprit, she's raked a hole right along her side. Gret lookout they must ha'

kept aboard that vessel ! But I hear the skipper an' the boy's both laid up, an' I s'pose the mate's nigh about tuckered out." And so it proved ; for, when Violet and the boys went on board the Wildcat early the next morning, they found the mate, a gaunt, haggard man, working weakly at the pumps. The captain was in his bed with fever, and the boy made useless by a dislocated thumb.

"Poor people !" said Violet. "Papa, can't you have some men to help them ?"

"We have had some of the crew working at the pumps all night, my dear. That great hole that you saw in the vessel's side was not the place where the water came in : after she struck us she sheered off, and grounded ; and she was 'stove in,' as the sailors say, by a pointed rock near the shore. I am sure that that poor mate must have been asleep, for I do not believe that he had any idea that he was entering a harbor ; and he says that he did not see Bear Island light. Ah, here comes the doctor." And Uncle Tom greeted the native physician, and disappeared with him into the cabin. Violet and the boys now had an opportunity to talk to the mate and the boy, who was sitting in a hopeless sort of way, his right hand, black and swollen, held in the palm of the other.

"Poor boy !" said Violet gently. "The doctor will do something for you, too, I hope." The boy said nothing.

"Can you read ?" asked Violet.

"Easy readin'," answered the boy in soft Southern tones.

"Then I'll send you over my 'Wide Awake,' and some other magazines we have on board. I meant to take them to Nash's Island, but I am sure that we can spare you a few." The boy looked gratefully at Violet, but said nothing further.

I should like to tell you of all that Uncle Tom and Captain Grimes did for these poor sea-faring people, so far from home and friends ; but space and time fail me, and I must hasten on. Let it make your minds easy to know that they were left in good hands, and that, after the books and some appetizing food from Joe's larder were sent on board the schooner, the Goldenrod steamed away, carrying with it heart-felt blessings from those on board the Wildcat, for its commander and crew.

CHAPTER IX.

Emperor proves himself a Hero.—The Goldenrod to the Rescue!—Violet makes a New Friend, and Uncle Tom discovers an Old One.

AND now away for Baker's Island, leaving behind the pretty hamlet of summer cottages and native houses, passing Sutton's Island on the right hand, with its interesting cliffs (The Cloisters), and on the left the summer houses of those who, though they are natives of far distant States, appreciate this beautiful, rugged coast enough to spend as many months of the year on its borders as their occupations permit. Turning away from lovely Seal Harbor and its varied views land and sea ward, passing on the right hand the largest of the Cranberry Islands, with its life-saving station, we steam into the harbor of Baker's Island, which Uncle Tom tells the boys is outside of every thing, with the exception of Mount Desert Rock, which is twenty-five miles from the mainland. The lighthouse at Baker's Island stands up high and bold on a sudden rise of land, and is some distance from the boat-landing; and it was a pleasure for our children to walk through the meadows thickly grown with buttercups and daisies, Emperor jumping and tearing along by the side of the boys and Violet, now chasing a butterfly or a flying grasshopper, and then circling back, with great leaps and bounds, at Violet's call. Baker's Island light, like some which have been described farther back, is a "flashing white," and from its tall tower the voyagers had a fine view of Mount Desert Island; and then, going upon the balcony surrounding the light, they walked

ALL AMONG THE LIGHTHOUSES.

to the eastern side, and looked over the island out across the waste of waters.

"How those breakers dash on the rocks below there!" said Cortland. "Let's go over and see them."

"Come on," said John, following Violet's lead, for she was halfway down the stairs by this time.

A wild run over turf and rocks brought the cousins to the outer shore of the island, if shore it can be called, for they found only masses of enormous rocks lining the outer edge, against which the great, curling waves rolled and tumbled, sending the spray far up between them at every sweep shoreward, and then running far back, leaving the rocks high, if not dry, only to return to the attack with greater violence. Emperor had followed the children, and seemed enjoying the excitement of watching the foaming surf as much as the cousins themselves. He barked and caracoled, leaping from rock to rock, running shoreward for a few feet, and then bounding back, to stand high above them on some large boulder, and bark at each wave as it rolled in beneath him. Following Emperor's example, the children climbed the rocks, and, venturing from one to another, found themselves seated safely on the granite masses, secure above the water, but watching with interest and delight the seething foam as it rolled in round them, quite separating them at times from the shore.

"Come back, John; you're farther out than any of us," called Violet, who saw that John was cautiously climbing up to the top of a very tall boulder much farther away from shore than she thought it safe to be. John laughed and shook his head.

"It's perfectly safe," he shouted. "I'm much higher up than

any of you." And on went John, until he seemed, on his granite island, quite cut off from the rest of the world.

"I'm Christopher Columbus," shouted John. "No, I'm Juan Fernandez. No, this is Plymouth Rock, and I'm the first man ashore."

"Do come back, John," shouted Violet. "I think that the tide is rising."

"What?" roared John; for the wind was freshening every moment, and its noise, with that of the breakers, was almost deafening.

"Come back," waved and called Violet. But still John only laughed and shook his head. But ah! what is this that Violet sees? Some pebbles which she had collected, and laid for safety on a dry spot, are suddenly carried away by an overwhelming wave, and she draws her feet up to keep them from being wetted with the spray. She puts both hands to her mouth.

"John, the tide is rising; can't you see? It is covering the rock inside of yours." And John, looking where her finger points, sees, indeed, that each retreating wave leaves the barest foothold on his only means of access to the shore, and that each incoming swirl of water hides it entirely from view. And there stands Emperor, high upon his rock, barking at John with all his might, as if to warn him of his danger. There is no time to be lost. With each moment the water comes nearer to John's feet. He turns pale.

"Jump, John," calls Violet. John waits only for a moment, to see that the retreating water has left him a little space, and then he jumps. But ah! too late, for the little spot is wet and slippery, and John stumbles; and then, before he can regain his footing, he is struggling in the foaming, hissing curl of the

breaker. Violet screams and hides her face in her hands, and Cortland runs hurriedly toward the lighthouse, calling wildly for Uncle Tom. And then, when Violet dares to look again, John has floated out beyond his rock, carried away by the undertow, and he — no, *they*, for Emperor's black head it is that she sees, and in his teeth he holds the collar of the helpless boy.

"Good Emperor! good dog!" cries the little girl, venturing as far out as she dares. "Here, Emperor, old fellow, bring him here."

But the violent rush of the water backward, as it leaves the beach, always loses to the brave dog a little of the advantage that he has gained; and then those rocks, those dreadful rocks! even if the boy is not drowned, will he not be dashed cruelly against their rough sides, and be killed, though Emperor should bring his body safely ashore?

And now comes the sounds of hurrying footsteps, and, with loud shouts of encouragement to the noble dog, Uncle Tom and the lampist and the light-keeper and his assistant are there. They form a chain, standing in the water; and Uncle Tom, drenched to his shoulders with every roll of the surf, leans as far out as his hold of the keeper's hand will permit, to grasp the boy. Ah! not this time. Emperor pants, and pushes bravely forward; but out he goes, and is lost to sight for a moment under the curl of the wave. Ah! here he comes again. "Oh! *can* Papa reach him?" thinks Violet. "Good dog! good Emperor! Yes!" This time Uncle Tom catches John's sleeve between his fingers, and, with a strong pull from the men inside, they bring the unconscious boy to land. And now begins the work of resuscitation, used by the people of the life-saving ser-

vice, — the moving of the arms up and down; the pressure of the chest at regular intervals, to bring about artificial respiration, and through this, if possible, to cause the patient to breathe naturally. After ten minutes employed in this way, John opens his eyes.

"Ugh! how horrid!" he says, as he feels the clear brandy trickling down his throat.

"Horrid or not, old boy, you must take some more." And poor John is nearly choked with another dose of the, to him, nauseous liquid. And now the boy, rubbed and dried, and glowing from the exercise that he has been forced through, wrapped in blankets kindly lent by the keeper, is carried on board the *Goldenrod*, and put to bed.

"You dear, dear Emperor!" says Violet, as the dog comes aft on the quarter-deck. "You may shake yourself anywhere: I shall never complain of you again. — Papa, don't you think that the Humane Society will give Emperor a medal?"

"If they will not, little woman, I will;" and Uncle Tom keeps his promise, as you shall see.

John felt weak and ill all that day; so during the trip across Frenchman's Bay, to Egg Rock and Winter Harbor, Violet and Cortland remained in the state-room with John, — for Uncle Tom had given his bed to the boy, — or staid close by in the cabin. When John felt inclined to sleep, the children sat quietly reading, or talking in subdued tones; for they had been very much impressed by the solemn scene of which they had been the horrified witnesses.

"I thought that John was dead," whispered Cortland to Violet; "and oh, didn't I just wish that I hadn't ever said a mean thing to him!"

Violet and Cortland had been sitting a long time in the cabin when 'Lias came down the companion-way.

"Miss Vi'let," he whispered, "yer Pa wants yer on de deck."

Violet tip-toed to the door of her father's state-room, and drew the curtain gently back. She peeped in. John was lying just as she had left him; and all was quiet but the sound of his regular breathing, which proved plainly that the exhausted boy was getting the best medicine in the world,—a refreshing sleep: so, catching up her hat, Violet beckoned to Cortland, and together they went noiselessly up the companion-way.

"Oh, here you are," said Uncle Tom. "Is John all right?"

"Yes, Papa: he's asleep."

"The best thing he could do. I wanted you and Cortland to see Schoodic Point and the whistling buoy."

The scene was changed since the children had gone below. Looking back over the stern of the *Goldenrod* to Mount Desert Island, they still saw Green Mountain standing out prominently, the most noticeable figure in the view, the hotel upon its summit, plainly to be seen without the glass. But the whole contour of the island seemed different, and Violet said, —

"Of course that is Mount Desert behind us, Papa; but I do not believe that I should know it but for Green Mountain."

"And what is this long point of land, Uncle Tom, in front, on the left?"

"That, Cortland, is Schoodic. It is on the eastern side of Frenchman's Bay, which we are just leaving, and is a part of the mainland. That queer rise of land, quite flat on top, is called The Devil's Anvil; and this long point stretching away continues under water in dangerous rocks and reefs, so that out beyond the very end we have had to place a whistling buoy."



GREEN AND SCHOODIC MOUNTAINS.

"What! that little red thing, Uncle Tom?"

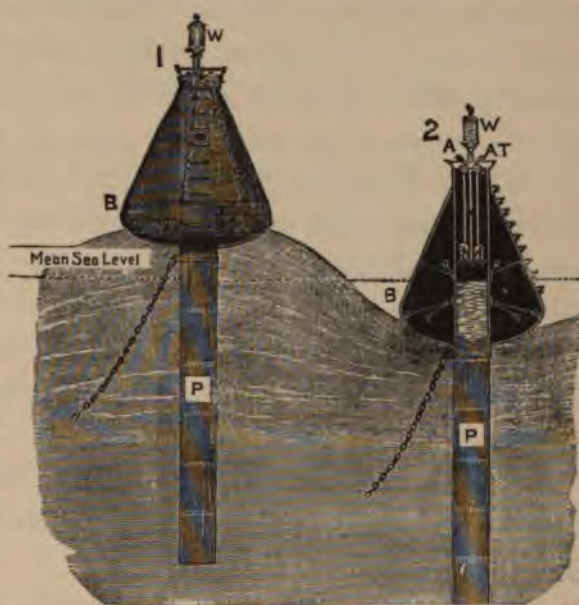
"Not so little, Cortland, as you would find if you could examine one closely. There is a drawing of one in the pilot-house. Let us go up there and look at it."

When Uncle Tom and the children first entered the pilot-house, he showed them a little picture in his sketch-book, and told them that it was Schoodic Point.

"I'm sure that we should know that anywhere," said Cortland: "it's just like it."

"And here is the picture of the whistling buoy," said Uncle Tom.

"There are two," said Cortland. "One is split open."



WHISTLING BUOY.

"That is only to show you the interior working of the apparatus, Cortland. These are the same buoy; the drawing shows it to you, first on the top of a wave, and then in the trough of the sea. Now, I must tell you first that whistling buoys are only used to mark the entrance to a harbor or some prominent point on the coast. They are placed in rather deep water, from ten to thirty fathoms, — a fathom, you know, is six feet, — and in positions which are exposed to the action of the waves."

"I suppose they are anchored, Papa, like the spar-buoys."

"Moored, Violet, we say moored, with a strong chain-cable and a very heavy block of granite. Now, children, as the steamer approaches the real buoy floating yonder in the water, I want you to observe it well. You see, of course, only what is above the water-line, as in Figure 1. Look at the drawing now, and notice that when the buoy rises or sinks with the ocean-swell, it rises partly above, or falls partly below, what in the picture is called the *mean sea-level*; that is, what would be the level of the sea if the water were perfectly still."

"We don't see all that rounding bottom part, Papa, in the real buoy; but I can see from the drawing why that is. I suppose that that great pear-shaped thing never rises entirely above the water."

"No: we never see the whole of the bulb, or buoy proper, after it is once placed in the water, and moored, until we take it up again."

"But what makes the sound, Uncle Tom? There, I hear it now; don't you, Violet,—long, doleful, mournful whistles. Oh, what a horrid sound!"

"Well, if you will look at the drawing, I will try to explain it to you. Now look at the long pipe extending downward (lettered *P*), from the bottom of the drawing marked 1. Look at Figure 2, and you will see that the pipe does not begin or end at the bottom of the bulb, but extends through, and to the top of the bulb. This pipe, marked *P*, is closed at its upper end, but open at the bottom. Consequently the water rises in the pipe to the same height as the water outside of the pipe, *provided* that the sea is perfectly smooth; but, as I have just told you, whenever there is any motion, the buoy rises on the top of

each wave or swell, and descends into the trough of the sea between the waves, thus keeping up a regular movement of rising and falling. Now, while the buoy is rising and falling, the level of the water inside of the tube or pipe remains unchanged, or stationary, because the bottom of the pipe descends so far into the water that it is below the action of the waves."

"How far is that, Uncle Tom?"

"About thirty-two feet, I think, Cortland."

"How big is the pipe, Papa? I mean, how large round?" asked Violet.

"Nearly three feet across, my dear: thirty-three inches, I believe, is the proper measurement. Just think of the mass of water inside of that pipe! Now, I want you to think of it as a column of water, with a round case, or sliding cover, which is represented by the pipe, and that the two act together as a piston and cylinder; the column of water representing the piston, and the pipe the cylinder. Now, when the buoy rises on a wave, a partial vacuum is created inside of the pipe, above the level of the column of water. Look at the air-tube, marked *AT*. This tube has a valve at the bottom, opening into the pipe. When the vacuum is caused by the rising of the tube (with the buoy), and the apparent falling of the column of water, the air rushes in through the tubes *A, A*. Then, as the buoy descends into the trough of the sea, the pipe presses downward on the column of water, thus compressing the air above the water-line. This air must go somewhere, and a place has been provided for its exit through the middle tube, marked *x*.¹ At the top of this tube is a whistle (lettered *W*); and the air, rushing

¹ There is a small black dot about halfway between the top and bottom of the central tube, which was the *x* of the original drawing.

through this clever contrivance, makes the sounds that you are hearing now."

"But why are they so long, Uncle Tom? I always thought that whistling buoys gave a shorter note, something like a fog-signal."

"They are entirely at the mercy of the waves or swell, Cortland. To-day you see that there is a very great swell, and no short, 'choppy' waves. Consequently the buoy rises and falls again very slowly. The motion is slow, and so the blasts are 'long.'"

"And is it never still, Papa?"

"You can see for yourself, little girl. It is never at rest as long as the waves are in motion; and, as I think that Captain Grimes will tell you that he has never passed Schoodic when the water has been quiet, it is safe to suppose that the buoy is always in motion. There it stays, whistling its warnings by night and day, in storm and sunshine, in fog and clear weather, week in and week out, month by month, and year by year, unless washed away by some tremendous sea, or made useless by the bullet of some careless tourist's rifle."

"Do you mean to say that people shoot at the buoys, Papa?"

"Yes; we frequently find the marks of bullets upon them."

"But I suppose, even in the tremendous seas you speak of, Uncle Tom, they never get washed away very far."

"Why, there is one, Cortland,—but, I believe, not a whistling buoy,—which drifted some years ago into Cork harbor. It is now moored somewhere on the coast of Ireland, as it was given by our government to the Irish Lighthouse Service. I have heard that one of our buoys, from somewhere near New York, I think, was found at Turks Island, in the Bahama Islands;

and one was even carried into Madeira. It had been discovered not far from there, and taken into port by some vessel sailing to Funchal. But a whistling buoy did get adrift from its position off Moose Peak head. It was towed into Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, in the spring, having gone adrift in January."

"Just think how it must have bumped and swished and swashed around!" said Cortland.

"Miss Vi'let," said 'Lias's soft voice, taking advantage of the silence, "Mars John say, he like fo' to see you."

"Poor John!" said Violet, "he has missed all this nice talk with you, Papa. We must try to explain the whistling buoy to him, Cortland, so that he won't miss any thing."

"I'm nearly starved, Violet," was John's greeting as she entered the cabin.

Cortland lingered behind to ask a few questions of Uncle Tom, the first of which was the name of the inventor of the buoy.

"Mr. Courtenay, who was formerly in the service of the East India Company, was the inventor of this whistling buoy," was Uncle Tom's answer. "Once, when he was at the Cape of Good Hope, he was watching the hoisting of a steamer's smoke-pipe on board; and he noticed that the water inside of the pipe remained at the same level, whether or not the water outside of the pipe was in motion. This gave Mr. Courtenay the idea which you have seen perfected in the whistling buoy. This buoy is one of the greatest aids we have in dangerous navigation, and is particularly useful in a fog; for, when the eye seems almost useless, the ear takes up the task, and, hearing the warning sound, the watchful sailor steers for deeper waters."

"What's that you're lookin' at up there?" called the captain

to Crane, who was standing on top of the pilot-house, looking intently seaward. "I thought I heard Mr. Guptil tell ye to mend that little leak in the pilot-house roof, but ye seem to have forgot all about what he sent ye up for." Crane stood shading his eyes with his hand, his gaze fixed upon something away to the south-east.

"Can't make out whether it's any thing or not, cap'n. Maybe it's my eyes. I don't feel more'n half awake since last night's business."

"There, take the glass, Crane, and don't let us have any foolin'. Well, what is it? Can't ye speak?" as Crane deliberately adjusted the glass to his eye, and looked long and searchingly through the lenses.

"Looks like somethin' floatin' down low on the water, cap'n. Might be a small whale, — a dead one, perhaps, only I don't see no birds a-hoverin' over it. No; there, it moves. By Solomon's grandmother's ghost! I believe it's a human. Looks like it was a-tryin' to make signs."

Captain Grimes, at this, lost no time in mounting beside Crane, where, glass in hand, he scanned the horizon.

"Where is it, anyway? Oh, yes: there. Why, it *doos* move sort o' wavin'-like. There, I've lost it. No, there it is again. Sure as you live, Crane, it *doos* move. Looks like the leavin's of a wrack. Yes, that was a wave. Mr. Guptil, sir," in stentorian tones which almost made the imperturbable Mr. Guptil jump, so unusual was it to hear the captain speak in such a manner, "port your helm, sir; port your helm."

"Ay, ay, sir," from Mr. Guptil, to whose astonishment, and by a twist and whirl of the wheel by his own strong arms, the Goldenrod was turned quite out of her course, and headed for

the open sea. All the glasses on board were now in requisition, and every eye on board the steamer was turned toward the point where the wreck seemed to be. The captain and Uncle Tom watched steadily for the slightest motion, and were repaid finally by seeing a little flutter of something in the wind, and then only the ceaseless motion of the floating thing, as it rose to the top of a swell, or sank down, and was lost to sight in the trough of the sea.

"Let me look, Papa." The little girl had stolen on deck, and whispered in her father's ear her request; and John, wrapped in Uncle Tom's boat-cloak and a great rug (the end of which 'Lias bore, walking along behind in the manner of a royal page), came after Violet, and entered the pilot-house, where, tired and exhausted, he sank down on the sofa, and was hurriedly tucked up and made comfortable by Mr. Guptil.

"It's all a blur," said Violet. "I can't see any thing. O Papa! do look again, and tell me quickly what you see."

Her father took the marine glass, and looked long and earnestly at the floating object.

"I think, captain," he said at last, without removing the glasses from his eyes, "that there is, as Crane says, a human being floating on something, perhaps a part of a wrecked vessel, and that we are not wasting our time in steering for him. Let them make the best time they can, Captain Grimes: we should not care to be too late."

A tremendous jerk and bang as the handle of the bell-wire was pulled, a jingling down below, and the *Goldenrod* was forced ahead at her highest rate of speed. An anxious circle it was which was collected in and round the pilot-house and on the forward deck. Every soul on board watched earnestly for the

first real sign that it was a human life which they were going to save. The silence was painful, terrible. Those who had glasses looked through them as if their eyes were glued to the little rounds of crystal which were so powerful to tell them what they longed to know. Those who had none sat in breathless quiet, waiting for some word from those who held in their hands that wonderful aid to the human eye which was to give them the first assurance of the truth. The captain broke the silence. His voice made Violet start.

"I see him now," he said. "That was an arm raised, as sure as I'm aboard this tender. There, he's waved again. Now he's dropped it. Ah! it's all still there. Here, Mr. Guptil," giving the mate his glass, "let me know if ye see any further signs from him." A tremendous jerk of the bell.

"That means to go ahead fast," whispered Violet to John, with widely opened eyes and pale face. "O John! it's awfully solemn. I feel as if I were in church, don't you? Suppose that poor sailor should be dead." And then, aloud, "Does he wave again, Papa?"

"No dear, not again. You had better go below, my dear; and you too, boys."

"O Papa! let us stay." There was no answer. Uncle Tom hardly knew what to reply. If the poor creature should be dead when they reached him, what a terrible sight that would be for young eyes! And, if he were alive, there were plenty of strong hearts and arms on board to aid him, and the children would soon know.

"Well, stay a little while; but if I tell you to go below, you must all three go at once, without a question." The steamer was drawing nearer to the wreck now, if wreck it was; and

through the glass could be seen some planks, and on these the body of a man was lashed. Something lay across his breast, over which one arm was thrown protectingly. This small something, whatever it was, was only splashed a little now and then by the spray, as it foamed across the planks, and wetted quite completely the man's body.

"Some poor fellow's deck-load," said Mr. Guptil. "They must ha' had consid'ble of a blow out here. We don't know nothin' about the wind in behind those islands. Thought there had been a puff o' wind when I see those big swells runnin' in round Schoodic this mornin'."

Uncle Tom held his glass to his eyes steadily now for some minutes. No motion from the recumbent figure, no waving of the hand, now; only the washing up and down of the planks in the ceaseless roll of the ocean. Uncle Tom lowered his glass, and rubbed his hand across his eyes. Then he looked again long and fixedly at the object which they were approaching. Suddenly, —

"Go below, children," he said. His tone admitted of no appeal, and the three children crept mutely down to the cabin. Violet went to her own room; and, closing the door behind her, she threw herself upon her bed, her fingers in both ears, her heart beating madly, her soul praying.

"O dear God!" she said, "let him be alive just till we reach him, dear God, just till we reach him." This little prayer went out from her heart over and over again; and all through the stopping of the steamer, the sounds on deck, the loud cheering of the men, which she heard faintly, her prayer was going up to heaven from her tender, anxious heart. She was dimly conscious of a stir in the cabin, of the opening of her door, and, feeling

her father's hand, opened her eyes to see him putting into her arms a child, a cold, wet, chilled little thing, with blue lips and closed eyelids, who lay passively where it was placed.

"Oh, is it dead?" was Violet's cry as she started up, pressing the child to her warm neck, and kissing its wet face. But her father was in the cabin mixing some warm stimulant, which he brought back and pressed gently between the stiffened lips.

"Some warm milk, 'Lias, quick! and some hot water; and tell the engineer to turn on the steam. — Come out here, Violet, and hold the little creature near the heater. There, that is better," and Uncle Tom's deft fingers helped Violet in removing the child's drenched clothing; and soon it was wrapped in warm flannels and shawls, and began to show signs of life by feebly moving its lips as the warm milk was poured slowly between them.

"There, keep it warm; it is thoroughly frozen through. But we will save it yet, please God," said Uncle Tom, tenderly stroking the pretty baby's cheek. "The man is being warmed in the engine-room; when he is able to talk, we shall hear his story."

You may imagine how Violet watched over and tended the little girl, and perhaps can judge what joy was hers when the small creature opened her dark eyes, and said, "Mamma."

"There, there; hush, hush-sh-sh," said Violet soothingly, rocking the child in her arms as she had seen her mother quiet her little brother Tom. "Hush-sh-sh; go to sleep." And to sleep the young mariner did go, and there she rested in Violet's arms, warm and safe. And now, while the child was sleeping, Uncle Tom came in and told the interested children about the rescue.

"Did you hear the men cheer?" asked he. The boys answered, "Yes;" but Violet cast down her eyes, and blushed.

"I didn't hear any thing, Papa: I had my fingers stuffed into my ears. I was so afraid that I should know in some way that the poor man was dead, and I couldn't bear it."

"I sent you below because I feared that very thing," said her father. "I had not seen the waving of the man's hand for some time, and I was afraid that he might be dead. What was our surprise, when we came near, to find that this little girl was lashed securely to the man's breast. She had not lost consciousness when the men took her into the launch; and when she was handed up to my arms, I was reminded in a moment, Violet, of the old poem which you used to repeat about the mother and her baby who were lost in the snow. You remember that the mother was dead, but —

"The babe looked up and sweetly smiled."

And so did this little creature; and then she began to tremble and shiver, and then grew stiff and cold. I thought that we had saved her only to lose her. It was your warm arms, my daughter, I think, which saved the baby's life." Violet looked gratefully at her father, while a happy smile spread over her face.

"I wonder if it could have been my prayer," thought she; but she said nothing about that. She had prayed while nothing else could be done; this was the time for work, and work Violet did. No young mother ever took greater pride in her first-born child than Violet did in this dark-eyed little girl. She called her "my baby" altogether; and it was pretty to see the little thing, when again she opened her eyes, put her dimpled hands up to

Violet's face, and stroke her cheek, as if she appreciated, poor little waif! the heart full of love that was bending over her.

"There was no wreck or piece of a vessel of any kind to be seen," said Violet's father, "only those planks,—part of a deck-load, as Mr. Guptil said,—and these two living creatures lashed tightly to it, floating at the mercy of the wind and tide."

After some hours, the rescued sailor having been warmed and fed, he was strong enough to tell his tale to Captain Grimes. As he first opened his eyes, he looked anxiously round, felt upon his breast, and started up, but fell back, looking dazed and puzzled as not the inhospitable stretch of sea met his gaze, but the kindly faces of the captain and engineer of the *Goldenrod*.

"Now, don't ye worry: the baby's safe," were Captain Grimes's first words; and the man lay there on the sofa in the warm engine-room, wondering within himself how this great change had come about. He had closed his eyes expecting certain death: he opened them to find kind and gentle though weather-beaten faces bending over him; he awoke to warmth and life, and heard—the first words—that the baby was safe. He sighed, a long sigh of gratitude, and lay still. After a while he was able, in short, broken sentences, to tell the story of the wreck, which was briefly this:—

The ship was the *Helen and Mary*, he said, of Halifax. She belonged to his sister's husband, who was her captain; "and, more to be with my sister than any thing else, I took the place of mate. We were loaded with granite in the hold and deals on deck," he said, "bound from St. John to the southard. Monday the sea was lumpy, and there was a greasy look away to the eastward. I wanted to run for a harbor, Eastport or Jonesport; but Jared Parker was a pig-headed fellow, and 'twan't no use to

argue with him. He said he'd keep on, wind or no wind; and keep on he did: and he called me a coward for wantin' to shorten sail. I told him that any fool could clap on sail, but that it took a wise man to know when to take it in. With that, Jared got dogged and ugly. He was younger than me, and hadn't been to sea so much as I had, and was kinder jealous of my knowledge, and of the confidence which my poor sister placed in me. So on he kept, the sky gettin' blacker, and the wind gettin' higher, until finally it was fairly screechin' through the riggin'. Our deck-load began to go,—some of it went right overboard, some of it hung over the side,—and things was in a awful mess on deck. And, while the foam was just a-boilin' over us, Mary—that's my sister—staggered on deck. I can see her now, her hair a-blowin' in the wind, and holdin' on for dear life; and 'For God's sake, Jared,' says she, 'and for little Moll's sake, take in the sail.' With that, Jared lost his color, and gave me the order to shorten sail. But he had waited too long; and before I could call the men, a squall and a big sea struck us in company, and over we went, like a child's plaything. And then she filled. We had two boats, and got my sister and the baby and some of the crew into one of 'em: and Jared and I waited until all were well away; and then, just as we were gettin' the small boat into the water, I felt the old barco sinkin' under us. She must have been pretty unseaworthy. I struck out to keep clear of the riggin', but I was carried down with a rush; and, when I came up, I grabbed for the first thing I felt, which was part of the deck-load. And after I clim up onto it, and squeezed some of the salt water out of my ears and eyes, I looked round to see what had become of the rest of 'em. There was planks floatin' round, and away off on the crest of a wave I

saw our biggest boat bottom upward. I never saw either my sister or Jared again. One of the sailors did get hold of my raft, and I tried to help him up; but he must have got cramps or something, and, being on the leeward side, the planks seemed to wash right over him, and he let go his hold. And then in a moment I saw, close to me, a little bundle roundin' right up on the top of the water, and I knew what that was. It was borne right towards me on a hill of foam, and I stretched out and grabbed at it as it was goin' by, and was nearly washed off for my pains: but I twisted my wrist into the lashing round the planks, and hung on to little Moll with the other hand, for little Moll it was; and then I tied both fast with the lashing, and I just prayed for deliverance. It's wonderful about that little creature," continued the sailor, to whom I will now give his name,—Nelson White. "I don't believe that she went under at all. She was so wrapped up in an oil-skin coat of Jared's, which my poor sister buttoned round her at the last moment, and it was so big for her, that the air got under it, and it sort o' bellied out, and made a balloon; and I do believe that Mary, when their boat was overturned, and she felt herself sinking, threw the baby from her, trusting in the Lord to save her. Mary was *that* religious! And He did. I hain't been so particular about religion, myself," said White, "but my old mother used to keep repeatin' sentences over and over to herself,—that was after she got blind, and couldn't read 'em,—and I remember one about the 'Lord God,' and 'wonderful are his ways;' and I've got to-day to a point where I begin to believe she knew what she was a-talkin' about." A long silence here, which no one seemed inclined to break, and then White resumed: "Ye see, we foundered Tuesday mornin' early—how long ago is that?" looking at Captain Grimes. "Seven o'clock Tuesday morning, until now?"

"Well, it's one o'clock now," answered Captain Grimes. "Thet would make it about thirty-one hours, to-day bein' Wednesday."

"*Wednesday!* It seems like a week since the old wagon went down. I sat up the first part of the time, captain, and I tried to keep awake; and, after I laid down, I kept wavin' my neck-handkerchief when I could: but I guess I was nigh about gone when you picked us up."

And now Violet and the boys could think of little else than little Moll. She looked so comical in the clothes which Violet improvised for her out of some of her own, turning up the sleeves, doubling up the skirt, and lapping the waist round the baby figure. Nelson White said that little Moll was two and a half years old; and, when she had regained her strength somewhat, she wanted to slip down from Violet's lap to the floor, and play with a rubber ball which John rolled for her amusement.

"She is my baby," said Violet. "She has no father and no mother; and, if her uncle will give her to us, we will keep her, won't we, Papa?"

"We can't settle that question just now, pussy. Wait for a day or two, and see what the baby's uncle has to say about it. She may have other friends who would not think of giving her up to anybody."

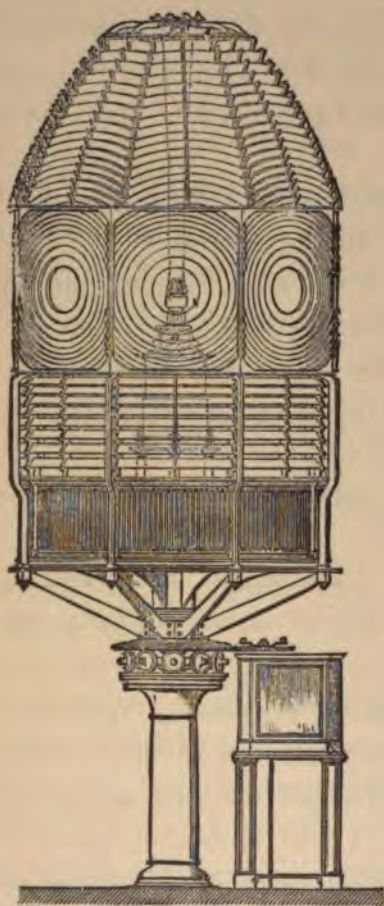
The steamer, during Nelson White's recovery and conversation with the captain, had been cruising in the vicinity of the wreck; but, as nothing was discovered except occasionally a plank which had formed part of the deck-load of the Helen and Mary, the search was finally abandoned, and the bow of the Goldenrod was reluctantly turned again toward the direction

from which they had come, and our party steered for Prospect Harbor.

"Do come ashore here, Vi," called Cortland from the upper deck, "and leave Moll with her uncle. This is a flashing red and white light, and I want to see it. It flashes every thirty seconds, they say."

"Not if it was all the colors of the rainbow, and flashed every half-second," said Violet, "I wouldn't leave you, would I, Moll, you little darling?" Moll laughed, and showed her pretty teeth, and stroked Violet's cheek, saying, "Pussy, pussy."

However, off the boys went with Uncle Tom, and had explained to them the flashing light, a drawing of which I give you here. As it is the only light on the Maine coast which flashes alternately red and white, I notice it particularly; but I think the descriptions given farther back have made the subject quite clear



FLASHING WHITE LIGHT.

to you, so I will not describe it further, except to remind you of

NOTE. — The illustration shows a "flashing *white*" light of the first or second order. To make it what is called a "flashing *red*" light, panes of red glass are hung in front of the prisms. To make it a "flashing red and white" light, red panes are hung in front of each alternate set of prisms.

the explanation which Uncle Tom gave to the children a night or two after they started on their cruise, and to tell you again, as he told them then, that the lenses are covered alternately by red panes, and so they send out a red or white light as the rays of the lamp in the lens proper shine through them as they revolve around it.

"I declare for't," remarked Mr. Guptil that evening to a select audience consisting of himself and the wheel, "we've had a eventful day, callin' twenty-four hours a day. Here that there pizen *Wildcat* smashed into us last night, and then that youngster was nigh about bein' drowned to Baker's, and along on top o' them performances come this here shipwrack. I've often remarked, Antony, my boy, that there's no use in eggspatiatin' on one's blessin's; leastways, if you don't want 'em turned mighty sudden into somethin' akin to curses. Now, there in the engine-room last night I was a-congratulin' the Goldenrod on havin' such a uneventful cruise. '*Unberufhen*,' says Mr. Schafer, says he, which in his outlanders tongue means uncalled-for; and, sure enough, uncalled-for it was, for down come troubles and expeerence enough on top o' them there blessin's to sink any craft less stiddy than this old tender. Wal, wal, live an' profit, live an' profit;" and Mr. Guptil went below. The anchor is cast in Prospect Harbor. In the cabin the lamps shine brightly, though it is still light on deck. Violet has put the tired little Moll into her own bed, — for the child has been in Violet's arms nearly all the time since she was first brought down into the cabin; slipping down sometimes to the floor, but crawling back in a few moments, as she finds her tender little legs rather too weak to hold her long, — and there she is asleep, and warm and safe. Ah, what a difference this from last night's resting-

place! And now Violet, who looks really pale and tired, to the entreaties of the boys that she will go on deck with for a little while, before the late dinner is brought down the galley.

"Hark! how lovely!" says Violet as the three emerge the cabin hatch.

"Who is that singing?" asks Cortland.

"Hush!" says Violet, with her finger on her lips: and three stand and listen, as over the water comes the sound of a simple song; a childish, clear, caroling voice taking the while the quavering notes of an old man's voice join with in a thin, high tenor. It is a common little song, a sad and plaintive air, with a tender home-sentiment running through the words:—

"Oh, the troubles of this world they are nothing to me,
For sorrows and trials they must come;
There's one consolation,—wherever I may be,
There's a smile that awaits me at home."

The words sound clearly over the waters of the harbor, the three cousins look in the direction from which they see come. They see a faded red dory, which glows brightly in the rays of the setting sun, and in it two figures,—those of an old man, and a little boy of six or seven years. They are pulling up lobster-traps, and stop for a moment in their song as together they get one of the large cages up to the side of the weather-beaten boat, tipping it so far as to make it appear to the children that the dory must capsize. But no; the trap dropped, the dory settles back. The old man picks up the trap and the children hear again, —

"There's one consolation, — wherever I may be,
There's a smile that awaits me at home."

"Oh, do get them over here, Papa!" says Violet to her father as he comes on deck: "I want to hear them sing nearer." Uncle Tom, ever ready to please his little daughter, shouts, —

"Halloa, there! Have you any lobsters?"

The old man turns in the boat, and, shading his eyes from the rays of the sun as it drops over Schoodic, looks toward the tender.

"Lobsters, did ye say? Ay, ay, sir, and plenty."

"Come over here, then. We'll take some, if you care to sell any."

"Ay, ay, sir," answers the old man again; and, taking up his oars, he pulls toward the Goldenrod. As the dory nears the gangway, the children see that it is well filled with the mottled shell-fish. In the stern of the sea-worn old craft sits a little freckle-faced boy, who looks curiously though modestly at the steamer and its passengers.

"Come on board, my man," says Uncle Tom, noticing the sailor-like air and tone of the lobster-vender, "and I will settle with you."

"Thank ye, sir," replies the old man: "I'm not over-spry, havin' only one leg. — Freddy, my lad, you go on board and see the gentleman." And then Uncle Tom and the children notice that one trouser-leg hangs dangling from the knee.

"Yes, grandsir," says the little boy. "How much be they, grandsir?"

"What did they take, Freddy, — *lobs*, or *smacks*? For smacks we get four cents, you know, an' for lobs two to two an' a half."

"They took all smacks, grandsir."

"Wal, wal, charge 'em accordin', Freddy; charge 'em accordin'." The lobsters paid for, Freddy would gladly leave the midst of what seems to him such very fine company; but Uncle Tom detains him.

"Tell me something about grandsir, Freddy. How did he lose his leg? Fishing, or sailing, or how?"

"Oh, no, sir! He lost his leg long afore I was born, sir. Grandsir lost his leg at Fort Fisher."

"At Fort Fisher!" exclaims Uncle Tom.

"Ay, ay, sir." Freddy's expressions have all been learned from grandsir. "A gun busted, an' killed a lot of 'em. They was a-flyin' all over in the air. Grandsir went up too, but he come down again; an' he says, sir, he did mighty well only to lose one leg, when twenty men was killed and wounded. Oh! it's grand and fine," said Freddy, growing enthusiastic, and losing some of his embarrassment in his interest in the thrice-told tale, "to hear grandsir tell it winter evenings when we're mendin' nets round the fire. You can just hear the guns a-boomin' and the bands a-playin'. Bess always cries when grandsir gets to that."

"Fort Fisher, Fort Fisher," Uncle Tom is muttering to himself; and then, "My man," stepping to the taffrail, "your grandson says that you were at Fort Fisher. What ship were you in?"

"The Ticonderoga, God bless her," says the sailor, raising his hat, and rising as well as he can on his one leg.

"The Ticonderoga? I, too, was in the Ticonderoga at Fort Fisher. Do you remember a youngster named Gordon?"

"Ay, ay, sir, that I do, if you mean Ensign Gordon. I was in his gun's crew."

"In *my* gun's crew? You?" says Uncle Tom. "In *my* gun's crew?"

"Not in your gun's crew, sir, unless your name's Ensign Gordon, U.S.N.," returns grandsir.

"Ah, I see you now, Small; yes, though it's twenty years ago and more. No wonder I did not recognize you." Uncle Tom grows quite excited. "Here, men, lift Mr. Small on deck, and let us have a talk over old times."

Meanwhile the children have drawn Freddy to the other side of the deck, and are finding out, as well as they can, about himself and grandsir.

"Are there any more children?" asks Violet.

"Laws, yes, marm: lots of us. Ma's dead, and grandsir has to look out for all of us. Grandmarm's dead too. Bess, she's next older'n me, she keeps house, and looks out for my blind sister, — she's older'n Bess, — an' looks after the children; an' grandsir an' me, why, we fish."

"What do you catch?" asks Cortland.

"Why, mostly fish. Sometimes mackerel, but mostly fish."

"Aren't they all fish?" asks John, laughing,

"Well, *cod is fish*. Them others is just herrin', an' mackerel, an' so on; but we always say fish when we mean cod."

"And do you fish all day?" asks Violet further.

"Yes, marm, sometimes. We're out often at five o'clock. Sometimes we don't get nothin'. That last storm carried away all our trawls; but we mend 'em, me and grandsir. 'Twouldn't do to get slack with all them young ones at home," ends Freddy, with the air of the father of a family. Violet's eyes and heart are full. The hearty and genuine good-humor of the boy strike her with wonder.

"Poor little Freddy!" she says, stroking his white locks. "Such a little boy, and so brave!" And then: "Are you ever hungry, Freddy?" she asks gently.

"Not often, marm. Grandsir an' me does pretty well, considerin'. This winter'll be easier than last. I used to have to walk three miles an' back to get milk for the baby, after ma died; but baby's bigger now: she's real cunnin', an' plays just as pretty!"

"And why doesn't your grandfather have a leg, — a wooden one, I mean?" asks Cortland.

"Well, you see, it's this way," says Freddy: "grandsir had saved a good bit of money, an' he knew a doctor up to Gooldsborough who was a-goin' to 'tend to it all right: an' then, all of a sudden, grandmarm took sick, an' she died; an' then ma took sick, an' she died; an' what with the fun'els, an' one thing an' another, all grandsir's money just melted right away. Why, he had to moggage the place to help pay the doctor's bills."

"What kind of a doctor must you have?" says Violet indignantly.

"An' then, do you know what them legs cost?" continues little Freddy, opening his slits of eyes as wide as nature will permit. "Time everlastin'! why, they're *that* costly! They're full o' machinery. They copies *real* ones, — so grandsir heard up to Gooldsborough." And now Freddy is called by grandsir, for the sun has long since set, and the evening is growing dark. Once seated in his boat, his crutch and cane under the seats, with numerous paper parcels by his side, which the inspector has told 'Lias to add from the cabin stores, the old man pushes off amid a shower of farewells and waving handkerchiefs. Away

they go across the water, our party watching them until the old dory and the two figures grow dim in the distance and the gathering darkness. And then, hark! again comes back to them across the water the strains of the sweet air, —

“Wherever I may be,
There’s a smile that awaits me at home.”

“‘Memory’s Helper’ again, Vi? What for this time?” asks John, as he sees Violet’s yellow-covered book on the table after dinner.

“A leg this time, John, — a real cork leg; not like that one Papa sings about in the ‘Merchant of Rotterdam,’ which was a ‘curious compound of clockwork and steam,’ but a real good, serviceable one. — How long will it take, Papa, to buy one?”

“Not very long, pussy, if I can get the old man’s pension. The old fellow has never thought of applying for one. I said to him, ‘Where have you lived, that you have not heard all about the pension-list, and that you are particularly worthy of having one granted you?’ It seems incomprehensible to me, that with all the talk there has been about pensions, and the efforts that have been made to get them, — sometimes most dishonestly, — that he should not have applied. He says that he did write to me once, many years ago; but the letter never reached me. Well, well, it won’t be very long, if a trip to Washington will accomplish any thing, before old Small has his monthly income, not to mention the back pay.”

CHAPTER X.

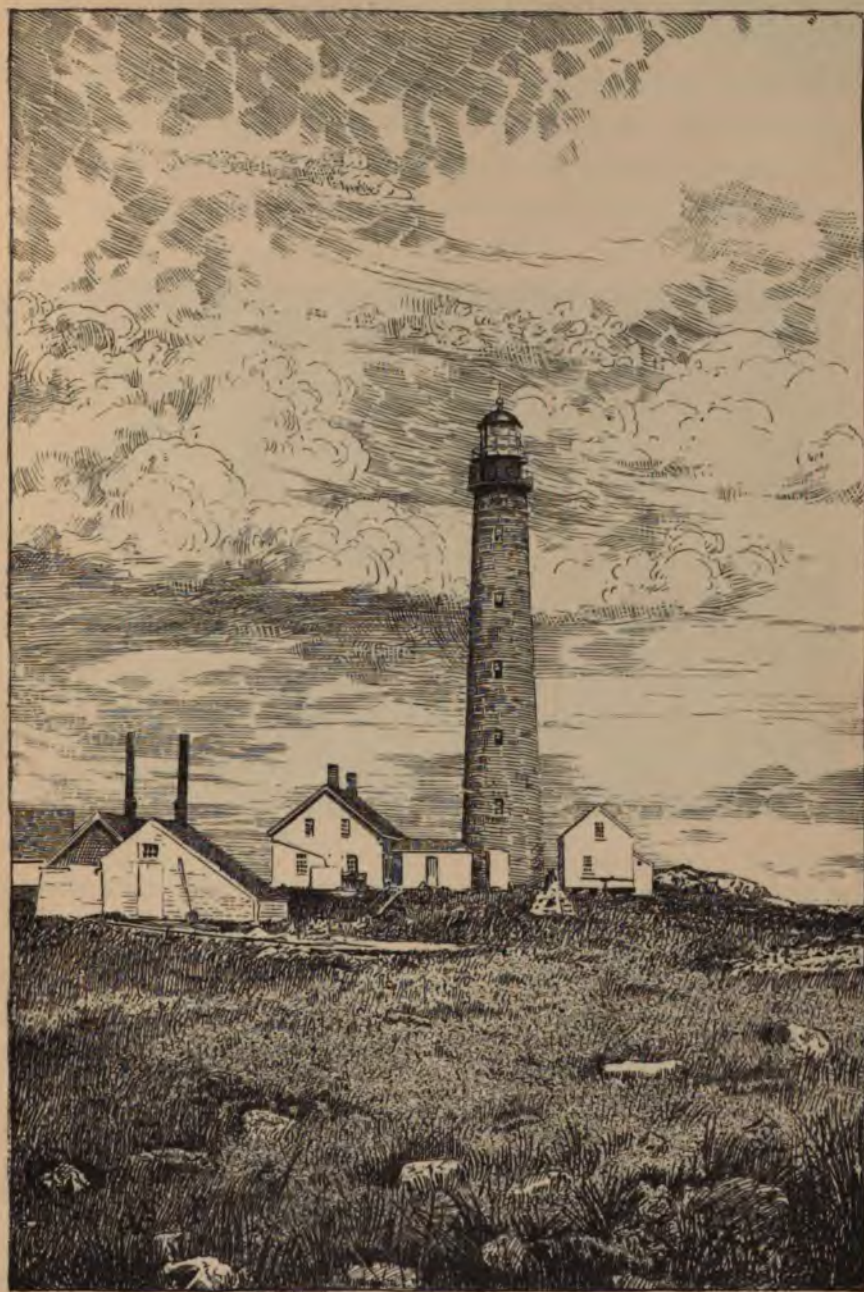
Slaughter of the Innocents. — Some Fun, some History, and a Few Relics.

“The sea-bird, wheeling round it with the din
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light within,
Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.”

“**H**URRAH for 'Tit Menan!” shouted John the next morning, as he climbed down into the launch which was to take him ashore to visit the tall gray tower of Petit Menan. The surf was still rolling in so heavily that no smaller boat would have weathered it. The breakers dashed high over the low-lying ledges, and both John and Cortland breathed sighs of relief when they found themselves safely landed. They scrambled up by the side of the boat-ways. They were alone with Uncle Tom, as Violet could not be persuaded to leave her beloved little Moll, who she thought would be lonely without her. And now, as the boys approached the tower, they noticed that the ground about it seemed strangely colored; brown and yellow it looked, “like autumn moss,” John said, on the uplands in November.

“What is it?” asked John.

“I think that I know,” was Uncle Tom’s answer, as, stooping, he picked up a tiny brown and yellow bird, which, more unfortunate than its fellows, had flown a short distance after receiving its death-blow, to die alone nearer the shore; for the autumn



PETIT MANAN LIGHT.



moss was nothing less than a soft and downy carpet, which covered and hid the rocks from sight, formed of the downy bodies of hundreds of birds which during the dark hours of the past night had flown violently against the panes of the lantern, and



ALLURED BY THE LIGHT WITHIN.

being stunned, had fallen far down upon the cruel rocks, which struck the life from them. It was a sad sight, and the boys stepped carefully among the pretty things as they lay there, some with breasts upturned, some head downward, their delicate wings torn and broken in their rush against the lantern, or by the fierce concussion as they fell.

"I meant to have got 'em cleared away, sir," said the light-keeper to Uncle Tom; "but ye're round bright an' early this morning."

"Don't let us tell Violet," whispered John in Cortland's ear: "she will feel so awfully!" And Cortland, who seemed, through

the effect of some of his late experiences, to be improving in his thought for others, kept the secret, and Violet remained in ignorance of "the slaughter of the innocents."

"They often fly against the lantern," said the keeper, as the boys walked by his side. "Many a time, in a high wind, I hear 'em flappin' against the glass, an' I wonder if they don't obscure the light when they come in such numbers."

The boys toiled to the top of the high granite tower, the tallest but one in the district, and enjoyed the extensive view as well as their aching legs would permit. But boys seem never to tire when there is any thing strange or new to see: so, when they were again on board the steamer, they quite decided, that, as the day was fine, they would also go ashore at Narragagus, — or Pond Island, as Captain Grimes called it.

"Old names are best, old names are best," said Captain Grimes; "an' I guess I shall always say Pond Island as long as the gov'ment lets me stay."

"It's an awfully stupid place, John," said Cortland. "Why didn't we stay on board, and play with Violet and little Moll?"

"Well, we're here now," was John's answer. "Let's go and look at that flag-staff on the hill up there till Uncle Tom's ready."

"That ain't no flag-staff," said Crane, who accompanied the boys: "that's the Coast Survey."

"What is the Coast Survey?" asked John as he went off to the tender in the gig.

"The Coast Survey is an organization, my boy, for surveying the coast near the sea and the adjacent waters. Naval officers are detailed for this work, and attached to the Coast-Survey office in Washington. Others are ordered to the

Coast-Survey vessels, and perform the duties of sounding the channels, or finding the shoals and rocks. When the charts are made, each shoal and each rock is marked on them; the depth of water given so closely and continuously, that, if a navigator pays strict attention to his chart, he will never run his vessel ashore."

Here Mr. Guptil touched his forehead with his forefinger, and said, —

"There heaves the whiskey-farm in sight, sir."

"Whiskey-farm?"

"What's a whiskey-farm?"

"Do they grow whiskey with their potatoes in this prohibition State?" asked Uncle Tom with the children.

"Wal, they dig it out of the ground," answered Mr. Guptil, delighted to find that there was something which the inspector did not know. "Jest see that tumble-down old ramshackle-lookin' affair: doos'nt deserve to be called a house; now, *doos* it? *Did* ye ever see sech a barren pile o' rocks?"

"It certainly does not seem as if any thing could be raised there," answered the inspector.

"Wal, whether they raised it or not, they used to hide it pretty well. Old Weathersby had fourteen sons, — he raised 'em all on that there rock-pile, — an' they did run wild, that I do assure ye. It's a literary fact, sir, I've seem them boys, a dozen of em', without as much to cover the whole biling as a ordinary man would need, an' in weather, too, which ud take the gimp out 'o me. The old man was like a ginerel. When he said '*Git!*' they *got*; an' when he said '*Scoot!*' they scooted. They had a crazy kind ov a boat, which you'd meet comin' toward
e in the worst of weathers, or else after dark. Ef ye

hailed 'em, and said, 'What's your cargo?' they'd answer, 'Oh, nothin', only jest a few fish;' an' they always had cod-lines piled up in the stern of her. But folks do say, that low down to the water's aidge as that vessel might be at night, she was always high an' light in the mornin', an' that it took the whole sixteen ov 'em, countin' the ole woman, to git the cargo planted before mornin'."

"Planted?" from two or three listeners.

"Yes. Ye see, it was this way: they'd go down to Welsh Pool, and lay in a stock. Welsh Pool is on Canady soil; ye'll see it, ef there ain't too much fog: it's up opposite Eastport. An' at Welsh Pool they'd fill up with whiskey, an' then sail for home. The holes was dug and blasted all ready; and, as they came in after dark, they did their plantin' at night. An' before mornin' they had every one of 'em planted, not with corn, but the juice of that pro-duct. An' then they'd sell it to the passin' traders for double its value."

"They must have been smugglers," said John.

"Wal, thet's about the size ov it," returned Mr. Guptil.

"And have they all gone away?" asked Cortland and John, to whom the sight of the deserted and tumble-down old shanty, and the rocky, lonely island appealed, as all things which have any mystery attached to them must, to boys of their ages.

"Yes, all gone; d'know how it was, whether gov'ment heard ov it, or what. But once when we went home they was all a-runnin' wild over the rocks, like so many chammyses (Mr. Guptil intended to say chamois); an' when we come by agin we couldn't see hide nor hair nor cloven foot ov 'em."

And now Violet disappeared below, but soon returned carrying in her arms her new pet, little Moll.

"I want to see her uncle, Papa," said Violet, "you promised that I should have a talk with him. Won't you call him up?"

In a few moments Nelson White made his appearance: he was a pleasant-faced man, and bowed to our little party as he entered the pilot-house. He held out his arms to little Moll, who stretched hers out to him, leaning far out of the perpendicular, as children will, trusting fearlessly to the loving arms which hold them. But, as White tried to take the child from her new friend, she turned, and laid her curly head on Violet's shoulder.

"What are you going to do with her, Mr. White?" asked Violet. "She is so pretty and cunning! Has she any friends who want her? or may Papa and I take her home?"

"O Miss! I don't really know what to say. I have another sister in Halifax. She wanted my sister to leave little Moll with her. She hasn't any children. I'm afraid she'd think she ought to take little Moll. Moll knows her well; don't you, Mollie? Aunt Annie, pretty Aunt Annie."

The baby eyes were turned to the door and then to the window, and the red lips lisped out the words, —

"Pitty Aunt Annie." And then, after another fruitless search, the little lip curled, and Moll began to whimper.

"Oh, don't!" said Violet. "I can't bear to see her cry. — I suppose, Papa, we must give her up. — But let me have her until you *must* take her away with you, Mr. White."

The inspector had offered to take White as far as the Goldenrod's route lay: and, as the poor man had lost every thing when the Helen and Mary went down, Uncle Tom offered him what money was needed to take himself and little Moll to their home in Halifax; but this, White declined. He said that he had

friends in Eastport, and credit also, and that he felt that he could not place himself any further in debt to those on board the Goldenrod.

"If it hadn't been for you all," said White, looking gratefully round on the inspector, Captain Grimes, and the others, "little Moll and me would ha' been food for fishes before this."

And now Nash's Island and desolate Moose Peak were visited (Moose Peak, a corruption of *Moose a' bec*), and then away for Libby Island and lonely Avery's Rock. These places all seemed deserted and dreary to our children, so far away they felt from other habitable places; though, as a matter of fact, Avery's Rock, though but an immense granite boulder rising up out of the sea, is not so far from the mainland but that an easy sail takes the keeper to his post-office. And the mail seems to be the greatest solace to these lonely people.

"Oh, *what* a dreary place!" chorussed the three children. "Who would live there?"

"Why, *don't* ye think it cheerful?" asked Captain Grimes. "It *doos* look a trifle barren, that I'll allow; but, though you'll hardly believe me, it's a fact that they raise all their vegetables themselves."

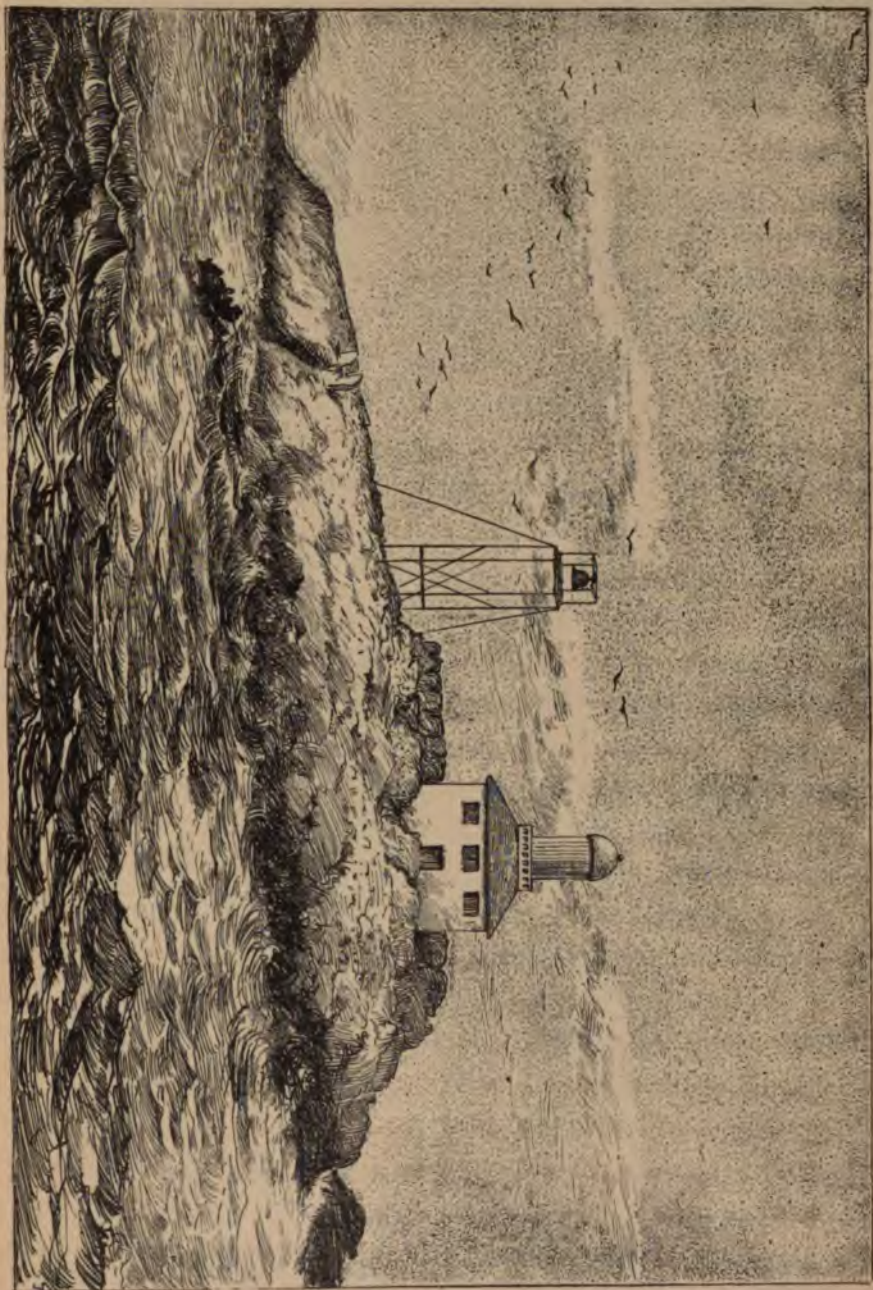
"Then they must have a very fertile kind of rock down here in Maine," said Cortland; "for I can't see any garden, unless there's one over there behind the lighthouse."

"Well, there ain't no garding," said the captain; "yet, all the same, *they raise 'em*."

At this undisputed fact the boys looked puzzled. Uncle Tom's eyes twinkled.

"They raise them," said Violet, "*yes*, by the davits." And the little girl burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "Ah,

AVERY ROCK LIGHT.





captain, I have heard that old joke before ; but I had forgotten it. — Don't you see, boys ? Those curved iron bars fastened into the rocks are davits. Why, here, just like these that we hoist the boats with. And the keeper *does* raise his vegetables out of the boats, as they row under the ropes which you see hanging down, and lands them safely on the rock." John laughed as heartily as Violet had, when he fully comprehended Captain Grimes's little joke ; but Cortland did not seem to appreciate it quite so well.

"You needn't laugh, John Braine," said he roughly : "you were just as much fooled as I was."

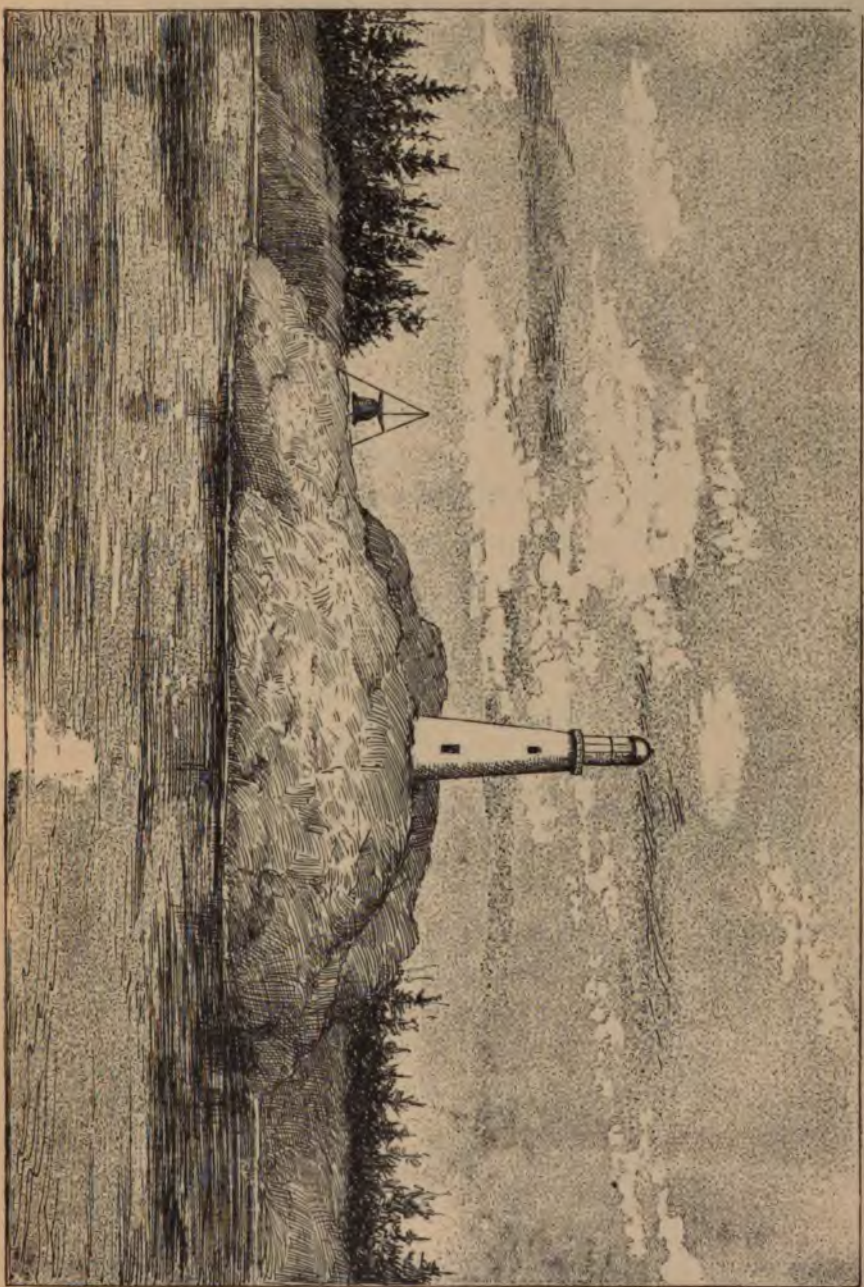
"I don't deny that," returned John honestly ; "but I think it very funny, all the same."

"Ye must let the old skipper have his joke, sonny," and Captain Grimes smiled down on Cortland's cloudy face. "He doosn't very often indulge ; now, doos he ?" The sunshine in the captain's eyes dispelled all signs of the coming storm, and Uncle Tom said, —

"You think this Avery's Rock a lonely place, children ; and yet, when I moved a large family away from this place to another where I thought that their advantages would be greater, — for the pretty and fertile island where they now are is much larger than this one, and they have almost uninterrupted communication with the mainland, — they thought it 'dretful lonely,' and pined at first for their sea-girt rock. The girls — or young ladies, I suppose they would expect to be called — said that 'there was always so much *passin' by* at "The Rock."' They are more satisfied now ; and yet I think that if I should go to-morrow to Pardee's Island, and offer to bring them back to Avery's Rock, barren and lonely as it is, they would not hesitate a moment, but accept the transfer with gratitude."

"I was taught, when I was young," soliloquized Mr. Guptil, "that hum's hum, be it never so humbly; an'," raising his eyes, and including our little party in his thinking aloud, "the longer I live, the more I think it's so."

And now the boat was lowered, and our three young people accompanied with alacrity the inspector as he prepared for his visit to Avery's Rock. John thinks that he never shall forget his feelings as the boat, impelled by strong and skilful rowers, neared the high rock which towered over his head, nor the strange sensation as the gig shot in between high walls of rock, and was cleverly stopped and held by the rowers just under the davits. How he got out of the boat and on the Rock, he cannot tell to this day; but he found himself, after swinging a moment in mid-air, safely landed on *terra firma*: and there, too, were Violet and Uncle Tom and Cortland. While Uncle Tom was in the tower, the children ran here and there, inspecting on their own account the fog-signal,—a large bell hung high above their heads in a solid wooden frame twenty-five feet in height; the keeper's dwelling,—a simple structure, low and square, which was, inside and out, the neatest place that they had yet seen, and redolent with the fragrance of flowers, for the windows were filled with boxes and pots of every description; a can labelled "Tomatoes," holding a wonderful heliotrope, its branches full of the delicate purple odorous blossoms; and one which bore the legend "Canned Corn" confined the roots of a rose, which Mr. Guptil afterward told them was a "Glory dee Di—John," which, being interpreted, means, "Gloire de Dijon." The young people came away with their hands full of these fragrant treasures, not refusing to take them from the hospitable keeper's wife; and the cabin of the Goldenrod



LITTLE RIVER LIGHTHOUSE.

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was for days, with its odors and brilliant mass of color, a constant reminder to the cruisers of lonely, desolate, wonderful, delightful Avery's Rock. And now, the inspection over, Avery's Rock was, like so many other stations, left far behind, and the tender was approaching Little River. What prettier bit of scenery on the coast of Maine than this same Little River, with its small town at the head of the harbor, and its tree-fringed rocks bordering its shores?

"This used to be the resort of English pilots, who were waiting to guide vessels into the Bay of Fundy," Uncle Tom told the boys, "and is an excellent harbor of refuge."

"Why, look there!" and John pointed to Little River Head, and again across to a large head opposite it; these two marking, on the right and left, the entrance to Little River. Cortland looked where John's finger pointed, and this is what he saw: On the left side, painted on the rocks, white, distinct, and clear, were three large disks, which Uncle Tom told him could be seen sometimes even in the fog. This is the way they looked to the children. And upon the rocky sides of the opposite



headland were three horizontal stripes of about three or four feet in width, and from twenty to thirty feet in length; and this is the way that they looked.

They stood out in startling prominence from the dark time-discolored and weather-stained rock.

"Don't you see," explained Uncle Tom, answering the children's inquiring looks, "if a sailor should get in here in the

fog, and find himself near land, he would, perhaps, be much puzzled; but if he raised his eyes to the rocks above his head, and they fell upon those three stripes, he would say to himself, 'Here I am at the right-hand entrance of Little River.' If, on the contrary, the disks appeared in view, he would know that he was at the left-hand entrance to the harbor." But here the fog shut down upon the steamer, and Uncle Tom disappeared in it as he went to the lighthouse, and emerged as from a bank of cloud when he returned. West Quoddy Head was only seen for a moment (as the fog kindly consented, as the captain said, to "scale a bit"), and showed to the inquiring gaze of our voyagers its striking-looking tower, painted in horizontal stripes of red and white, and then shut down again, dense and persistent as before. The children amused themselves as best they might; but Uncle Tom, finally taking pity on them, said, —

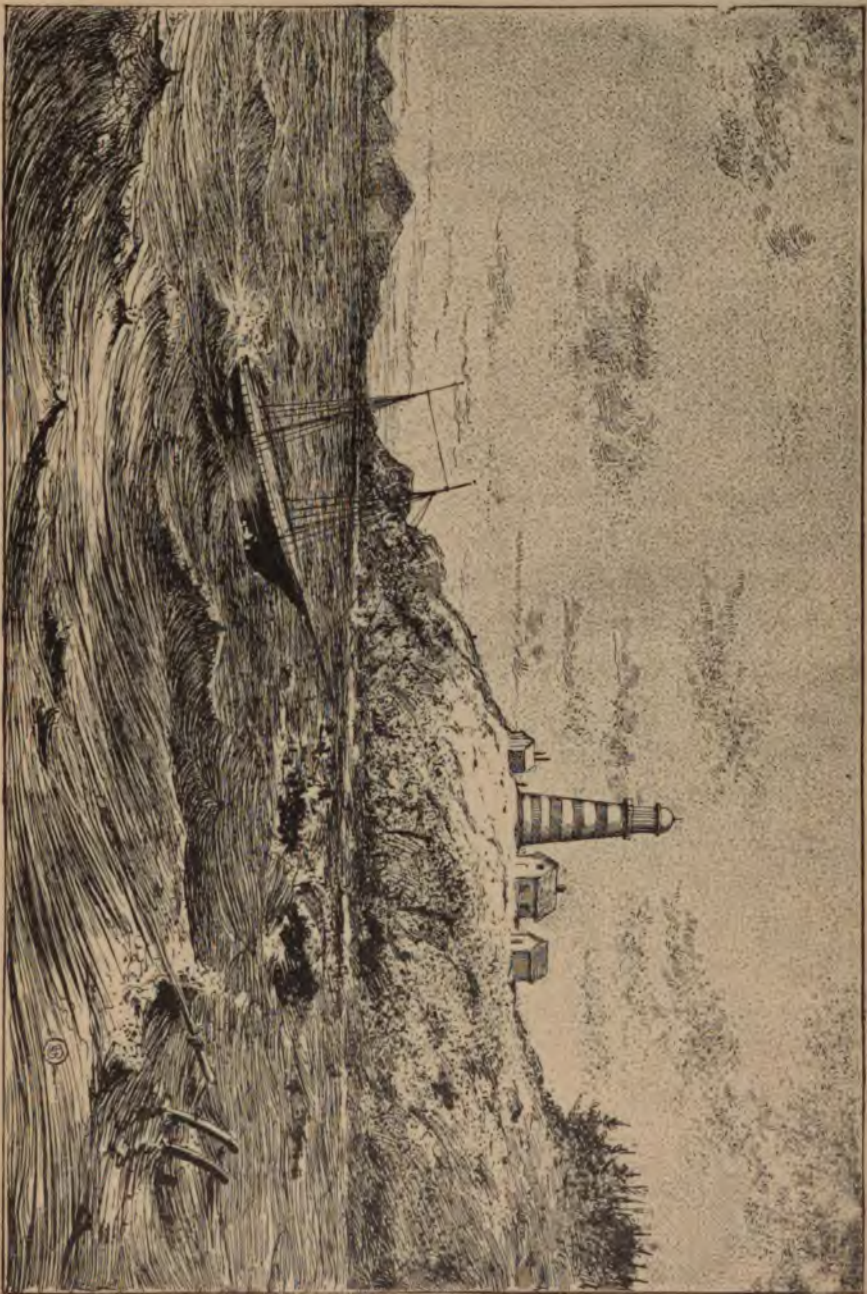
"Come here, and I will tell you what I know of Dochet's Island."

"Where *is* Dochet's Island?" asked the young people.

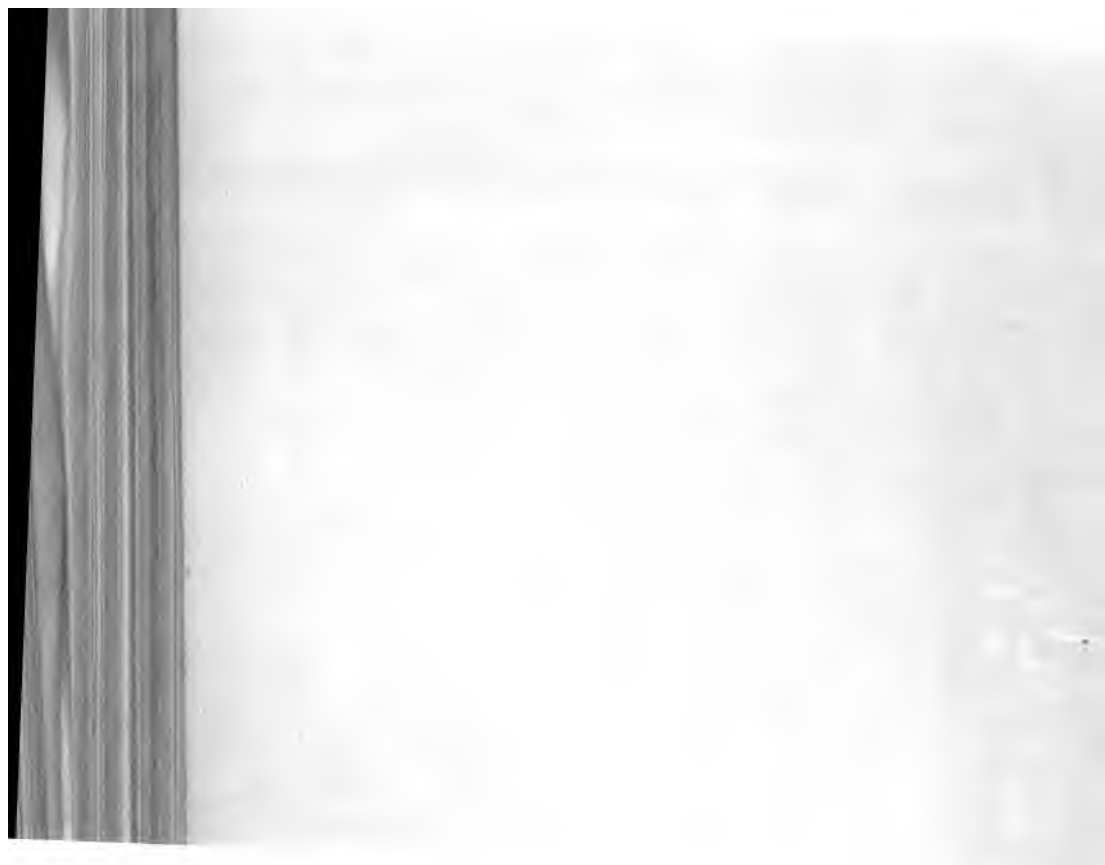
"It lies twenty miles above Eastport," answered Uncle Tom. "We are now entering Passamaquoddy Bay. I hope that the fog will lift. Hulloo! what is that? a man-of-war. The Galena, Violet. — Look, boys; she has just come to anchor."

Mr. Guptil had hastened aft, and was dipping the flag which flew at the peak. And now the Galena's people saw it, and her beautiful large banner of the Stars and Stripes was slowly lowered and raised three times, in answer to the Goldenrod's salute; and then the mist intervened, and there was no Galena there. The excitement of this little episode being over, the children settled down again, and Uncle Tom continued, —

"We are now steaming up Passamaquoddy Bay, children.



WEST QUODDY HEAD.



towards Eastport; and my plan is, to go to Docket's Island¹ to-day, and return to Eastport for the night."

"What is that town up there, over the clouds, Papa?"

"Ah! 'a city set on a hill.' That is the town of Lubec. What a curious effect that is! the fog hiding all the wharves and shipping, and only allowing us to see the upper part of the town, which covers the summit of the hill. Perhaps when we return we may have a better opportunity of seeing this pretty place, — pretty, at least, as long as distance lends enchantment. I have never been ashore there. It seems as if Lubec were built upon an island, but it is in reality a very bold and prominent headland standing out into the waters of Passamaquoddy Bay. On our right, children, lies the island of Campobello. We are now in Lubec Narrows, — the water which runs between Lubec and Campobello. Ah! the fog lifts as we get farther inland. There, do you see those large roofs appearing on the right? Those are the beautiful hotels of Campobello. I believe that there are none superior to them anywhere on the coast. That depression in there on the right, a sort of bay which makes into the island, is Welsh Pool, of which you have heard Mr. Guptil speak; and here on the left is Eastport."

The children gazed with curiosity at all that was to be seen on either hand, — at the sloops and schooners and small boats, at anchor or under way. And now Eastport faded away behind them, and Uncle Tom re-commenced, —

"We were talking of Docket's Island, children. I believe that the first Europeans who went there were in the party headed by De Motte, a Frenchman. This was in 1604. De Motte came to colonize the place. With De Motte was Cham-

¹ Pronounced Doshay.

plain, the famous explorer. He published in Paris, in 1612, an account of this very attempt at colonization. The book is called 'Champlain's Voyages.' These poor people had a hard time of it; insufficient food and protection from cold played havoc with those whose native land was a much milder climate. The scurvy broke out, and many of them died. The little party were disheartened and homesick; and, after trying it for a year, they abandoned the place."

At Dochet's Island the children were all three anxious to go ashore. They found the keeper very kind, and desirous of giving them all the information possible. He handed the boys a leaden bar and an iron hatchet which he had dug out of the ground lately. "Ye may keep 'em, boys: they ain't no use to me. Why, I could ha' sot up a museum ef I'd ha' kept all the things I've dug up." He told them, that a short time before, in digging up a new piece of ground, he had discovered some bones and skulls: these were probably the remains of De Motte's party, who came to the Western wilderness to die, "unhonoured and unsung," though possibly no colonists suffered greater hardships than did these poor people.

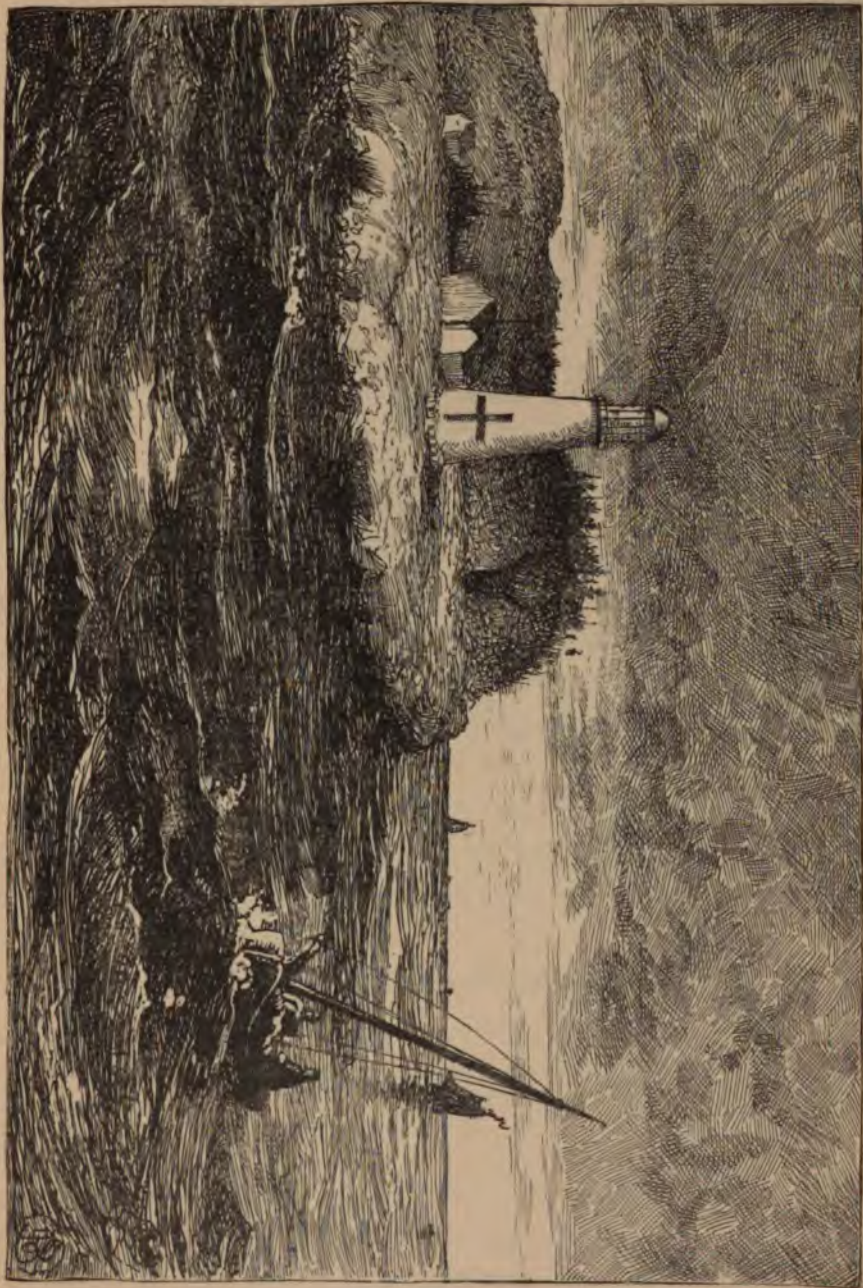
"Just think of it!" said John. "They died two hundred and seventy-five years ago. — But I don't see how you could dig them up," turning to the keeper.

"They must have been buried near the surface," said Uncle Tom: "for they died in the winter, and in this frozen soil one cannot dig very deep."

"Did you ever see the old well, sir, down near the beach?" asked the keeper.

"No," replied the inspector; "I never heard of it."

"Well, there it is, or what is left of it. Perhaps your young people would like to see it."



LIGHTHOUSE AT EAST QUODDY, CAMPOBELLO.

1

The children, delighted with any new proposition, started on a wild run toward the water, and, going in the direction pointed out by the keeper, soon came upon what seemed to be the remains of a very ancient well.

"I mean to have a grub at that as soon as I get time," explained Mr. Sparks. "Folks say as how there's two small guns buried in there, an' I mean to have a try for them, anyway. Would you like one, sir?"

"'First catch your hare,' Mr. Sparks. That's an old saying, and a wise one. Not that I doubt your statement at all; for I cannot see why De Motte's party, on leaving, should not have chosen the well as a good place of concealment for such cannon and arms as they could not carry with them. They would not wish them to fall into the hands of the Indians, and perhaps thought that they might recover them themselves at some future day."

"Well, I shall have a hunt for them, sir; and when you come along in October, I may be able to present you with one of them."

"Do," returned the inspector, "and I will send it to the Smithsonian or the National Museum at Washington; and you will get a letter, Mr. Sparks, that your grandchildren will be proud of."

I shall not linger over Violet's parting with little Moll. It is too sad a part of my story, and poor Violet shed some very bitter tears as she saw her little sea-waif carried over the side in the arms of her uncle. But the child seemed happy, and clung round Nelson's neck with her chubby arms, and prattled incessantly about the boat, and the water, and "Aunt Annie;" so that Violet, after remaining on deck to see the last of her little charge, tried to be cheerful, and interested in other things.

CHAPTER XI.

Though Violet has lost her Pet, John and Cortland secure two New Ones. — A Leviathan and a Conundrum, one as great a Puzzle as the other.

VERY early on Friday morning our children got into a boat, and were rowed, through the fog and mist and drizzle, to the wharves at Eastport. There they found reaching down into the water, and far below the surface, a flight of wooden stairs, which were wet and slippery, and covered with moss and slime. "Not the best place in the world for little Miss, here, to land, sir," said Captain Grimes, who was in the boat, as he scanned in vain the openings near, to find a flight of stairs which seemed to offer a more secure footing.

"Oh, we don't mind; do we, boys? We all have on our india-rubber boots; and, unless we slip, there is no danger."

The faces of the boys (which had worn a disgusted expression as the steps began to show more plainly through the mist) cleared immediately at Violet's words. They had neither of them any intention of being "beaten by a girl;" and heeding Uncle Tom's injunction to hold firmly by the rope which ran from the top of the stairs to the bottom, that they might none of them make a misstep, they were all soon at the top of the stairs, and walking up the wharf toward the main street of Eastport.

"*What* a smelling place!" exclaimed Violet, as she slipped on some fish-scales, and nearly tumbled over a box of salted cod which was standing ready for shipment.

Up into the main street they went, and found it as cheerless and dismal looking a place as one could wish to see.

"How do you like it, Violet?" asked her father.

"I think it is horrid, Papa. Do let us go back: the steamer is ever so much nicer!"

"Oh, no! let us see it while we are here. I ran in here more than twenty years ago, in the old Macedonian; and we middies thought it a very pretty place then. I remember a charming evening party to which we were invited, on the hill. Let us go up and see if we can find the house again."

So, while John and Cortland wandered round, looking into the shops, Violet and her father climbed the steep hill, — which one ascends at right angles to the main street, — and wandered about in the rain, looking at the quaint old houses, with their pretty gardens and fine trees; but long and thorough scrutiny of many an old-fashioned square house failed to convince Uncle Tom that he had found the one for which he was searching.

"What a wonderful view there must be from here!" said Violet's father as they stood on the very summit of the hill on which the town of Eastport is built.

"Has any one ever seen it, Papa?" questioned his little daughter quizzically, as she looked out at him from under her waterproof hood. Her eyelashes were wet. The little rings of her hair had each its own particular raindrop; but her face was rosy red, and she said she was "just burning hot." "I can't even see the shipping, Papa," she added; "I was looking for the Goldenrod, but she's nowhere to be seen."

They retraced their steps; and, as they again entered the main street, the two boys came running to meet them.

"O Uncle Tom!" they said in a breath, "give us some money, please."

Now, it must not be supposed that either John or Cortland was making an improper request. Judge Braine had sent Uncle Tom some money to be used by the boys during the excursion, to be spent according to his (Uncle Tom's) approval. The boys had had very little occasion to buy any thing as yet, but now it seemed to them that the time had come.

"What do you want it for, boys?"

"Come and see, Uncle Tom," said John excitedly; and holding Uncle Tom's sleeve in his grasp, and pulling him along, the eager boy suddenly plunged down a pair of old steps: and soon the entire party were standing in a dark, half-underground sort of place, where on every side one saw nothing but firearms, old and new, of every description; some undergoing repair, some looking as if no amount of tinkering would ever make them useful again.

An old man sat upon a low leathern bench. He was rubbing and polishing an ancient-looking piece of mechanism, which, however, John took hastily from his hand.

"I want this," said John.

"And I want this," chimed in Cortland, as he took from a sort of counter a bright and shining rifle. Uncle Tom laughed.

"It seems to me that you have very suddenly developed most warlike tastes, boys," said he. "Let me see, Cortland. Ah! a Flobert rifle, and a very good one too, I should think." And Uncle Tom examined the barrel, the lock, the stock, trigger, and hammer most critically.

"Yes, that is a very nice rifle; but are you sure that your aunts would be willing that you should have one?"

"Well, Uncle Tom, John's father *said* that I was old enough to shoot, and he meant to teach us both this summer; didn't he, John?"

"Yes," answered John, thus appealed to. "Father did say so, Uncle Tom; and a rifle is a splendid thing to have."

"Then, why don't ye ask fur one, instead of that old contraption ye've got there, sonny?" spoke up the voice of Captain Grimes, who had joined the group.

"Why, *I'm* going to have one, anyway," replied John, "when I get back; and I want this old pistol as a curiosity, to add to father's collection."

Uncle Tom very well understood what "father's collection" was, for Judge Braine had long been gathering together curios of every description, so that the large glass cases which stood all along on one side of his old-fashioned library at Cherry Hill were filled with such strange things as delight the souls of collectors. One of these cases was given up to the occupancy of antique firearms; and John already saw, in imagination, the wonderful thing which he held securely placed among the other darlings of his father's antiquarian heart.

"Let me look at it, John," and Uncle Tom took the strange weapon from the boy's hand. "Ah! an old cavalry horse-pistol. Yes, I see those brass rings circling the barrel, and the solid ball here on the end of the stock; that was to use as a formidable weapon in case the ammunition gave out. Well, boys, I can see no objection to your having these things, if they are within your means." He turned to the dealer. "How much?"

"Better let me dicker for 'em," murmured a voice in Uncle Tom's ear.

"Very well, captain. — Violet, you and I will go and look up

some little keepsakes for Mamma and little Tom, and leave Captain Grimes and the boys to settle the bargain. We must be off: there is no time to lose."

When Violet and her father came down to the wharf, they found Captain Grimes, with the boys, waiting for them; each boy with his beloved firearm clasped as tenderly as if it were a young kitten.

After the anchor was weighed, and the children were taking their last look at the dim masts which showed where Eastport must lie, the children gathered in the pilot-house, Violet displaying her treasures, — a work-basket for Mamma, made by the Passamaquoddy Indians; a splendid india-rubber ball, quartered in gorgeous colors, for little Tom, to which, at the last moment, she had added a tin horse on wheels and a jumping-Jack. Cortland and John were also delighted to show their newly acquired possessions to the officers, and such men as came into the pilot-house for a trick at the wheel.

"What d'y'e mean to shoot out o' that 'ere gim-crack, sonny?" inquired Mr. Guptil, looking quizzically at Cortland.

"What? Oh! why, I say, Uncle Tom, nobody gave us any thing *to* shoot out of it. I never thought of that. What shall I do?" And Cortland turned and looked back anxiously in the direction of Eastport, as if he might still get ashore and remedy the omission.

"Well, you *air* a pretty sport-man," continued Mr. Guptil. Cortland's face, which had become crimson, now wore such a distressed expression that it seemed as if he must, big boy as he was, burst into tears the next moment.

"Don't tease the lad, Mr. Guptil," and Captain Grimes's kind face looked over his shoulder from his place at the wheel.

"Here, son ; I didn't forget you, if you forgot yourself." And the thoughtful captain stretched his hand backward, and gave to the grateful boy a package, which, when opened, disclosed a dozen small square boxes marked U, and bearing on the label the words, "22 calibre rim-fire cartridges."

"There ye are, son. Don't ever say the old captain forgot you. But ye mustn't load up till the inspector's around."

The inspector was "around" later in the morning ; and, loading the rifle, he began the amusement of teaching the boys to shoot. Cortland, being the owner, was entitled to the first shot.

"There, take it, my boy. Do you see this little point on the end of the barrel ? Now raise the stock to your shoulder, so, and bring that small point just between these two others that are close to the stock. Now put your finger on the trigger, and aim at that bottle which Mr. Guptil has fastened to a string, and which tows behind the steamer. Yes, of course it is hard ; but while we are in motion there is not much chance for you to hit any thing." Cortland fired, very wide of the mark, as might be expected.

"You shut your eyes ; of course you couldn't hit it," remarked John with a chuckle.

"I didn't," politely returned Cortland.

"Well, well, no matter ; there, try it yourself, John," said his uncle. John was no more successful than Cortland had been, though he kept his eyes very wide open, and fixed on the black bottle which swung and danced and dipped behind.

"It's a very hard shot for anybody," said Uncle Tom, laughing ; and added, as his bullet also skimmed along the track of the steamer, leaving the bottle apparently untouched, "I said

that just in time." Violet now tried her hand ; but it remained for Mr. Guptil, as he aimed at the jerking, wabbling black target, to shiver it to pieces, so that nothing was left skipping along in the wake of the vessel but the neck of the bottle.

Uncle Tom repeatedly cautioned the children as to the careful handling of the rifle ; and then, having some business-papers to prepare, he went below, leaving them in the charge of Mr. Guptil, who at last, seeing that the boys seemed to be tired, as they were aiming unsteadily, said, —

"Come, sons, time to stop ; we can't keep on forever."

"Only just one more all round, Mr. Guptil," pleaded Cortland.

"Do *not* put your finger on the trigger, young man, till ye're ready to sight. Ah, there! *what* did I tell ye?" exclaimed the old man, knocking the rifle-barrel upward, as the bullet whizzed forth, and buried itself in the foremast. "What was ye a-doin' with that gun in thet position, anyway?" ejaculated he angrily. "*Air* ye crazy, or a fool? Ye come blessed near killin' yer little cousin there ;" for the bullet had in reality passed not very far from Violet's head.

"She *isn't* my cousin," answered Cortland sullenly.

"She come mighty near not bein' anybody's cousin," retorted Mr. Guptil, as he gathered up the cartridges, and carried the rifle aft to the cabin, where he took the occasion to report quietly to the inspector that he "had better keep a pretty sharp lookout for that biggest boy, for he didn't know no more about handlin' a musket than a six-weeks' calf."

You may be very sure that Uncle Tom *did* keep a close watch over Cortland after this, and that he was never allowed to take the rifle on deck unless Uncle Tom himself was with

him. Mr. Guptil repudiated him entirely, saying that *his* "neck was too vallable to Antony Guptil, to be sot up for a target;" and he added confidentially and gloomily in the pilot-house, in talking the matter over with Captain Grimes, that, in his opinion, there would be "murder done aboard this 'ere vessel afore the trip's over," and that that was "a literary fact."

But I am thankful to be able to state in advance, to relieve the anxiety of my young readers, that in this case Mr. Guptil proved a false prophet, and that there was no "murder done" on that tour, or any succeeding one so far as I have been able to discover.

And now the children were called up to the pilot-house by a message from Captain Grimes. He handed the marine glass to Violet as she entered the door.

"There, Missy, place your eye to that. Do you see any thing on the *horizone*?"

Violet held the glass as steadily as she could. "No, captain, nothing," was her answer.

"Not there, Missy, not there; here, this way, so. *Now* don't you see nothin'?"

"No; oh, yes, I do too,—a little thing sticking up about as big as a pin."

"Wal, that's Mount Desert Rock Lighthouse, and we'll be there this afternoon."

There was a shout of delight from all three of the children at this, and for a long time they kept passing the glass back and forth. And now the shape of the rocky islet began to appear. John had had the glass some time, when Cortland said,—

"Hurry up, John: I want to look again."

"No, wait, Cort; don't. I see something queer out there;

at least, I see a great splashing and fuss. I wonder what it can be."

"Oh, dear! not another wreck, I hope," said Violet anxiously.

Captain Grimes took the glasses, Mr. Guptil the spy-glass.

"Yes, there sartinly is somethin' kickin' up a fust-class muss out there," said Mr. Guptil. "D'ye see it, cap'n?"

"Yes, yes, I see it. It looks cur'ous. I should think it was a whale, only he never seems to go down: he's always on top."

"Wal, whale it is, down or up," returned the mate. "It may be, may be, — doesn't seem hardly reasonable, but it may be, — a sick or wounded whale. Well, well, we'll see. He seems to be pretty near where we're steerin' fur."

The children watched with interest as the Goldenrod steamed near and nearer Mount Desert Rock; and there, just outside of that little five acres of granite, splashing and spouting, and lashing the water into spurts of foam with his great fluked tail, was the enormous body of a veritable whale.

"But why doesn't he dive?" asked Violet. "I never heard of a fish staying so long on top of the water."

"He isn't a fish," said John: "he's an 'aquatic animal.'"
Violet opened her eyes very wide at John's superior knowledge.

"My natural history says so, anyway," continued John, reddening, as the attention of the party seemed for the moment turned to him.

"Well, if he is a what-you-call-it animal," said Cortland, "that doesn't explain why he doesn't go down."

"He's lost his powers, son," answered the captain, turning to Cortland. "He's helpless, or we should see him start for deep water. Let's try the whistle on him."

A long, deep blast from the whistle of the Goldenrod produced no other effect on the mammoth creature than to renew his violent rollings and splashings: but it brought from the dwellings of the keepers on "The Rock" the families, down to the smallest child; and there they stood, scrutinizing the tender as she drew near, while the keepers came hurrying down toward the landing.

"What a pile of rocks!" remarked John.

"'Tisn't much of a tower, anyway," said Cortland. Captain Grimes smiled; he had become accustomed to the boy's criticisms.

"There seem to be a great many people there," said Violet.

"Yes, we have three keepers," answered her father, "and two of them have families; and the last time I was here they had a teacher from South-west Harbor who had come to stay all summer, so that the children need not be utterly without the benefits of education."

The sea was quite smooth, and the small boat in which our party were seated was easily rowed inside of a diminutive harbor, where they all stepped out dry-shod.

"I don't believe it's safe," said Cortland, stamping with his foot on the rock: "it looks so small. Does it go all the way to the bottom?"

There was a roar of laughter from the keepers and their sons, — great stalwart youths, who had known this place as *home* for so long, that the idea of its not being *safe* amused them immensely. As the laugh subsided, one of them answered, —

"No, it's only just floatin' round. It was one of them kind that knocked a hole in the bottom of the Richmond; d'ye remember, cap'n?" and then the laughter was renewed.

"They are not very polite, anyway," muttered Cortland to Violet.

"How *can* you ask such silly questions, then?" retorted Violet, who seemed to feel a sort of responsibility for the good behavior of the keepers. "Floating round! Safe! I should think so. Don't you know, Cortland Delano, that we are probably on top of a rocky mountain, the very tippermost top? I can't think of any thing more safe, unless the sea should wash over it."

"Do you think there's any danger of that?" inquired Cortland, looking anxiously about him.

"O Cortland!" sighed Violet in despair, "*don't* be such a goose."

"What are those long narrow rails running down into the water from that kind of boat-house?" asked John, turning to Violet.

"Oh, those are boat-ways," answered his cousin. "Don't you see that crank and windlass at the top? In rough weather they have to pull the boats up on those."

"Oh, pshaw! why didn't they pull us up?" complained Cortland.

"Goosey, do you want the men to haul a lot of lazy people up on the ways in calm water?" And then John joined in shyly, —

"Perhaps they thought it wouldn't be safe."

"But," continued Violet, "wait until you see Matinicus Rock: the ways there are three times as long as these, and we are almost sure to be hauled up there."

Once upon the highest point of this rocky island, the children were delighted with all they saw. The mainland, as well

as the island of Mount Desert, was quite hidden by a cloud or mist which had settled down near the shore, and on every hand there was nothing but one unchanging sea-view ; but, when they looked out to where they knew the open ocean lay, there was still the whale, splashing and spurting and rolling over, and making the most curious sounds.

"I reely b'lieve he's a-comin' ashore," said little Johnny Dall, the keeper's youngest son, as he twitched Violet's dress. "But, 's soon's the inspector's gone, father's going rough-shod for him ; heard him say so."

"How long do you think he is?" asked Violet of the child.

"Well, father says he's eighty feet if he's a inch, and that he's a good haul for somebuddy."

The children could hardly take their eyes from the whale ; and yet they found time to run round the small bit of rock, jumping hither and thither like so many young chamois.

"I should think the water would sweep right over this place," said John.

"It does, you bet !" answered little Johnny. "But it don't bother us much. We jest git into the tower, an' wait till the gale's over. It gits pretty tejus when it lasts a week or so."

"How high are we above the water ?" inquired John.

"Oh, fifteen feet, I guess ; p'rhaps twenty. I don't no ; father never told me."

And now the children wandered down to the boat-house, and there they saw the tall young men preparing a large boat to be lowered upon the ways.

"*Thought* that old thing would come into use sometime," said a freckle-faced boy, as he laid in the boat an enormous

weapon of iron, to which he had firmly and with great care attached a new, strong line.

"What *is* that?" whispered Cortland, rather awed by these proceedings, and the evident fearlessness and knowledge of these two boys, not so very much older than he was himself.

"I guess it's a harpoon," said John aloud. "Isn't it?"

"Wal, that's about the size of it, youngster," answered the freckle-faced boy. "What do you say to goin' with us, eh?"

John's heart thumped at the very idea, but he was saved refusing the dread yet fascinating invitation by hearing Uncle Tom's voice as he came walking down with the principal keeper toward the gig.

"We wish you good luck, Mr. Dall; may you get a thousand barrels of oil!" were Uncle Tom's parting words to the keeper.

"Do they ever?" asked John.

"Ever what?"

"Get a thousand barrels of oil?"

"No, my boy, not from *ten* whales; but you see," said Uncle Tom, with a twinkle in his eye, "I thought that *this* might be an exceptional whale."

As our young voyagers climbed on board the steamer, they saw that the black boat was already outside of the little harbor, and that she was making straight out into the open sea, and heading directly for the great leviathan. It was late at night when the Goldenrod steamed into Burnt-Coat harbor, — so late that our children were in bed when the anchor was dropped.

"It *is* early for bed," said Violet, "but I *am* so tired! Does it seem possible that we left Eastport this morning?"

The children had been sitting quietly on deck since leav-

ing Mount Desert Rock. Cortland had expressed himself to the effect that it was pretty stupid.

"What shall we do for your lordship?" asked Uncle Tom. "Suppose you give us some of your conundrums, Violet."

"Of all the stupid things," replied Cortland, "I consider conundrums *the* most stupid."

"I suppose you never guessed one," said John. "People always think so when they can't guess them."

"Did *you* ever guess any?" asked Cortland, turning upon John.

"Only one," returned John meekly: "that one in that game that we played last year,—you know, Vi; 'planting,' your mother called it,—about the British being scarlet runners. I guessed that."

"See if you can guess this one," said Uncle Tom.

"When from the Ark's capacious fold
The world came forth in pairs,
Who was the first to hear the sound
Of boots upon the stairs?"

Cortland looked wise; John wrinkled up his brow.

"I don't think that's fair, Papa," remarked Violet.

"Why not?" asked her father. "One of the boys might guess it."

"You know very well that they couldn't, Papa."

"I think I've heard it," said Cortland meditatively, "but I sha'n't tell until some one else has a chance."

"'Of boots upon the stairs,'" murmured John. "'Of boots upon the stairs.'"

"Then please tell us, Cortland, for Papa doesn't know the answer, and never heard it."

"What do you mean?" asked Cortland, looking very blank.

"Why, he really doesn't. An English gentleman in Spain told Papa that conundrum, and he never told him the answer; indeed, I don't believe he knew it himself. — Who did he say wrote it, Papa? was it Macaulay?"

"No, Violet, not this one. Lord Macaulay did write some very clever ones: but this was, I think, composed by Archbishop Whately; at least, so Mr. Templeton told me. But you can repeat one, my dear, which your Aunt Fanny wrote for you when you were ill last winter."

"Oh, that's too long, Papa. I'm afraid I've forgotten it."

"Well, try it; and, if you need prompting, I will help you."

So, with one or two false starts, and several promptings, Violet managed to get through with the conundrum, which I have written out for my readers.

VIOLET'S CONUNDRUM.

I'm composed of two syllables, and only six letters;
 If you can't make me out, hand me on to your betters.
 My first half can speak for himself, so just listen:
 "As I ride in my chariot I glitter and glisten
 In robes that are brilliant and shining as gold.
 I've suffered from heat, but am now growing cold.
 My spots make me handsome and curious to see.
 I've looked on the face of each foreign country."

(Violet said "countree.")

"I'm travelled; I'm learnèd; I'm worshipped in climes
 Where my votaries dwell, 'neath the palms and the limes;

My persuasion's all-powerful ; the hardest will melt,
 Like snow, where my efforts the strongest are felt.
 I ought to be healthy and wealthy and wise,
 For I'm early to bed and most early to rise.
 I'm lavish and generous, dispense with free hand ;
 The poor and the rich my best service command.
 I send them their fruits and their buds and their flowers ;
 I aid, too, in bringing the mists and the showers.
 Ne'er tired with well-doing, no good I withhold.
 I am born every day, though I'm centuries old.
 I never am tearful, or sorry, or sad,
 But I'm warm-hearted, cheerful, and merry and glad."

"That's easy enough," said John : "it's *Sun*."

"Of course," added Cortland : "I guessed that long ago."

Violet laughed heartily, and went on with the second part, —

My *second* can tell its own tale, I am sure :
 "I help to amuse, too, the rich and the poor.
 I am black ; I am red ; I am powerful and strong.
 Of my whole baker's dozen I'm head of the throng.
 Sometimes I lie low, sometimes I stand high.
 When joined with three comrades, my strength who'll deny?
 I dig your grave deep, and entomb you as well.
 I'm the jewel which shines at the throat of the belle.
 I am raised high to strike as you're bidden 'Depart !'
 Then, again, you'll discover that I am *all heart*.
 I am much more than half of the place where you stay.
 You see me in every kind face any day.
 Of a delicate trimming I am the best part.
 I am found in the palace of painting and art.
 In high and low places I'm always found dwelling,
 And races I aid in the matter of spelling.
 My back may be green, red, or crimson, or blue,
 May be mottled or gilded ; now, there is a clew.

I'm surrounded with white as I rest in the middle.
I am always victorious." Come, read me my riddle.

"Now I'll give you the whole," said Violet.

"Gracious!" exclaimed John, "there isn't **any more**, is there?"

"Only a little, and it may help you out."

THE WHOLE.

I am comfort and hope ; I am peace ; I am calm,
And for heart-breaking sorrow a sovereign balm.
I may be of gold, in one shape or the other ;
I may be the child on the breast of its mother.
I bless the sad heart newly scourged by the rod.
I'm a gift from the hand of our Father and God.

"Well, that's the greatest old riddle *I* ever heard," remarked Cortland.

"Has any one ever guessed it?" asked John.

"Yes, Papa did, and Mamma, and—oh, several people; and *I* guessed the first part."

"Oh! that's easy enough. I guessed that myself," returned Cortland. "Any one can see that's sun." Violet laughed, and would say nothing; and, as she left the cousins in doubt, so I will leave my young readers, quite sure that they will with little trouble discover the answer for themselves.

CHAPTER XII.

Saddleback Rock. — The Lost Elephant. — A Perilous Ascent at Matinicus Rock, and some Interesting Facts concerning it.

“ I FANCY I’ve seen you before,” quoted John, as he came on deck at Burnt Coat, and looked shoreward at the two towers about which he and Cortland had had so much discussion on their way from Portland.

“ It doesn’t seem only last week that we were here ; does it, John ? ” said Cortland, who had appeared at the head of the gangway, apparently in excellent humor.

“ No, indeed ! it seems weeks ago ; and yet *how* the time is flying ! Oh, dear ! only think of it, we shall get to Portland on Monday, — the day after to-morrow.”

“ Who said so ? ”

“ Captain Grimes : he told me so last night. I, for one, should like to do it all over again from the start.”

“ And now for Saddleback,” said Uncle Tom, as he, too, appeared, coming out of the cabin door ; “ they are getting up the anchor. There goes the steam-winch ; ah, we are moving.”

“ Why, what’s that ? ” exclaimed Cortland, pointing to the water, “ and that ? ”

“ And that, and that ? ” added John, as a brown body came out of the sea, whirled over, and disappeared from sight.

“ Why, porpoises, boys,” said Violet, running up to them.

"There's another, and another ; we are in a perfect school of them."

And then the children watched the curious creatures as they, one by one, rolled over in a circle, and disappeared, only that another of the living wheels might take the vacated place.

"Are they perfectly round?" asked Cortland.

"No more round than you are," returned Violet.

"Now watch, children ; perhaps you may see one leap into the air, and then you can see almost its entire length. They do leap in a curve ; and, when they do not entirely leave the water, it has an effect as if they rolled over. Look there, and there ! you can see that they are very like other fish in shape."

After breakfast the to-oting of the whistle announced the fact that the Goldenrod was approaching Saddleback Lighthouse. This small rocky islet gets its name from its close resemblance to a saddle, the lighthouse itself forming the dwelling. Saddleback is a very lonely rock, many miles away from the mainland, and several miles from any other islands. There is little to say about this place. It is nothing more than a lonely rock on which a lighthouse has been built, and over which the sea dashes completely in great storms. There were no women here, and the place looked very desolate and cheerless to our children as they scrambled about the small, confined space. The keepers live in the tower, as they have no other dwelling.

"That is a very dreary place," said Violet when once more on board the steamer ; "I, for one, am glad to get away."

"Where are we going now?" asked John.

"Up East Penobscot Bay," Captain Grimes said, "past 'Elephant Rock,' — 'Channel Rock,' Mr. Guptil calls it."

"Does it look like an elephant?" asked John.

"No, not at all. It was named in this way: A travelling menagerie was coming — oh, fifty years ago — from St. John to some town in Maine. The vessel caught fire: she burned, and began to sink; but I think, that, before this happened, the fire drove the poor animals overboard, and they plunged into the water, and swam for their lives."

"Where did they go to?"

"Oh, to the islands near. You will see the islands as we pass by."

"Ugh!" shivered Cortland. "Just think of being ashore there, camping out, or any thing, and seeing those hungry lions and tigers swimming for you!"

"Well, they did — not swim for you, but swam for the land; and I suppose they roamed round until they died of cold or starvation."

"And the elephant?" said John. "I suppose that he got on the rock, and was saved; and so they call it Elephant Rock?"

"No, he didn't: he got lost; and so they called it Elephan. Rock. The poor creature swam round and round the rock, and put his forefeet up on it; but he slipped off over and over again. And at last, when he turned away, his strength was all gone; and, though he tried to swim to the islands, he 'slowly sank down to the bottom, and died,' like 'the disobedient chicken.'"

"They say he staid about the rock all night, Violet," said her father; "but I do not know how any one can be certain of that."

"I suppose his bones are down there yet," said the meditative John.

"Yes, I suppose they are," answered Violet.

"Wouldn't it be curious to grapple for them?"

"Or, better still, to have Martin go down for them, and set them up in a museum, like dear old Jumbo's."

And now the steamer approached Elephant's Rock, and when close by it the children could see for themselves how utterly hopeless it must have been for a great unwieldy creature like the elephant to try to climb out of the water upon the inhospitable surface which presented itself. The rock rose precipitously from the water, and was rounded up in such a way that it seemed an impossibility for the elephant to have saved himself there.

"Wasn't he foolish!" said Violet. "If he had only followed the lions and tigers, he might not have died *quite* so soon."

"It is a fine rock," said her father, "if it was so inhospitable. But what a splendid field for a patent-pill man or an advertiser of cough-mixture! I always dread, when I come by such places, that on my next visit I may see some cure advertised in immense letters as high as the lost elephant himself. Those Goths have not reached here yet, I see."

"They put in their best licks, sir," — it was Mr. Guptil's voice, — "but the people down our way has kind ov riz up, and say they won't stand it; an' no more they won't. They did duck a feller who come round with a paint-pot an' brushes. That's *one* gone, anyhow: *he* hain't ben back. Another, they pitched *his* paint into the bay; and *he* hain't ben back."

Too-oo-to-oot!

"Brown's Head," said Uncle Tom.

The children found nothing very interesting here, except the fine view which they had of Shag Rock, which rises from the water's edge clothed in various bright colors, produced partly

by the natural tints of the stone itself, and partly by the many and various short mosses growing upon its surface.

"That and the other rock close to it are as beautiful as pictures. Perhaps you have noticed, children," continued Uncle Tom, "that, when people wish to praise nature, they compare her to a picture; and the highest compliment that we can give a picture is, that it is true to nature. I have always wished that I were something of an artist: those rocks would make the loveliest '*bit*' of scenery that one could find."

After leaving Brown's Head, the steamer was headed in the direction of Heron Neck. This is one of the Fox Islands. The lighthouse stands high up on a bluff formed of round red granite rocks, and faces the sea. The light is a small one, a fixed red, fifth-order light. The children were not much interested in this light, as lighthouses were getting to be an old story; but they were anxious to see two enormous fish-hawks, which had had their nest there for twenty years. The keepers had allowed no one to molest the birds, but had fed them and made pets of them; so that the grateful creatures felt safe and at home in the place where they had received nothing but kindness. There was only one fish-hawk at home, — the other was sailing away far over the water; but the children examined the female bird as closely as they could without frightening her off her nest, and got from the keeper the promise of some eggs to add to John's collection: and then away they went again, this time for perhaps the most interesting station on the coast.

Matinicus Rock is about a half-mile in length. It rises bold and rocky out of the sea; and the keepers' dwellings and the towers (of which there are two, though the light of one has been discontinued for a few years) stand on the summit of the

rocky pile, about forty feet above high water. The children, as usual when approaching any new place, assembled, at Captain Grimes's invitation, in the pilot-house; and many and various were the questions which poor Captain Grimes had to answer, which, I am sure, you all know that children ask sometimes, just for the sake of something to do: "Captain, how far are we from land?" "Captain, how high is that island?" "Captain, don't you wish you lived there?" "Captain, are the people ever afraid?" "Captain, will they take us up on the ways?" "Captain, isn't it dangerous to be taken up on the ways?" and a hundred other questions which were only put a stop to by the sounds of the whistle, and the lowering of the boat over the side. As they approached Matinicus Rock, the children began to see more plainly the ways, which had not been very distinctly seen from the deck of the vessel. The tide was low,—"way down," the captain said,—and still the ways ran far out into the water; so that our young people, peer as they might over the side, could not see where this curious railway ended. Uncle Tom guided the boat's bow skilfully between the ways, which had the appearance of a miniature railway. The bow oarsmen jumped over the side; and Brown, who was one of them, coming down rather heavily on a particularly slimy and moss-grown plank, was in an instant on his back in the water. Emperor, who always went ashore with the first boat-load, was swimming with his nose in the air, and turned at once toward Brown; but the agile sailor was on his feet in a moment, and, though wet to the skin, laughed as heartily as any one at his own mishap. The keepers had come down, and were standing on the ways so close that they could throw the rope they held into the boat, where it was fastened to the iron ring; and then

with the shouted order, toward the boat-house at the end of the long incline, of "Haul away!" the children began to feel themselves slowly sliding out of the water and up the gradual ascent. The sailors left the boat when she stopped for a moment, and then the inspector, all walking carefully up the planks which support the ways (having the remembrance of Brown's fate before them); and now the three cousins found themselves alone in the boat. The timbers upon which the ways are supported are bolted to the rock, as, being much exposed to the action of the sea, the structure must necessarily be very strong. When the children looked up at the boat-house, where the men were turning the windlass, it seemed as far off as ever. When they turned and looked at the place where the boat had left the water, and entered the ways, they were astonished that they had come so far.

"Jimminy!" exclaimed John. "What if this rope should break? Wouldn't we go it, though! We'd get a worse ducking than Brown did."

Violet sat unmoved in the stern, looking delightedly about her; but John's remark had its effect upon Cortland.

"Here, stop! I'm going to get right out," said he: "I don't think it's safe."

"Sit still, children," called back Uncle Tom from where he was walking ahead of them on the ways, his voice accompanying the *creak, creak*, of the windlass.

"We'd go right under," continued John with a mischievous look at Violet, "stern first too; and we're so far from the steamer, and so far from the people up in the boat-house, that I guess nothing could save us."

"I say, I *will* get out," shouted Cortland, half rising.

"Sit still!" shouted back Uncle Tom.

"Don't, John," urged Violet. "You frighten Cortland, and" —

"Frighten Cortland! I guess he doesn't frighten Cortland, Miss, any more than he does you. You're both of you frightened to death, else why does John keep talking so? and why do you keep looking behind? But this is foolhardy, and I won't stand it." And Cortland got up on his feet, only to be jerked, by an uneven pull at the windlass, upon his back in the bottom of the boat.

"You had better lie there, Cort," said John, "and then you can't see the danger."

Cortland had hardly struggled to his feet again when the boat stopped; and there stood Uncle Tom, ready to help the children out upon *terra firma*.

"Well, I guess ye're glad to get onto *vice versa*," remarked Mr. Guptil, as one by one our small people were helped over the side, and deposited on dry rock, while Emperor was giving them all a moist welcome by shaking his wet hair violently over them. No one could repress a smile at Mr. Guptil's unintentional error; but he, good man, had walked ahead, and saw nothing of the amusement which he had caused.

"After all," remarked Uncle Tom kindly, and as if in answer to every one's thoughts, "we know what he *meant*, and isn't that the true use of language?"

"It might have been *vice versa* for us if that rope had broken," said Cortland.

"It was for you, anyway," returned John, "when you were overturned into the bottom of that boat."

"What nonsense *are* you talking, boys?" broke in Violet. "Do come along and see the gulls."



MATINICUS LIGHT.

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"The gulls!" exclaimed the boys in a breath.

"Yes: this island is covered at the other end with gulls' nests. Don't you see the gulls flying all about? Where are your eyes?"

"I see gulls," said John, "but I never thought of their having any nests. It just seemed to me that they floated in the air, and then dipped down and floated on the water. It's curious, but I never *did* think of their having nests, like other birds. I never thought of them as birds."

"As what, then?"

"Oh, *just gulls*."

Violet seemed to find this very amusing, and laughed heartily.

"Do all the gulls live here?" asked Cortland.

"No, of course not, Cortland. When Mr. Grant came to Matinicus Rock, there were only a few, which had taken refuge on the extreme end of the point over there: but he forbade any one to shoot them, and they became attached to the place, and feel at home here; and now there is no counting the gulls. There must be thousands."

"And, strange to say," said one of the sailors, "those gulls come back every year on the very same day; at any rate, within twelve hours of it. — Yes, sir," to John, "they tell me that the gulls come back every year on the 17th of May, exactly."

"Isn't that wonderful!" said Violet. "How *can* they know just how to time themselves, either in leaving their Southern home or in getting here?"

"Well, they do, Miss," returned the man respectfully. "Mr. Grant'll tell you so, or any of the family."

"Hurrah for the gulls!" shouted John. "Let's go and see them."

When the children arrived at "the gulls' end of the island," as Violet called it, they found nests all about in the crevices and hollows of the rock; and in many there were eggs, — some large ones spotted irregularly with brown, some smaller editions of the same.

"What are those little eggs?" asked John.

"Those are the Medric gulls' eggs," was the answer from one of Mr. Grant's sons, who had kindly walked out to the vicinity of the nests with the children. "The gulls are those small ones you see there, — white, with red legs."

"I wish we could take some of the eggs," said John.

"Well, why not?" was the answer: "one from a nest won't be missed."

The cousins watched the beautiful white birds as they sailed and dipped far out over the ocean, and then concluded that all their time could not be spent among the gulls, as Uncle Tom might be impatient. They picked their way carefully among the nests, and, walking again over the rough rocks, came to the lighthouse. Here they wandered about through the many twistings and turnings of the covered ways, or passages, which lead from the dwellings of the keepers to the towers; for, as I told you, there are two towers here, though one of the lights has been discontinued within the last few years. They found Uncle Tom walking about, with one of the keepers, on the rock behind the dwellings. When they joined him he was standing still, and looking at an enormous block of granite.

"That rock weighs ten tons," was Uncle Tom's greeting to our young people as they came near.

"Well, Papa, if it does, I should think that that other one down there must weigh fifty tons."

"Possibly it does, my dear. But I want you to take a good look at this rock, and then remember, all your lives long, that you have seen a block of granite weighing ten tons which was actually lifted by the water from the place where it has lain no one knows how many years, and moved several feet away, besides being turned completely over."

"O Uncle Tom! is that really true?"

"Yes, John. It was before my day here; but Captain Grimes and Mr. Guptil and Mr. Grant were all in the service then, and they know it to be a fact."

"How *did* it happen?" asked Cortland.

"There was a fearful gale, my boy; the waves must have been like those you read of in books, — 'mountain high:' they swept with such force and power over this small island as to move this enormous weight from the place there, where Mr. Guptil stands, to where we are now."

"But how *could* it? how could the water come way up here? Didn't they say that we were forty feet above the sea?" inquired John.

"Yes; and the boulder lies, perhaps, two hundred feet from the edge of the rock: and yet it remains an undisputable fact that that very boulder was moved bodily by the force of the water."

"Ye know, sir," added Mr. Guptil as he lounged slowly towards our party, "that same gale washed away the fog-signal, an' tumbled all the bricks down as flat as a flounder, an' it washed the boiler a hundred feet along the rock."

"Yes, I am very sure of it all, Mr. Guptil, sceptical as our young people seem to be: for, of course, it is a matter of record with the Lighthouse Board; and these good people, as well as yourself, are living witnesses to the fact."

"Why didn't such a storm as that wash away the houses too?" asked Violet of Mr. Guptil.

"You ask Mrs. Grant, Missy, an' I fancy she can give the main facts pretty satisfyin'."

So the children rushed into the house, to hear what Mrs. Grant had to tell them about the great storm. It was a terrible tale to which they listened, — that of a woman and her children (the husband and father having gone away for a leave on shore) being kept awake by the roar of a gale, to which even their well-accustomed ears could not close themselves, when suddenly, with a fearful dash and rush, an enormous wave swept over the rock, and flung itself with such violence against the windows of the house as to crush them all in : and there was this little family struggling in the darkness, wind, and cold, with the room half full of water ; trying to hear, and to make themselves heard, above the shrieking of the tempest ; trying to find, without a light, something with which to clothe themselves, that they might seek refuge in one of the other dwellings, with the horrible uncertainty as to whether or not the entire house might be swept away. They at last, chilled, wet, and terrified, reached one of the other dwellings (by means of the covered passage), where the rest of the family were glad to open their doors to their unfortunate relatives. Daylight disclosed a fearful scene of ruin and wreck in the interior of the little dwelling ; but, with the earnest thrift and courage of these brave people, it was soon made habitable. The children listened to the entire story with breathless interest.

"Gracious !" exclaimed Cortland. "I know *one* person who would never sleep there again."

"Oh, they feel a great sight safer now, since the inspector

had those heavy wooden shutters put to all the sashes. But what gets me is," continued Mr. Guptil, "how that sea come up forty feet, an' then turned a corner, an' run straight along fer more'n two hundred feet, an' still had the vim left to break all the lights in those frames. I tell ye, young folks, it's God's mercy that it *did* come at night; fer day-times them young kids is a-playin' hither an' yon, all over the rock, an' such a wave would ha' swept any livin' thing right off the face of it."

The children were now taken into the pretty sitting-room of the main dwelling, and were introduced to old Mr. Grant, the principal keeper of Matinicus Light. This venerable man has been the keeper at Matinicus for many years, and he and his sons have been most faithful and invaluable assistants to the Lighthouse Service. At no station are the lights kept in better order, or the dwellings neater or more prepossessing in appearance, than at this place.

When the cousins heard the signal of farewell, they could hardly tear themselves away from this fascinating spot. As they were walking toward the boat-house, after parting from the family, the young boy who had told them about the Medric gulls came running after them. He had a small paper box, which he thrust into Violet's hand, only saying, with a modest blush, "Keep them warm," and flew back toward the house as fleetly as he had come.

"I suppose it's the eggs, boys," explained Violet. "Don't let us examine them till we get on board."

"Better let me have 'em, Missy," suggested Mr. Guptil; and Violet gladly confided her treasures to the good man's care. And now that long, perilous ride must be taken from the boat-house to the water's edge.

"How far is the boat-house from the water, Brown?" asked Cortland in a low tone.

"Oh, I dunno; p'rhaps two hundred feet, p'rhaps less: I never *masured*."

"I'll walk down," was Cortland's remark. And so he did, until the ways became so wet and slippery that the boat was stopped, and those who had not enjoyed the return ride with Violet and John, now clambered in; and the boat, being lowered the rest of the distance, finally slid gently into the water.

"Good-by!" "Good-by!" from the boat and the shore. "Give way!" was the order; and as the bow of the gig was released, and she shot rapidly toward the waiting steamer, there was a fluttering and waving of white handkerchiefs on both land and sea. Once on board, a parting salute from the whistle, "three toots and a tiger," as John said, was given to Matinicus Rock and its worthy inhabitants; and the Goldenrod was turned about, and headed for Port Clyde.

CHAPTER XIII.

An Unexpected Development, by which the Children secure an Addition to their Collection.

ON Sunday morning, at the breakfast table, Uncle Tom declared his intention of going to church.

"Who will go with me?" he asked.

Violet and John decided that they would like very much to go to the little country church; but Cortland said, —

"My head aches a little. Is it very far?"

Uncle Tom smiled broadly.

"I often had Sunday headache when I was a boy," he said, "so that I know just how to sympathize with you, Cortland; but, if it came on in time, I was not allowed any breakfast."

"It's too late for that, Uncle Tom," remarked John, "in Cortland's case;" for Cortland had just finished a very hearty meal.

"But I was allowed no dinner, either," added Uncle Tom.

"That would soon cure my headache," said John.

"Well," said Cortland, laughing in rather a shame-faced way, "I guess mine's better, and perhaps I had better go: if it's worse I can come out."

The children much enjoyed the pull ashore in the boat on that still summer morning, as well as the simple service at the village church. Upon their return on board the steamer, as Violet was following her father up the ladder upon the main deck, Mr. Barnes's head was thrust out of the engine-room

door, and his thick forefinger beckoned mysteriously to Violet. She turned, and, going quietly down the ladder, entered the engine-room.

"What is it, Mr. Barnes?" inquired she, astonished at his evident wish for secrecy.

"Don't ye 'ear nothin', Miss?" whispered Mr. Barnes. Violet listened attentively.

"No," she replied, shaking her curly head, "nothing."

"Sh-h-h!" and Mr. Barnes raised his finger again. "There, did you 'ear that?"

Violet was as still as a mouse.

"Oh, yes! I do hear something. What is it? a young bird? Oh, I know: the gulls, the gulls!"

"Well, you h'are quick, Miss, and no mistake;" and, as Mr. Barnes made this remark, he reached across the top of the cylinder, and took gently therefrom a box, and held it directly under Violet's eyes. The little girl was for a moment speechless with amazement. It was indeed the gulls, as she had said. One small, skinny creature, covered sparsely with a thin coating of down, had entirely left its shell, and was tumbling helplessly about on its cotton-wool carpet, while a second one was part way out. Mr. Barnes broke the shell carefully outward, and freed the little creature, and then removed the egg-shells from the box, to give them more room. There were still five unbroken eggs in the box.

"Put down yer h'ear, Miss, an' listen." Violet complied with this request; and, added to the sound of the faint chirping of the young gulls, she heard the tap, tap, of the little creatures that were yet imprisoned within their shells.

"How wonderful it all is!" said Violet. "Do let me call the

boys." But 'Lias, who was passing by from the galley with the cabin lunch, volunteered to save her the trouble; and soon Cortland and John were hanging breathlessly over the box, as much interested as Violet herself.

"How *did* they ever get out so soon?"

"Why, Missy, they must ha' been h'about ready, an' Mr. Guptil put 'em 'ere on the cylinder-'ead. Feel there: you can't keep your 'and on it. Well, he set 'em there, and they just 'atched themselves hout."

"Why, that cylinder-head is a regular incubator," remarked Uncle Tom, who had followed the boys to the engine-room. "But come, children, come to luncheon; unless, perhaps, Cortland still has a headache, and would rather stay and look at the gulls." Uncle Tom was smiling. "Now, that isn't fair, Uncle Tom. I went to church as much as anybody," was Cortland's reply.

The children could hardly find time to eat their luncheon, so eager were they to get back to the gulls, and to watch every new development. Violet declared that No. 1 had grown, and had become "fuzzier," since she had been away. They found Mr. Guptil feeding the young things with small, thin strips of salt fish.

"Why, they can't eat that," said Violet. "It will choke them."

"No more than milk will choke a baby," returned Mr. Guptil calmly. "Look how the little creetur reaches for it."

Then water was given to the gulls, a drop at a time, through a quill, to which they very soon became quite accustomed.

"I suppose they are yours, Vi," said John: "that boy gave them to you. But I do wish that you would let me have just one to take home."

“Well, you must think that I *am* a ‘shell-fish,’ as little Tom says; not quite so selfish as that, though, John. They are for us all, of course. I should like two, and then you and Cortland can have the rest. Let us see: there are seven in all; that will leave five for you boys to take home.” Then came the excitement of hunting up a new box, and filling that also with cotton-wool. And at this point Mr. Guptil promised to get a wooden box for the boys, and to bore holes in the top, that the small pets might not suffer for want of air, and to fit the lid so that it would slide out and in.

“But leave ‘em where they air till to-morrow, boys, an’ I’ll have ‘em all ship-shape for you when you leave Portland.”

CHAPTER XIV.

Account of Cape Elizabeth and the Shipwreck of the Australia. — The Finish.

LONG before our children were awake, on that second Monday morning, the Goldenrod had started for Portland.

"Not direct to Portland" explained Uncle Tom; "to Cape Elizabeth, and then to Portland Head, before we reach the city."

Violet's eyes danced at the thought of seeing Mamma and little Tom so soon again, but her face clouded when she remembered that her delightful holiday was almost over. The three children gathered on deck after breakfast; and, as the morning wore on, they passed and recognized various points along the shore.

"Do ye see what that is over yonder?" asked Mr. Guptil, with his quizzical smile, his long forefinger pointing out to sea.

"It's land of some kind," returned John.

"Ye're right, there," acquiesced Mr. Guptil, "and yer own feet have ben on it."

"Why, Monhegan, of course," said Violet.

"Yes, an' yonder's White Head; an' after a little while ye'll see Half-way Rock a-loomin' up. Beats all how the scenery varies. Nothin' but changes all the time; while on land every thin's jest the same right along, year in an' year out."

The morning was a busy one. The boys were packing their valises and looking over their treasures. John was a sight to make collectors weep, as he stood, the very image of despond-

ency, looking from the wide, gaping mouth of his well-filled port-manteau, to the heaps of treasures for which there was literally no place.

"How *can* we take them all?" sighed he, "and how *can* we leave any behind?"

"What is it that you cannot take with you, boys?" asked the kindly voice of Uncle Tom as he came into the cabin.

"Why, those star-fish, Uncle Tom, and the sea-urchins, and those round, egg-shaped stones for paper-weights, and those curious pods with the little whelk-shells inside, and that old hatchet one of the keepers gave me, and the presents for Mamma and the children, and the Indian clubs, and the horse-pistol for Papa, and the Indian arrow-heads, — where *did* I get those arrow-heads, now? Oh, yes, I know, — and the Indian baskets, and the gulls — I entirely forgot the gulls." And John looked round hopelessly on all the mass of "remembrances" which he had accumulated during his trip in the Goldenrod. Now, some uncles would have called all these things rubbish (and doubtless it would be true of many of them), and would have carelessly advised the boys (for Cortland's collection was quite as large as John's) to throw most of the treasured hoard over the side. But, whatever Uncle Tom's thoughts were, he only said, —

"Well, boys, it is clear to me that your valises are as full as they can hold now, without trying to crowd any thing more into them. Will you be willing to pack them all together?"

"How do you mean, Uncle Tom?"

"Why, are you willing that Cortland's collection should be packed with yours?"

"Why, yes, of course : he is going home with me. But that doesn't make the valises any bigger, does it, Uncle Tom?"

Uncle Tom rang the bell.

"'Lias, ask Mr. Guptil if there is a box on board, about two feet by three, that will hold these young gentlemen's parcels."

'Lias disappeared, to return shortly with a message from Mr. Guptil to the effect that he "thought he had jest about the right thing."

"Now, boys, set to work, and 'Lias will help you wrap your treasures, each one in a separate paper. The urchins and star-fish had better be placed in these paper boxes. John, lay all of your things together on your transom; and you, Cortland, put yours on the table: and when the boy comes down, we will pack them carefully, and I will send them from Portland to-night by express. They will reach New York almost as soon as you do yourselves."

"But the gulls?" asked John.

"And the rifle?" added Cortland.

"And the horse-pistol?" chimed in John.

"Those you will have to carry, boys; I can see no other way. But I think, that, as there is only one change, you will manage very well."

Our busy boys had hardly finished their packing when 'Lias came below to announce that the steamer had passed Portland Head, and that the inspector wished them to come on deck. They hurried up the companion-way in time to get a distant view of the bold rocks and cliffs, of which the Portland people are so justly proud.

"Talk about Newport!" remarked Mr. Guptil. "There's nothin' down that way that can beat this when the gales is up."

"Don't you think that that is a local prejudice, Mr. Guptil?" mildly suggests the inspector.

"No, *sir* ! I've sailed along this coast, man and boy, for fifty year an' over, an' I can't remember to ha' seen any thin' that laps over Portland Head in a reg'lar south-easter, — and that is a *most* literary fact, — except, p'rhaps, Grand Menan, an' that *we* can't count in, becus we don't own it."

"What are those lighthouses that we see, Uncle Tom?" inquired John.

"That is where we are going, my boy. Those are Cape Elizabeth lighthouses; and a most interesting place the cape is. I hope," said Uncle Tom, looking up at the sky, "that we shall get there and back without a drenching."

"Looks pretty black, sir; now, doosn't it? But I guess we'll have time," answered the mate. And now the steamer rounded into a little harbor, and for the last time during the trip the small boat was lowered, and our party, entering it, were rapidly rowed ashore. What a scamper our children had up over the grassy slope, to the nearest lighthouse! This station is by far the finest one on the coast. There are two lights here, — one a first-order "fixed white" light, the other a second-order "flash" light.

"I am glad that you are to see this station the last of all," said Uncle Tom as he and the children entered the door of the tower, "as, after seeing these lights, you might have been disappointed in the others."

The boys followed Uncle Tom mournfully up the stairs, and from the top they took their last view of the Maine sea-coast and the outlying islands. I shall not attempt to describe this wonderful scene to you, — it beggars all description, — but I hope that some day you will climb one of the Cape Elizabeth towers, and see it for yourselves. The children were as astonished and

delighted, as many persons have been before them, at the extensive view inland (where they saw the White Mountain range quite distinctly), as well as up and down the coast, and out to sea. "Over there's Portland," one of the keepers said to them. "This is a great place for Portland people to picnic; in summer we have parties over here nearly every day. There are some of 'em comin' now." And, indeed, as the boys looked along the road which led from Portland, they saw a cloud of dust; and when they had descended, they found that a large picnic party had already arrived, and that they were making preparations to enjoy themselves in true picnic style. Then the children walked over to the other light, three hundred yards away, and listened to the explanation of the use of these lights as *range*-lights, which, as I am making my story too long already, I shall not enter into here.

"You must get Mr. Hanna to tell you about the shipwreck that occurred here only a year ago," said Uncle Tom to John; and then Cortland and Violet gathered, with John, about Mr. Hanna, while he related this most interesting incident to them. But as Mr. Hanna has given it much more graphically than I can hope to do, in his report to the inspector then in charge of the district, I will give my little friends his own account, which I publish by permission of the Secretary of the Lighthouse Board.

MR. HANNA'S REPORT.

(COPY.)

CAPE ELIZABETH LIGHT STATION, BOWERY BEACH,
FEB. 10, 1885.

SIR,—In compliance with your request for detailed account of wreck of schooner *Australia* near this station, giving particulars of the rescue of the crew, I respectfully submit the following statement:—

The storm began at twelve A.M., 28th ultimo. I went on duty at fog-signal at that hour, and was relieved at six A.M. by second assistant Hiram Staples. One of the coldest and most violent storms of snow, wind, and vapor was raging that I ever witnessed. It was with much difficulty that I reached my dwelling, having to crawl through the drifted snow a large portion of the way. Having been sick for a week past with a severe cold, I was weak and exhausted from exposure to the storm, and lay down for an hour's rest; my wife taking charge of the light.

I soon fell asleep, and my wife put the light out near sunrise, — twelve minutes past seven. At that time there was no vessel in sight. After leaving the tower, she had occasion to go out of the door on the lee side of the house several times. This door looks out upon the sea and the scene of the late disaster.

At about twenty minutes of nine she saw a vessel's masts through the snow and vapor, and at once roused me with the cry, "*There is a vessel ashore near the fog-signal.*" Hastily putting on hat, coat, and boots, I hurried toward the wreck. Reaching the fog-signal, I was astonished to learn that the man in attendance knew nothing of the wreck, though only two hundred yards away, the masts being in plain view. Bidding him (Staples) follow, I hastened to the scene. Two men in the fore-rigging, apparently frozen stiff, met our horrified gaze. They called to us, and one of them raised his arm. I felt that there was a terrible responsibility thrust upon me, and I resolved to attempt the rescue at any hazard.

To reach the wreck in some way with a line seemed the only plan that promised a shadow of hope. Time for consultation was short, moments were precious; the least delay or inactivity might prove fatal. I hastened to Captain Willard's pilot-house, three hundred yards away, taking an axe from the fog-signal on my way, with which to force an entrance. Staples followed as far as signal-house. Reaching the pilot-house, I found the door blocked by a great bank of snow; ran back to signal-building, and told Staples to come quick with shovel. Staples dug away the snow, and I burst the door-fastening with the axe. Here, as I expected, was found a suitable line. Meanwhile my wife, braving the storm, had alarmed the other families at the station, only one member of which — the second assistant's boy, a lad of fifteen years — could render any help. He came to the shore, and I despatched him at once to summon the nearest neighbors.

A piece of metal of convenient form and weight, found in the signal-house, was secured to the line ; then Staples and myself again ran to the wreck. We had, perhaps, been away fifteen minutes. No apparent change had taken place in the vessel's position. The shore trends south-west and north-east ; and the vessel struck, heading west, so that her starboard side lay nearest, and at an angle of forty-five degrees with the shore-line.

The tide was on the flood, making the peril greater for both rescued and rescuer. Every sea would strike the vessel's stern, completely enveloping her ; the spray flying sheer over her mast-heads. House, boat, and galley were swept from her deck like straws.

Captain Lewis, a young, strong, and active man, was twice washed out of the rigging before help arrived, the second time costing him his life. Clambering down the ice-coated rocks, and through the seething foam, I essayed to cast the line.

Each time it would fall some ten feet short ; and each time I drew it back, so intense was the cold, that the line stiffened and froze in my hands. My simple apparatus threatened to become unserviceable from the ice accumulations. I perhaps threw the line a score of times with these disheartening results.

My feet and hands wet and freezing, once I ceased my efforts, and ran to a safe place, where I vigorously thrashed my hands and stamped my feet, to restore warmth, also using the opportunity to free my line of its coating of ice.

My assistant, Staples, suffering with the intense cold, and discouraged with my futile efforts, had gone back to the signal-house, leaving me alone. A tremendous wave lifted the vessel sheer from the rocks ; and she came down with a thundering crash, staving in her whole port side, careening her on her beam ends. The men's situation was now more perilous than before, as the rigging afforded no security. I prepared my line, and gathered my strength for one more trial, and was encouraged by seeing and hearing the weight strike the vessel's rail exactly between the two men. They failed to grasp it, and it fell into the sea. Getting farther into the surf, the next trial I threw it fair across the rail near the men's feet. While the line was being adjusted to the waist of one of the men, I scrambled up the icy bank, and shouted for help. No one was in sight.

The men now signalled me to haul away ; I pulled the man Pierce into the sea, hauled him through the breakers to the shore, and in some way, I hardly

know how, got this helpless, frozen lump of humanity to a place out of reach of the surf. Pierce's jaws were set; he was totally blind from exposure to the cold, and the expression of his face I shall not soon forget.

Realizing that the other man (Kellar) would soon be swept into the sea, I left Pierce for the rescue of the former. I made several unsuccessful efforts to reach him with the line, getting it fouled each time in the floating wreckage. Finally it fell by Kellar's side; he seized it, and wound it around his body, immediately calling to me to haul away. I was well-nigh exhausted with my labors, and feared that I could not land him. As I pulled him into the sea, I turned anxiously for help, when, lo! two of the neighbors, and my assistant, Staples, were near at hand. They helped to get the man out of the surf, when all took hold and carried them both to the signal-house. Here we quickly stripped them of their frozen garments, used proper means for extracting the frost from their limbs, ~~gave them stimulants, robed them in dry flannels, and supplied them with proper food.~~ So severe was the storm, and so deep the drifted snows, that the men could not be moved from the signal-house until the following day, when, by the united efforts of myself and assistants, they were drawn to my house on a hand-sled.

Here they were nursed for two days, until the roads were broken, and communication had with the city. I went to Portland three times with my own team to notify authorities, and obtain medical aid for the suffering men, — the last time to inform friends, and notify coroner of the finding of the body of the drowned captain.

CAUSE OF CASUALTY AS TOLD BY SURVIVORS.

The schooner *Australia*, of Boothbay, Me., sailed from the latter port Tuesday, Jan. 28, at five o'clock P.M., bound for Boston, with a full cargo of mackerel, dry fish, and guano. Her crew consisted of three men, — J. W. Lewis, master, and Irving Pierce and William Kellar, seamen.

The weather was fair, wind light easterly. They had reached a position outside of and near Half-way Rock light at about eleven P.M., when they were overtaken by the storm.

Captain Lewis decided to make Portland harbor, and changed his course accordingly, hauling up west. After running this course a while, Pierce says that he advised Captain Lewis that it was unsafe to run for the land in such weather.

The advice was heeded, and the vessel headed off shore. At about this time the mainsail blew to pieces.

They now concluded to "jog off and on" under-reefed foresail until morning. The storm increased, and the temperature fell from four to ten degrees below zero. She shipped great quantities of water, and iced up so fast they feared she would founder, and so began throwing over the deck-load. Sometime after midnight they "got holt" of the Cape fog-signal, and endeavored to keep it in hearing. At about eight A.M. Wednesday, standing in for the Cape, they saw the land and eastern lighthouse. Hoisting the peak of mainsail, they tried to weather the Cape. Finding they could not do this, they decided to strand their vessel, as the only remaining chance to save their lives.

The rest is told in the story of their rescue.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

(Signed)

MARCUS A. HANNA.

Keeper Cape Elizabeth Lighthouse.

INSPECTOR FIRST LIGHTHOUSE DISTRICT,
Portland, Me.

While Mr. Hanna had been finishing his story, the clouds had been gathering, and the wind was blowing stronger; so that, with a few parting words, Uncle Tom hurried the cousins down the hill and into the boats.

"Are we going to have a storm, captain?" shouted all three children as they rushed forward to the pilot-house.

"Looks a little like it, sons, looks a little like it; now, doosn't it?"

"A *little* like it!" repeated John, as a jagged streak of lightning ran zigzagging down from the zenith to the horizon, and the wind set up a dismal and melancholy moan as it whistled through the rigging. The winch was rapidly set in motion, the anchor weighed; and out into the black water, now curled and foamy with white-caps, our little steamer took her way. Another flash, which lit up the sky with the brilliancy

of the most glaring sunshine ; then darkness blacker than the darkest night, succeeded by such a peal of thunder as almost seemed to shake the tender from stem to stern, as she sped through the angry waves ; and then the rain poured down. Oh, *how* it rained !

"Not by buckets, but cisterns full," said the captain. The children gathered in the pilot-house, as if, were there protection to be found, it must be near Captain Grimes.

"The windows of heaven are opened this time," said the captain, not irreverently, "an' no mistake."

"I should think the floor had dropped out, captain," remarked Mr. Guptil. But this was going too far for Captain Grimes : he looked straight ahead, and vouchsafed no reply.

"How *can* he see?" whispered John to Violet, as the blinding flashes of lightning alternated so rapidly with the blackness of the intervals, that one's eyes seemed to burn with the sudden changes.

"He doesn't need to see," whispered Violet in return : "he knows just where he is."

The children sat quietly watching Captain Grimes's set, determined face, as, with keen eye, and powerful, skilful hand, he guided the little Goldenrod onward through the storm. It seemed hours to the children before finally the rain began to lessen, and the violence of the wind to abate. The sea, though running in great swells, was not so rough as it had been ; and now a ray of brightest sunshine burst through the black clouds.

"*Doesn't* it smell good!" exclaimed Violet as the pilot-house doors were thrown open, and the fresh wind blew through the passage.

"Why, where are we?" asked John, bewildered. "Here are ships, and there are wharves; and I see a train. I thought we were going to Portland Head."

"Not in *that* gale, son. Why, ye couldn't land at the stairs to-day; no, nor to-morrow neither, after such a muss as this storm's a-kickin' up outside. Ain't so sure we're done with it yet. Likely's not the inspector'll drive over there to-morrow, and take little Missy, here, with him."

"No, no!" exclaimed Violet decidedly. "Mamma shall go, and I'll stay with little Tom."

And now, with some "backing and filling," the Goldenrod approached the wharf. The lines were thrown on shore; the vessel swung slowly round, and was finally close alongside the great platform; the plank was placed across the narrow chasm; and there was nothing left for our young people but to say good-by. There was a suspicious moisture in John's eye, and a quiver of the lip, as he shook hands with his good friends on board, beginning with Captain Grimes, and ending with Joe the cook. Cortland's expression of grief found voice, and he elegantly and appreciatively expressed himself as having had "the bossest kind of a time."

"You have all been so good to us!" added little John. "How can we ever thank you?"

"By coming back aboard next year, little man," was Captain Grimes's kind answer.

Joe was busily employed in stuffing the boys' pockets with doughnuts, Mr. Schafer at the same time handing them each a chain which he had been carving in secret; while Mr. Barnes stood looking on, and holding in his hands two diminutive though faithful copies of the Goldenrod herself.

"Aren't they perfect!" said John, "even to the steam-winch and the buoys. But where, *oh, where!* shall we put them?"

But the parting had to come; and at last it was over, and up the long and dusty plank walk went our boys, loaded down with pistol, rifle, gulls, and many another treasure. And here we leave them, ready for the train which would soon be ready for them.

"Gracious! ain't it hot!" ejaculated Cortland. "I wish I was back on board, Uncle Tom."

"' Blessings brighten as they take their flight,' my boy. At one time you were not so fond of the sea. — Come, Violet, and bid your cousins good-by. — Here are your tickets, boys, and here is your train." How regretfully the boys looked back toward the lighthouse tender as they took their seats in the dusty, stuffy train!

"And now remember, boys," were Uncle Tom's parting words, as he and Violet stood on the platform of the station, and the boys looked out of the car-windows, "remember that another year, if I am still here, we shall expect to see you in July, and that while I am here there will always be a place for you, during the summer cruise, on board of the *Goldenrod*."

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